













**Some people eat good meat  
some of the time, but those  
who deal at Schlelein's eat  
good meat all the time.**

**Positively the one best quality of Home-  
dressed and Government-inspected Meats**

**J. & W. SCHLELEIN**

**PITTSBURGH MARKET**

---

**Our Sausage and Bologna have no equal**

---

**M A N S M A N N ' S**  
**DEPARTMENT STORE**

**5911-5915 PENN AVENUE**

**East End                      PITTSBURGH**

---

**What Eichenlaub's Sell You is Good**

**EICHENLAUB'S**  
**FURNITURE, RUGS, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES**  
**3501-3503 Butler Street, Pittsburgh**

---

**TERHEYDEN CO.**

**DIAMONDS**

**530 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh**

ESTABLISHED 1884

The Oldest Popular Price Tailor in  
Greater Pittsburgh

Suits Made to Your Order

\$15, 18, 20, 22, 25

Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed or Money Refunded

**LEEDS COMPANY**

**PROGRESSIVE TAILORS**

128 Sixth Street, opp. Alvin

6225 Frankstown Avenue, E. E.  
10 doors from Penn Avenue

1505 Carson Street, S. S.

**PITTSBURGH**

NEW GALLERIES

**Wunderly Bros.**

*Fine Art Dealers*

512 Wood St. 306-8-10 Oliver Ave.

**PITTSBURGH**

**White**

**Transfer & Storage Co.**

Furniture Storage Only

Separate Apartments Low Prices

Motor Trucks, Vans or Wagons for  
Moving

Office 708 Duquesne Way and  
715 Seal Street

No North Side Branch

**D. Rosser  
STUDIO**

347 Fifth Avenue

**PITTSBURGH**

Work of this Studio Awarded Twenty  
Nine National and State Awards

Bell Phone 1086 Fisk

Carriages

Automobiles

**O. J. GOETZ, F. D.**

**Leichenbestatter**

**3509 Penn Avenue**

**PITTSBURGH**



# D'YOUVILLE COLLEGE

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Under the Direction of the Grey Nuns

A College for Women, chartered by Act of Legislature of the State of New York. Registered with the University of the State of New York.

---

Courses leading to degrees in *Arts, Science, Pedagogy, Literature and Music*  
Special preparation for High School Teaching.  
Design and Painting, under Male Instructor.

RIGHT REV. DENIS J. DOUGHERTY, D. D., Chancellor.  
SISTER ST. STANISLAUS, President.      WILLIAM A. MARTIN, M. A., Director of Studies.

## FACULTY :

Members of the Grey Nuns' Community, Members of the Clergy,  
and Men and Women Lay Specialists.

---

## Holy Angels' Academy

In Connection with D'Youville College

College Preparatory and General Culture Courses.      Music, Languages,  
Design and Painting.      New York State Regents' Diplomas.

---

## BOLD'S HOME-MADE BREAD

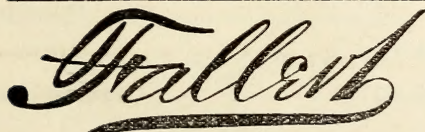
BAKED FRESH EVERY DAY.

It is so manifestly good and fresh that it produces a light, flaky crust that melts deliciously in the mouth, and there is no soaking in of the filling, nor sogginess, no indigestion. Every Loaf is of Uniform Excellence, the Standard by which others are judged.

AUGUST BOLD,

821-29 Industry St., Pittsburgh

---



Bell Phones: Hemlock 308 R

Hill 412 W

Commercial Photography

Photographer      Portraits in Crayon, Oil and Water Color Paintings  
1207 Carson Street and Post Office Building, Mt. Oliver

---

## WAGNER BROS. SHOE CO.

WHOLESALE SHOES

429 LIBERTY AVENUE

PITTSBURGH

r 378.05

II 946

V. 26

# Duquesne Monthly

A Literary Magazine

Vol. XXVI.

OCTOBER, 1918

No. 1

---

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR  
BY THE STUDENTS OF DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY

---

TERMS : ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE  
ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

Address, Duquesne Monthly, Duquesne University, Pittsburgh, Pa.

---

---

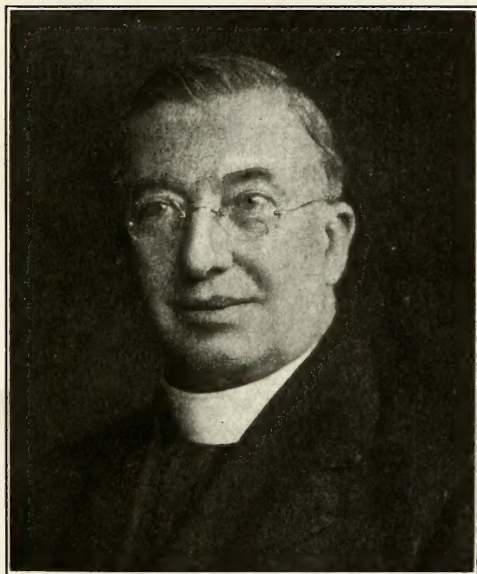
Entered as second-class matter, at the Pittsburgh  
Postoffice, April 30, 1911

---

JUSTIN J. GALLAGHER, '19, Editor-in-Chief

JAMES J. McCLOSKEY, '19	CYRIL J. KRONZ, '20	Associate Editors
FRANCIS J. LIGDAY, '20	ANDREW J. KING, '22	Exchanges
M. NOON GLYNN, '20	.	Alumni
LEO J. McINTYRE, '22	.	Chronicle
T. ROBERT SULLIVAN, '19 (H. S.)	.	Athletics
JAMES B. CUNNINGHAM, '19 (H. S.)	.	Duquesnicula

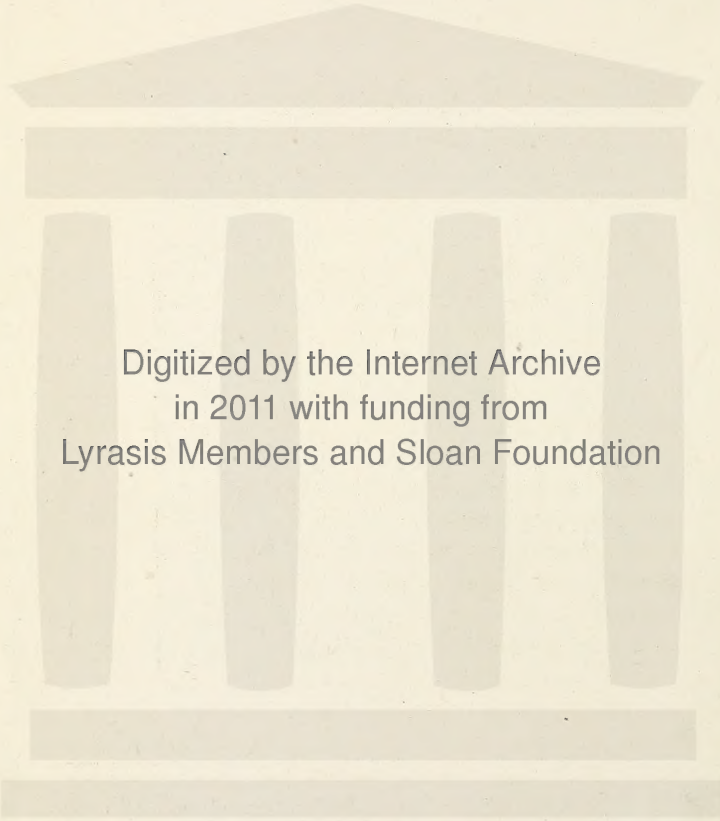




The late Rev. Patrick A. McDermott, C. S. Sp., Ph. D.

4596

JUN 6 '29



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2011 with funding from  
Lyrasis Members and Sloan Foundation



# Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXVI.

OCTOBER, 1918

Number 1

## The Passing of Father Pat McDermott.

**T**HOUGH the announcement of the death of the Rev. Patrick McDermott, C. S. Sp., came as a shock to his many friends,—and few in Pittsburgh or elsewhere had more friends than he,—his passing away had been expected by the members of the community and the students of the University. During the last twenty months of his life he spent several weeks at a time in the hospital and showed temporary improvement after expert treatment, but medical skill was utterly incapable of effecting a cure; he suffered from a dilated heart.

The week before he died he made the annual spiritual retreat with over forty members of the Order. He attended all the exercises, and, as during the year, he spent hours of prayer in presence of the Blessed Sacrament. The few days that elapsed before his death were days of unusual happiness; he dearly loved a vacation and change from the common routine of life, and he had obtained permission to pass several weeks with friends located along the Pennsylvania railroad all the way up to Altoona, and amidst the scenes of his missionary labors away back some thirty years ago. On Tuesday evening, July 2, he had made all advisable preparations, both of a spiritual and a practical character, for the trip he was about to begin on the following day. Though he realized that his excursions up the mountains would not be unattended by danger, he little realized, though at times he expressed his apprehensions, that death was so near and that its shadow was settling down upon him even as the shadows of night were gathering fast around him. On the morning of July 3, he responded to the call for morning prayer and Mass, but his absence from the spiritual exercises excited surmises

that all was not well. The President and Treasurer visited his room and found him dead, indeed, but still warm, his body lying in perfect repose as if he had passed away on his long journey in complete unconsciousness of his condition. Conditional absolution and extreme unction were at once administered, and prayers began to be offered up for the eternal repose of his soul. The remains were laid out in the southwest parlor, and visitors came in continual streams to pay their last respects and to express their sympathy with members of the community. On the evening before the funeral services, Duquesne Council of the K. of C. assembled, and earnest prayers were offered up, Honorable A. B. Reid presiding, for their companion in arms, Father McDermott having been a member of the fourth degree.

At 9:30 on Saturday morning, office for the dead was chanted; lessons for the dead were read by Rev. E. Galway, Rev. I. McGovern, and Rev. F. Retka, C. S. Sp. The officers of the solemn high Mass were the Very Rev. Provincial, Father E. Phelan, C. S. Sp., celebrant; Rev. L. A. O'Connell, deacon; Rev. C. Fallon, sub-deacon, and Rev. R. Ober, C. S. Sp., master of ceremonies. Rev. F. X. Williams, C. S. Sp., presided at the organ, and a choir of priests contributed the plain chant. There were present, in addition to the Right Rev. J. F. Canevin, D. D., Bishop of Pittsburgh, Right Rev. Mgr. Ryan, LL. D., Rt. Rev. Mgr. F. Keane, LL. D., Rt. Rev. Mgr. Gorzynski, LL. D., Right Rev. A. A. Lambing, LL. D., the newly-elected Rt. Rev. Coadjutor Abbot Aurelius Stehle, O. S. B., Fathers D. Devlin, J. F. Doyle, Thos. Devlin, D. Shanahan, J. O'Connell, J. J. Grady, M. Hughes, R. L. Hayes, D. D., D. J. Hegarty, J. B. Heine, H. Boyle, J. Gallagher, Thos. Bryson, C. J. Steppling, P. A. Callery, J. Burgoon, I. McGovern, M. A. McGarey, W. Kelty, A. Black, Leo Meyer, A. Schoppol, B. McGuigan, C. Schuler, C. Keane, F. Angel, Philip Moore, Philip Misklow, R. V. Conway, G. Leichs, J. Kelly, J. Keating, E. H. Keating, D. McCarthy, T. J. Dunn, H. Gilbert, P. E. Campbell, C. A. Sanderbeck, E. A. O'Neil, J. Leger, J. Corcoran, J. M. Delaney, Edward Misklow, G. Angel, Thos. Murphy, D. McNanamee, J. R. McKavney, E. P. Fussenegger and E. A. Heinrich; Rev. Father Wernert, C. SS. R.; the Rev. Carmelite Fathers Anthony and Vincent; the Rev. Passionist Fathers Guido, Sebastian and Wendelin; Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, C. S. Sp., President of Duquesne University, and the Rev. Holy Ghost Fathers J. Richert, H. J. McDermott, Theophile Meyer, J. Otten, J. Szwarcrok, L. Spannagel, M. Retka, J. P. Danner, A. B. Mehler, E. J.



Knaebel, J. Schultz, J. Schroeffel, V. Fandraj, F. Olfen, F. X. Roehrig, F. Schabel, E. McGuigan, C. Hannigan, M. Sonnefeld, P. Lipinski, L. Alachniewicz, T. Maniecki, P. J. Maciejewski and E. L. A. Fisher.

A large congregation of lay friends from near and far filled the capacious University chapel.

Before chanting the Libera, the Right Rev. Bishop paid an eloquent tribute to the worth of the deceased, showing that in his sacerdotal life Father McDermott faithfully discharged his duties in relation to God by offering sacrifice and prayer; in relation to the Church by continuing its work; and in relation to men, instructing them by word and example, and serving as a living stream of divine grace to their souls. Father McDermott made himself all things to all men, in order to gain them to God, but he especially made himself a boy with boys, knowing their thoughts, their yearnings, their wishes; and he was unselfish enough to make himself one of them for the highest and noblest motive, to win them unto God.

The funeral was by automobile service to St. Mary's Cemetery, Sharpsburg, where the remains of the much-lamented deceased were laid to rest beside his first director in the Holy Ghost Order, Rev. Prosper Goepfert, then President of Rockwell College, Ireland.

Father McDermott was born in Ireland in 1859. At an early age he entered the Holy Ghost Order in Rockwell College, County Tipperary, and there made his classical studies. When only seventeen, he went to France for his philosophy and theology. After his sacerdotal ordination in 1881, he taught Classics and French for one year in Ireland, and Philosophy for three years in France. In 1885, his Superiors sent him to Pittsburgh, where he labored successfully in the class-room until 1890. For months he had been actively interested in the welfare of the colored people, and had devoted himself heartily to their social and religious uplift; he had inaugurated a day school for the children and an evening school for the working classes, and he had secured the Oldshue residence for divine worship. The very day after the dedication of the temporary church by Right Rev. Bishop Phelan, he was transferred to Philadelphia, there to establish St. Peter Claver's congregation, which has since grown to most flourishing and consoling dimensions. In the following year he was replaced by the Rev. James Nolan, whose African experience was considered likely to prove an important factor in the solution of

Negro problems, and Father McDermott was assigned to the assistant rectorship of St. John's, Green Bay, Wisconsin, where his familiarity with the French and English languages was deemed a most desirable asset. Here he remained over two years when his "heart untravelled fondly turned" to the academic halls of Pittsburgh, and at the call of his Superiors, he resumed his cherished place in the professor's chair. After nine years devotedly and successfully spent in the class-room, the monotony of teaching being relieved by activities on the diamond and gridiron in developing a team of football and baseball players that each year was to prove a world beater, his aspirations fondly veered to an apostle's crown in Darkest Africa. Six years he spent in Southern Nigeria, teaching "the young idea how to shoot" and gathering into the fold of Holy Mother Church all classes of natives from King Sammy down to the tiniest waif at its mother's knee. Eventually he was obliged by conditions of health to forego his labors, and he returned to the States, with the bright halo of the missionary circling his brow. Yet, though far from Africa, he did not forget it. His energy, his voice and his wonderful pictures of foreign scenes, were employed advantageously and entertainingly in securing funds to continue the good work he had established in Old Calabar. Down to his dying day, the best affections of his heart were divided between his pupils and the colored folk. To him, indeed, we may apply in all its truth Goldsmith's couplet descriptive of the mental attitude of the village preacher:—

"To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,  
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven."

It can be said without the slightest exaggeration that the death of Father McDermott was a great loss to his community. His scholarship acquired in the class-room and amidst the fumes of nightly oil, his piety evidenced by fidelity to the common spiritual exercises supplemented with daily devotions prolonged in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, the almost encyclopedic character of his varied knowledge, his earnestness in the pulpit, his charms as a teacher and lecturer, his devotion to the most abandoned works in the Church of God, the valuable information acquired during his travels in Europe and Africa, the contagious cheerfulness of his manner, his facility for making friends, his boyish optimism and forgiving disposition,—all contributed to present a personality of rare worth and unlimited use-



fulness. More than any other member of the Faculty he was known and in demand, and he experienced a distinct pleasure in consenting to render service. The esteem in which he was held is mirrored forth in the many letters of sympathy addressed to the Very Rev. President, a few of which we present in their entirety, brief extracts from others we cull with apologies, and the remainder we acknowledge with appreciation.

#### HAIL AND FAREWELL.

(Editorial by Mr. Frank P. Smith in the *Pittsburgh Catholic*.)

The well beloved priest, missionary and educator, Father Patrick A. McDermott, of the congregation of the Fathers of the Holy Ghost, Pittsburgh, has left us. He has gone home to the Father of us all whom he most faithfully served in the years of his priestly ministrations. No one knew Father McDermott but to love him or named him but in praise. There was no selfishness in his composition. He wore his heart on his sleeve, and it was a big generous heart. There was no day of that good life when he did not remember his faith; that beautiful centuried faith of the Irish people, breathed, from his very birth, an atmosphere of strong Christian faith that powerfully influenced his career. He gave his life to God in holy religion and his sacred vows were faithfully kept, in the noble school hall, training youth, and in the fetid swamps of Africa, bringing salvation to the fierce savages. One may well imagine him crying out in the days of his strength and vigorous youth, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand be forgotten; let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I do not remember thee, and if I make not Jerusalem the beginning of my joy." So too out of his faith came his devotion to the glorious cause of education. A loyal son of his religious congregation, he was filled with the spirit that has made the institution of which he was a member the towering success it is in our city. Hundreds of young men who have gone out from its portals will testify to the work of Father McDermott and his lasting qualities as their teacher and counsellor. He was with the College of the Holy Ghost in its primitive and pioneer days in Pittsburgh, and he saw it grow into its strength and glory, and he was proud of it, and when the day comes for the history of Duquesne University to be written, the name of Rev. Patrick A. McDermott, C. S. Sp., will be found inscribed in letters of gold on some of the most inspiring pages of that record.

Father McDermott was a warm friend of *The Catholic*. He was always a welcome visitor. His passing away is a personal loss. Beloved by God and man, his memory is a benediction.

---

#### CLOISTER CHORDS.

Sister M. Fides Shepperson, M. A.

*A Tribute to the Memory of Rev. P. A. McDermott, C. S. Sp.*

##### I.

The priest is dead. These words spoken under varying conditions and with personal modifications may have in them any and all of the emotions of which the human heart is capable. In general though, when these words are said, the scene that arises in mind is that so frequently observed around our Catholic churches, where the people gather together in quiet groups, while from lip to lip the wondering murmur re-echoes, "The priest is dead."

##### II.

And all unconsciously there arises in these hearts the tribute of silence, of gentle memories, of regretful gratitude, of feelings half pleasurable, half painful in the thought that he knows it all now—just as it was. And then there arise wondering musings as to the great mystery of life and of death. How is it now with his soul? Was it worth while—to be a priest? Was it better than anything that the heart dare dream, or tongue can tell, or mind conceive? Is it eternally worth while? Yes.

##### III.

So short the long life years—he was fifty-nine years young! So important the unfinished task that he loved, surely it goes with him unto larger destinies. All that he thought and wrote and did and endured is his own forever; eternity can not steal away our treasures of time; we won them in fair fight in the battle of life; they are our own God blessed forever.

##### IV.

He went thro' life with a smile. He "lured to brighter worlds and led the way." The years of his life place, as offerings upon his tomb, the silent blessings of hearts made happier and better by his kindly thoughts, his encouraging words, his helpful deeds. He lives in many memories as a faithful friend and a fatherly priest, for he was first and last a fervent priest of God, and thence came his power to be divinely helpful to men.



Those who knew him best say reverently, May he sleep in peace : may he rest well under the kindly memories, the grateful good will, the prayerful blessings which, having been left behind him, needs must follow.

---

WHAT FATHER McDERMOTT WOULD MOST APPRECIATE.

Duquesne Council, No. 264, K. of C.,  
4337 Fifth Avenue,

Dear Father Hehir,

I enclose voucher for \$20.00 as an offering for a Mass or for Masses for our lamented Brother, Father McDermott.

Permit me to express my personal sorrow over the death of Father McDermott whom I had always considered one of our most valued members.

Very respectfully yours,

W. H. GRIFFIN,  
*Financial Secretary.*

---

Copy of the Resolution adopted by the Executive Committee of the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania : —

"The Executive Committee of The Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania hereby records its sincere regret at the death of Rev. P. A. McDermott. Father McDermott had for years been an efficient, interested and valued member of the Society. He had read interesting papers before it, and rendered important service in several of its celebrations and notably in collecting the exhibit of books written and printed in Pittsburgh for the City Charter Celebration.

"He had faithfully performed his duties as a Christian priest, teacher and missionary, and by his abounding geniality had made a multitude of friends in all creeds and walks of life with whom the members of this Society join in sincerely lamenting his death."

Attest :

BURD S. PATTERSON,  
*Secretary.*

WM. H. STEVENSON,  
*President.*

---

Dr. Theodore Diller writes : —

"On my departure for a trip East about a week ago I noted with much sorrow a newspaper account of the death of my good

friend, Father Patrick McDermott. I shall sadly miss him. It always did me good to come in contact with this genial, warm-hearted Irish priest, who himself had such an evident enjoyment in the company of his friends.

"Father McDermott and I had a common interest in that we both loved local history, and this subject was one on which we conversed almost every time I met him.

"In the death of Father McDermott you have lost one of your most scholarly and noble-minded priests; and many of us, myself included, have lost a very dear friend."

---

From Dr. S. B. McCormick, Chancellor of The University of Pittsburgh:—

I was very sorry, indeed, to learn that Father McDermott was called away, because he was a man held in equal esteem by both Catholic and Protestant. Every person who knew him esteemed and loved him, and I was among this number. I know that you and your associates will very greatly miss him, and I wish to extend to you very tender sympathy and through you to the others who were close to him.

---

Rt. Rev. Mgr. D. J. O'Farrell, LL. D., St. Francis de Sales Church, Boston, writes as follows:—

"I was sorry, indeed, to learn that dear Father P. McDermott had been suddenly called home by the Master.

"Father McDermott drew my affection from our first meeting. He was a man who realized the importance of his life-work, and accomplished all that was required from him. You must feel a touch of lonesomeness when your fathers and friends pass away, even while you are sure that they have gone to a greater and better life. I have offered up three Masses for the repose of his soul."

---

From Mother M. M. Joseph, St. Joseph Mother House, Seton Hill, Greensburg:—

"On last Wednesday morning the receipt of a very cheerful note from good Father Pat McDermott gave us pleasure. We little thought at the time of reading it that the genial heart was still in death. The news of his death the next afternoon was surely a shock to all of us.

"The heartfelt sympathy and prayers of the community are



extended to you and your esteemed community in this sad bereavement.

"Father McDermott was a benefactor to mankind and a priest whose going will be felt by all who had the pleasure of knowing him. He is worthy of the "Eternal Rest" which I hope is now his."

---

From Rev. M. A. Lambing, Scottdale, Pa.:—

"I was sorry to read the notice of Father McDermott's death in this morning's paper; and I give the Order my sympathy in its loss and bereavement. It is just 33 years yesterday since I first met him in France, and his kindness to me is still fresh in mind. God give him eternal rest."

---

From Rev. J. L. McQuillan, Lilly, Penna.:—

"It was with sincere sorrow that I learned of Father McDermott's death. I said Mass for him yesterday and spoke about him at both Masses. As you know, he was loved in this parish, and I can assure you that he will not be forgotten by his friends 'on the mountain'—both lay and clerical."

---

Other friends will, we hope, pardon us for failing to reproduce the expression of their sympathy. Their thoughts may be summed up in the following letter from New York, written by a loving and beloved admirer of the dear deceased:—

Very Reverend M. A. Hehir,  
Duquesne University,  
Pittsburgh, Pa.,

Dear Father Hehir : —

I have just learned of the death of dear Father Pat, and while I waste no sentimental energies in moaning over what to him is a happy release from the bondage of the flesh, I do feel the emptiness of the place which his death has made vacant.

I passed through, in the case of my own mother and my own child, deaths more sudden than his, and the consolations of Holy Church have shown me why such deaths, contrary to our poor human attitude toward them, are not tragedies at all, but great blessings.

Our recognition of this essentially Catholic truth does not,

even when fully and adequately realized, prevent our missing those who have been in a special manner dear to us after they have entered eternal life. We must always miss them, and doubtless it is good that we should do so, even though our memories be short and the world's activities, crowding down upon us, give us little time to brood over our bereavements.

I know how much you will miss Father Pat, and I know that the old institution on the Bluff will miss him. The old boys of a generation gone will grieve to learn of his death, and those who were close to him must also grieve, because there was something about him that endeared him to everyone who knew him. He was so romantically human in spite of his priesthood that none but a stoic could resist his generous, even his exaggerated impulses.

I recall his last words to me as we left the refectory on Bluff Street only a few weeks ago. The picture of St. Aloysius on the old bare wall he dwelt upon lovingly, even tenderly. Down in his big boyish heart the purity of St. Aloysius was cherished with the love of a mother for her babe.

He was an outspoken, sensitive, easily pleased, quickly wounded soul, as simple as a child, enthusiastic over trifles, and loyal to every soul he ever knew.

With all of you I am sorry I shall not see him again this side the grave, and I rejoice in the reward that is his, and shall not forget to remember him in my prayers.

With best wishes to you all, I am as ever

Your affectionate

ALFRED W. McCANN:





## Man's True Greatness.

THERE is perhaps no proverb so hackneyed, so antiquated, as the one anent man's proclivity to err. And yet there is no saying of Solomon—or of the ten thousand other wise men, for that matter—more amply demonstrated by fact. There is for instance the case in question. The vast majority of men in practically every age have conceived and measured a man's greatness by very definite materialistic rules.

Internally, he must be possessed of an exaggerated idea of his own worth; he must be selfish and wilful, letting nothing of plebeian justice interfere with his own advancement. Furthermore he must manifest a goading ambition, a restive spirit, as it were, under the spurs and quirks of the gods. And finally, if he is to be deemed worthy of the name great, he must do some vast deed, accomplish some tremendous undertaking.

To this standard Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon and the other notables of history have, all are agreed, attained. They qualify in every way. They possessed all the pre-requisites; they had determination and ambition. Therefore bards sing their epics, historians record their achievements, and we in our lowliness gaze and gape in awe. In the crass tears of the Macedonian because he had no other lands to pillage, no more people to enslave, we perceive the indomitable soul of a genius, the irresistible spirit of a superman. With equal reverence we view the vaunting aims of the Corsican, and the crown-coveting of the Roman.

And so we are wont to gauge every man. In so far as he measures up to these criterions, so do men give him homage. Still, in the life of every man there come, at times, moments of clearer vision when he doubts the justice and reason of such judgments. Then, if he is the average man, he will compromise, saying that greatness is a matter of viewpoint: one man may be great in a religious way, while another can be great in a worldly sense; both partake of that peculiar guerdon of the gods which sets them above the mere man.

This, when one comes to analyze it, is equivalent to proclaiming that unlikes are likes. Alexander was great, Christ was great. Did Alexander ever evidence any of the virtues of Christ, or did the Savior at any time stoop to the vileness of the Conqueror of Nations? Assuredly not! Between them there was nothing in common other than humanity, which, in the Macedonian's case, was debased and tainted with vice and self-

gratification, and in that of Him who loved to call Himself the Son of Man, elevated to supernal excellence and virtue.

The only permissible distinction, consequently, is between true greatness and the tawdry sham under which so-called great men masquerade. Of the one Christ is the prototype; of the other Caesars, Czars, Kaisers and their ilk.

The really great man, therefore, will find his ideal in Christ, and will have conquered himself first of all. He will dare to follow the dictates of conscience and do what he thinks is right. Never will he fear the loss of material advantages consequent upon his obedience to justice. To him glory shall come unsought, unwooded, but shall not display itself in gilded statues and the wild acclaim of the multitude. Rather, in their heart of hearts, deep beneath the rhinoceros-hide of hypocrisy and cant, men will cherish and respect him. Then shall his greatness inspire and encourage others to do as he has done.

Such men are not uncommon in the world. It is our misfortune, however, not to appraise them at their sterling value. We call them good, holy or just men. We seldom, if ever, speak of them as great men. No! That superlative distinction we reserve for characters less worthy—those whose huge devastation and unholy passions are so appealing to chroniclers. These indeed are designated as great men, and historians never tire of lauding them to the skies.

Perhaps it is on this account that we are less familiar with the life of St. Stephen than the career of Mark Antony, more conversant of the affairs of Cleopatra and Elizabeth than of St. Catherine and St. Teresa. Were it not for the praiseworthy writings of a slowly dying novelist, the world to-day would likely be vilifying, instead of honoring, the memory of the heroic Father Damien. Suffering from an incurable disease himself, Robert Louis Stevenson could appreciate the saintly greatness of one, who like Christ, was giving His life for the comfort and welfare of others. Indeed, he has pictured so vividly the remarkable self-sacrifice of the Apostle of Molokai that not even a fool will deny that martyr's greatness.

Nor is the case of Father Damien an isolated one. Parallels are to be found in every age and clime since the great sacrifice of Christ on Calvary turned men's minds from the gross and ignoble to the sublime and supernatural. In the Martyrology of the Church is contained the record of many thousands of earth's



noblemen, the bravest of men, whose deeds testify to their intrinsic worth and their true greatness.

Although it is an unimpeachable truth that the greatest men in the history of the world were animated directly by God and acted in the immediate interest of religion, I do not wish to maintain that there were no truly great men in secular pursuits. On the contrary, I really believe and unhesitatingly aver that any number of them have existed in the past just as they will exist in the future. As for the present, no sensible person can defame it while viewing the valiant deaths on the shell-torn fields of Flanders, where the humble poilu surrenders life rather than give his fellow countrymen over to subjugation and atrocities. These men are displaying a sentiment not unrelated to Christianity. They are thinking not of their own comfort and pleasure but of the good which may be done for others. They are fighting that right may triumph and justice be the lot of all men.

Such a spirit actuates all great men. Washington was moved by it; Lincoln felt it and acted under its inspiration. No one doubts that our present Chief Executive has sensed its pregnant influence and is determined to make this world safe even for the democracy of the much-maligned little nations. When this is done in accord with equity and impartiality another great man will have been given from the American nation, and many martyred patriots will be eulogized and honored, as they deserve, in the regenerated smaller nations. Let us hope that the day is not far off when these heroes will receive the reward which their greatness merits.

These that I have mentioned, together with the innumerable other men who have acted in like manner, were indeed great men. They were made of a mettle vastly different from the spurious though glittering alloy of those who flaunt, as their surname, the word "great". Unlike the latter they have surpassed the coarser instincts of human nature. They acted after a higher motive, having, as they did, a source and fountain of their inspiration most sublime. In Christ, the greatest of men and the Son of God, they clearly found the most praiseworthy ideal, the most glorious example, the most perfect greatness.

DENNIS J. MULVIHILL, '18.

## A Sainted Missionary.

**I**T has been announced from Rome that the cause of Beati-  
fication and Canonization of the Servant of God, Father  
James Désiré Laval, Apostle of Mauritius, has been intro-  
duced in the Congregation of Rites. The decree, dated June 25,  
is printed in the current number of the *Acta Apostolicae Sedis*,  
official publication of the Holy Father and of the Roman  
Congregations.

Father Laval (1803-1864) is one of the greatest missionaries  
of the Holy Ghost Order. Born in Normandy, from his childhood  
he gave proof of solid piety, filial obedience and gentle charity.  
His studies at Evreux and Paris were crowned with the degree of  
Doctor of Medicine. For five years he gave himself up to the  
practice of his chosen profession, winning the esteem and confi-  
dence of all classes by his medical skill, and endearing himself to  
everyone by his personal qualities. A miraculous escape from  
death during a riding excursion, turned his thoughts toward  
a closer service of God. He left the world, entered the Seminary  
of Saint Sulpice, and, in December, 1838, was raised to the holy  
priesthood. In the parishes of Pinterville and Acquigny, where  
he exercised the holy ministry, his prayer, his fasting, his love for  
the house of God and for souls, earned for him the name of  
another Curé of Ars, a second St. Vincent de Paul. Meanwhile,  
he learned that Father Libermann and other friends of his  
seminary days were taking measures to found a religious congre-  
gation, whose chief purpose would be missions among the black  
race. He asked and obtained permission to accompany Bishop  
Collier to Mauritius as the first Missionary of the Holy Heart of  
Mary in that island. This was in 1841. Within ten years the  
new Congregation had been grafted upon an older Institute  
founded in 1703 for the same purpose, viz., the Congregation of  
the Holy Ghost. Father Laval found Mauritius practically a  
pagan island, with 80,000 negroes; after twenty-three years of  
tireless labors, he left it a flourishing, thoroughly Christian land,  
and 10,000 of his spiritual children had preceded him to Heaven.  
To this day he is spoken of and venerated as a saint, and  
numerous favors, attributed to his intercession, confirm the  
reputation that his holy life won for him.

Father Laval's place in that far-off isle is now filled by other  
members of the Holy Ghost Order, at their head Bishop John T.  
Murphy, formerly President of Duquesne University, Pittsburgh,  
who is devoting himself with great zeal and energy to the  
promotion of the cause of his venerated confrère.





## From Training Camp and Battle Front.

### X.

Lieutenant William A. Hoeveler is the first Pittsburgher to receive the Croix de Guerre. He was awarded this distinction for having downed a German chasse plane after splendid manoeuvring with a much heavier machine intended for bombing only. Will had seen service for seven months on the Verdun front, running an ambulance wagon. Two months before America declared war, he enlisted in the U. S. Aviation service. Before receiving notice of the honor to be conferred upon him, he described his experience as follows:

"I wrote you about the place I am living and the sector we are working in; and we are working hard, too; have made four bombardments in two days. The other day we went 50 kilometers into Germany and lost ourselves above the clouds, wandered all over the place and at last headed southwest and came out over Paris, and just made it home on our tank of gas. Yesterday we went into their lines at a low altitude and had a lively time; but, as luck would have it, my observer and I brought down our first Boche. It has not been reported as official yet, and I don't know whether it will be, as it was far in their lines, and to be official it must be reported by the infantry or artillery observation men. However, it is some satisfaction to know that there will be one less to fight with the next time over. We had a really tight time of it yesterday, and we were shelled, and also were fought with by an old German squadron which, by the way, can fight. Our chef d'escadrille was leading, I on his right. We (the pilots) fought with our front guns all the way to our objective, turned, bombed, and started for home. Just after the turn, a shell hit one of our planes, knocked off its right wing, and the pilot and observer went to their death. The German outfit then took us on with full force, and we fought the good fight. One got on my tail, started firing, and put five bullet holes in my left wing. I zumed to the right and put my observer in firing position. The Boche zumed, too, but when he turned toward us my observer shot him down. Several more took us on, but not close

enough to do good work. All the planes in our outfit were hit, but all returned except one.

"Of course, this is not an everyday occurrence, and only helps to make the thing more exciting, more interesting, and better sport. Because if you could go over every day and bomb at will, there would be nothing to the work. But when the enemy shows that he appreciates your work enough to send the best fighters he has up to stop you, it shows that you are doing something worth while."

---

Major James I. Brennan writes: "The route which it has been my fortune thus far to cover on spiritual duty in France, England and Italy, with the prospect of Greece, Egypt, Palestine and the Far East before long, has been most interesting. The details of fresh impressions, in war time, may not be committed to the mails, but, on the return of happier days, they will be interesting memories.

"In this country, it is hard to decide what is most striking—the warm, hearty welcome that France offers to the Americans everywhere, or the beauty and historic interest of the land of Jeanne d' Arc. Except in the desolation of the advanced zone, there is something splendid in the spirit of the French people, and much may be expected of them. I am sure that all will be well with France in the days to come."

---

John M. Kane, one of four brothers with the Colors, writes from France (U. S. Air Service, A. P. O. 370): "Last week I started on a long trip to fly an infantry liaison. I was caught in an awful storm and was forced to land eighty miles away. One of my wings, I discovered, was cracked, and required a week for repairs. During that time I was a privileged guest in the nearest chateau, and all the prominent people in the neighborhood vied with one another in showering honors and invitations upon me. On leaving, I was presented with a half-dozen bouquets, and was wished enough of God-speeds to carry me safe to America and back. On my return to base, I met Mike Shortley (Lieutenant); in our chats we fought over again all our football matches on the Duquesne campus.

"In the matter of entertainments, we are well taken care of. Sunday night last we were treated by American actors to a skit entitled "Somewhere in America". In the cast were Margaret Mayo, the playwright; Lois Meredith, the movie star; Miss Bryce,

the vaudeville partner of King; Morrissey and Tom Gray, two well-known comedians, and Fred Walker, the song-writer. Rarely had we had a better time even back in the States."

---

Sergeant William J. Scanlon, Co. E, 103rd Supply Train, A. E. F., writes: "Here we are, a good many miles from old Fifth Avenue, and everybody is fine and dandy. We are located in a beautiful village and we are camping with our tents in a park filled with flowers and trees. Our food is good and there is plenty of it, so you can judge for yourself that things are O. K.—better than we expected. Some of our friends are not so fortunate as we, as they are billeted in barns, etc., but war is war, and maybe next week they will be giving us the laugh.

"It was our Company's turn to rest to-day, and Big Jim and I took a bath. The day was very cool. We bathed in a fountain in a swell garden that some Frenchman owns. I guess he was in soft before the war, but the place is deserted now.

"We weren't here long before we got a taste of war. We bumped right smack into an air raid a few days ago, and it was some sight for beginners, but we don't pay much attention to things like that now."

---

L. Cyril Bearer, Battery B, 107th Field Artillery, A. E. F., has the following to say about life at the front: "My companion and I have a dugout in the side of a hill. The outside is packed around with stones and sandbags; the roof is of corrugated tin. The entrance is so low that we have to go in on our hands and knees. For want of beds we have to lie on terra firma—emphasis on the firma; the ground is hard to lie on, and it is waste of time to look for a soft spot. Pillows are luxuries that few enjoy; I am more fortunate than the many—I have an inflated bag that serves the purpose. Our sleep is sometimes broken by the alarm of "Gas"; then everyone dons his mask until danger is over. We are suffering inconveniences, it is true, but everyone takes a cheerful view of conditions, and consoles himself with the thought that they will not last forever."

---

Charles Kane, brother of John, whom we have already quoted, was with Co. B, 1st Engineers, when the Germans made their spring drive and battered in General Gough's army. Retreat is a word not found in the dictionary of the Engineers, and so,



when the enemy came down upon them like an avalanche, they stayed its progress with shovels and any effective instrument that could be used to beat them back. The American spirit of victory and resourcefulness in time of danger prevailed; neighboring units were encouraged and the enemy advance came to an abrupt termination.

Kane, No. 3, Leonard by name, came to see us during his furlough in September. As Ensign, he has had some experiences on the sea during his course at Annapolis. Several times he went down in submarines, and several times also, he nearly crossed the Atlantic in the Destroyer Huntingdon, serving as part convoy for U. S. troops. He graduated from Annapolis, on September 18th, Secretary Daniels presiding. Being offered his choice to serve on a transport or wait three months for a destroyer, he chose the former, and has been assigned to the General Grant, which carries both troops and supplies. Whilst the vessel will be unloading, he will have an opportunity of running up to Paris, or even to the front, to meet his brothers.

Kane, No. 4, William, is in Co. A, 43rd Regiment of Engineers. May God bring them all safe home to Pittsburgh!

Sergeant John P. Madden has run across several Duquesne men since he joined the army last June. At Camp Greenleaf, he met Father Giblin, for many years a teacher in these academic halls; Lieutenant Szabo, one of the most popular and most efficient drill officers in the whole U. S. army, in fact, so efficient that all his blandishments to be allowed to cross and to get into active service have been received with a deaf ear; and Clarence Dullard, who, with his brother Walter, was a familiar figure here for many years. Sergeant Madden has an office with four men to help him in checking the Service Records of all soldiers transferred to his part of the camp. His address is Personnel Office, Hospital Group, Camp Greenleaf, Chickamauga Park, Ga.

Rev. Bernard McGuigan successfully negotiated an appointment as military chaplain and sailed for France on September 14. He favored us with a call before starting, and impressed us as the personification of health and energy. We know that he will prove a most zealous worker.

Corporal C. F. McCrory, Hq. Amb. Sec., 103rd Sanitary Train, writes, with justifiable pride, that his regiment elicited a citation from General Pershing for its good work at the front.

Professor W. H. Brickley, U. S. Naval Aviation School, M. I. T., Cambridge, Mass. (care of Receiving Ship), was busy, when last heard from, drilling four hours a day, and studying radio and semaphore.

Ray Siedle has enhanced our photographic gallery with a handsome portrait of himself dressed in his flying outfit as second lieutenant. When recently home on a furlough from Taliaferro Field, Fort Worth, Texas, he spent a pleasant half hour with us describing his experiences, flying, bombing and piloting. With many others he will continue practice in Texas until the supply of aeroplanes will justify the transfer of some of the 3,000 now qualified for aerial activity.

Second Lieutenant Will Snyder also enjoyed a trip to Pittsburgh after receiving his "wings". Will is sure to make a dashing pursuit aeroplanist: in football he was a fearless charger and consistent ground-gainer. He says that wherever he goes he meets D. U. boys in khaki, all giving a good account of themselves.

Father Rowe, C. S. Sp., military chaplain, has been transferred from Camp Hill to transport service.

Ray M. Marlier was commissioned early in August as second lieutenant. He found more thrills in his first "solo" than in his first ride, and realized that he was something of an aviator in being able to land without mishap. Ray received our congratulations on the occasion of his visit. He has returned to Souther Field, Americus, Ga., for further practice before tempting the Fates on the western front.

Howard J. Schilken enlisted in the navy, and was sent to the Great Lakes' Training School, and subsequently to the Norfolk navy yards. More recently he has been made a member of Sousa's band on board the battleship Utah; at this we are not surprised, for he was recognized as an artist on the violin and saxophone.

We clip the following notice from the *Dispatch* of August 10:

Dr. William H. Glynn, one of the best known physicians in Pittsburgh, has been commissioned a captain in the National Army and departed for Camp Greenleaf, Oglethorpe, Ga. Dr. Glynn had offices at 274 Craig Street for some years. He is a graduate of W. U. P. and Duquesne University, and is a member of the staff of St. Joseph's Hospital, South Side. He was appoint-

ed police surgeon of the second police district by former Mayor W. A. Magee. He has served as one of the examining physicians for Local Board No. 1, Squirrel Hill.

Chaplain Rev. T. F. Coakley, D. D., has been transferred from the 148th Machine Gun Btn. to the 47th Infantry.

David Turrets, LL. B., received his commission in June, in the school of military psychology. He was one of the eight who passed in a class of twenty-three.

John D. Locke is qualifying for a commission in an officers' training camp. His course in the scientific department, and subsequent experience of several years, should prove of inestimable value to him now.

Linus McGuinness must regard 1918 as a memorable year in his life; he graduated from the Law School, was admitted to practice at the Bar, took the officers' course at Plattsburg, was one of the nine of our students to be commissioned second lieutenant, and was sent as instructor in military tactics to the University of South Carolina. He called here on his way south.

Charles G. Lane, a graduate from the Law School and partner with the law firm of Hosack & McCleary in the Park Building, has been appointed instructor in the Headquarters Co., Camp Wadsworth, S. C.

John Donnelly, Co. E., 110th Infantry, 28th Division, A. E. F., writes that himself and Dan Kelly have been having a hot time under shell fire, but both are well and unscathed. "Terry" thinks that American attacks will soon carry the Stars and Stripes to the walls of Berlin.

Emmet H. Ricards figures as a camouflage artist. He is now handling the brush in Battery B, 107th Field Artillery.

A fair idea of camp life in its initial stages, provided the enlisted man can hold a stenographer's position, may be had from the following letter written by Stephen Steranchak, Det. Bn. 15, Co. 12, Camp Greenleaf, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.:

Hang up another star and sew it on well as it is going to stay blue. I am much too good a man to die, so you may as well use heavy thread.

I arrived in camp Saturday morning about eleven o'clock—just in time for dinner. I was not really hungry, but, just to find out whether or not it is true that army feed is bad, I took my place in the "bread line", and, after baking in the hot sun for a



half hour, I got into the mess hall and was given my first army meal. It was not spread out all over the table in little China plates or dishes, but just the same it was a mighty good meal, and plenty of it. The meals here are exceptionally good.

I am in a detention camp, sleep in a tent—five to a tent. My tent has four or five holes in it, but thank goodness they are over another fellow's bed, so I worry not. We get up at 5:45 A. M. and "roll in" at 9:45 P. M. "Early to bed and early to rise, etc.". As we get only ten minutes in which to put on our clothes, I always get up five or ten minutes before the bugle call, in order to be ready for roll call. Failing to respond to roll call or appearing in line partially dressed, means punishment—usually the kitchen.

Camp life is not the hard life that some young fellows try to make the folk back home believe. Like every other mode of life, it is just what a person makes it. Of course, a soldier cannot come and go wherever he wishes, but that is a requisite of military discipline. Nor can he do only what he wishes. This is a very exceptional camp. Here you find M. D.'s paring potatoes, scrubbing floors, making little ones out of big ones on the stone piles. Of course, the same thing applies to university men, dentists and others, who, at home, would not have dreamed of working at anything so mean. Camps are great levelers.

Last week we received about three thousand drafted men from the central part of Pennsylvania. Seventy-five per cent. of them are Italians. Little Italy has been transferred to Camp Greenleaf. I dare say that there are more Wops here than Americans. They surely are proud of their new uniforms.

Ninety per cent. of them are illiterates—that is cannot read or write English (or even speak it) and they are going to send every one of them to school to civilize them. One of the sergeants here who has a company of these draftees came into the office (I work in the major's office) and said, "Well, I did a mighty fine day's work to-day." The major asked what he did that he should feel so proud about it. He said, "After trying all day I now have four men who can execute a right face. I hope they don't forget by to-morrow." It does the officers no good to try to bawl these poor fools out, as they cannot understand.

The last thing I heard when I was leaving was that they would soon take the fat off me. False prophecy! I am getting fatter. — I have been here ten days, and I have yet my first day's drilling to do. Monday morning I was put into the major's office as his stenographer and am still here. I start at 7 A. M. and work till about 8 or 9 P. M. I get an hour for dinner and another for

supper. I have no Sundays or holidays here. We have Catholic services here at the Y. M. C. A. tent. I went Sunday a week ago, but last Sunday I could not get away. The tent is only about two hundred feet away, and I could hear them singing, but had to sit at the typewriter and hammer on.

Remember me to all the Fathers I know, especially to Father Pat and Father Hehir; also to Mr. Cronin, and whatever others of my old professors are still around. Please give my address to Albert Yunker as I would like to hear from him. Letters here, father, are as welcome as the morning dew, so if anyone wants to let me hear from him, by all means let him have my address.

---

William Egan, of basketball and football fame, throws some light upon his life at Camp Custer, Michigan.

Camp Custer, Mich., Sept. 22, 1918.

I am drilling hard every day, and have to attend a "Runners' " school in the evening. The school is composed of fellows that have to run messages "over there". They have to bring information from the trenches to headquarters and vice versa. We are learning the wig-wag wireless, buzz system, and all other forms of communication, including the Morse and International codes. It is interesting work, all right, if you don't want to go out any place.

The captain said he picked fellows that looked like athletes and could use their heads. He asked me how much education I had, and I told him I was a high school graduate. It seems the better education one has received, the better chance one gets here.

The main things to do in the army are to pay attention, to obey, to keep one's eyes and ears open, and one's mouth shut, except when you are handing someone a little "bull" about yourself that will strike home. At night, sometimes, when I lie on my bunk and think of old Duquesne, I believe I get a little homesick. I think of all the good times I had, and of the old Fourth High. At present, I'm trying to picture Duquesne, with all the barracks on the campus.

---

During the summer holidays, Eddie Butler (Radio Detachment, 301st Squadron, University of Texas, Austin, Texas) wrote as follows after hearing of the death of Father P. A. McDermott:

"It was with great sorrow that I learned of the death of our beloved Father Pat, and I extend my sincere sympathy to all the priests of the University for the great loss they have suffered.

"Though he has passed from among us forever, his memory shall always remain with us old timers, who knew and loved him, and who shall always remember him in our prayers; it may please you to know that I had the early Mass in the Paulists' chapel this morning offered up for him. I shall offer my Communion, next Sunday, for the repose of his soul. I hope that he will pray for me, that I may not show any fear when my Big Moment comes 'over there'.

"I received a copy of the MONTHLY from mother the other day, and I cannot express my joy when I saw that old familiar cover that has been on so many issues since the last time my name appeared in the editors' list. It is with great pride I see 'Our' University has not failed to furnish her quota to the 'great call'. I am sure she will have nothing to hear but praise for them all.

"I have been wandering around the great state of Texas for almost two months, after spending four at Carnegie Tech., learning the mysteries of radio mechanics. I am now busily absorbing the procedure of artillery control and operator's co-operation, which consists mainly in memorizing a few thousand hieroglyphic signs and designs for signalling. I had hopes of going over several times, but was disappointed, and am still wishing and waiting, even though the prospects of living in a hole and telling artillery captains where to shoot isn't very inviting. However, we must do our best where we are placed, and no one can do more.

"May our *Alma Mater* enjoy the greatest prosperity and progress, and may the golden stars be few and far between!"

Lieutenant C. F. Gwyer, chaplain of the 312th Field Artillery, according to a letter received during the holidays, enjoyed his voyage across the ocean. He was most gratified at the attendance at his daily Mass; though only forty per cent. of his regiment is Catholic, he distributed one thousand Communions on his way over. The men whiled away the time with chess and other games, reading, and evening programmes featuring boxing, songs, vaudeville and music by the regimental band.

John C. Moorhead is a corporal in Motor Truck Co. 423 (Am. P. O. 701) and has been in France since May 18. He has seen quite a deal of France, and has met many of his former school companions, though, so far, he has not run across Captain Ryan or Lieutenant McGraw. He wishes his *Alma Mater* every success in her efforts during the school year.

H. J.



# Schoolboys' Code.

## I.

THE College assembly room was crowded with the usual number of sleepy-eyed students. The president, Dr. York to parents, "Old Specs" to the pupils, attempted to impress upon these early risers the necessity of silence, especially in the lecture halls and in the study rooms.

Two students seemed greatly interested in the discourse. One was a blonde-thatched youth with tanned features and deep blue eyes. In appearance Frederick Schneider was true to his name and his origin. His neighbor was a tall, muscular chap with black, fluffy hair, deep-set hazel eyes and rosy cheeks. Thomas Mulholland, who was never anything but "Tom" to his fellows, would have passed in Dublin for a native.

"Old Specs" had succeeded in putting the sleepy students to sleep. He finished his discourse, well pleased with his interpretation of the word silence, for had not the hall become still as he spoke? As he left the rostrum, all the students suddenly came back to earth. Relieved at the thought that the speaker would say no more, they filed at a lively clip out of the building.

Later, in class, Fred whispered to Tom, only to be rudely interrupted by the "prof.". This occurred frequently that day, as the president had no doubt instructed the lecturers to follow up his strictures of the morning.

That night Tom devised a scheme by which the chums could communicate. A code was decided upon. Each word was to be translated by a term of opposite meaning; articles would be omitted both in the code and when translating it. The system would read, "Omit two words, translate next three, omit two words, etc." Then although in the days that followed, their notes were confiscated, they were never understood.

Yet schooldays cannot last forever, and even the best of friends must part. Fred received a letter from his father announcing his intention of going to England, and of taking Fred along as an associate in the business. He was to start as a stenographer at the close of the term so that he might learn the business from A to Z.

Fred and Tom parted. At the outbreak of the war, Fred and his father were held in England as alien enemies. They were released, however, upon the presentation of their papers from Washington. The father, thoroughly frightened at his narrow escape, came home, while Fred stayed to see the "fun".

## II.

April 6, 1917, soon became a date in history. The United States had declared war on Germany. Following this declaration, Tom, who had enlisted as a mechanic in the ordnance department, received a letter from Fred. He explained the good condition of England, and repeated that his loyalty to America was firm. At the bottom of the letter was a postscript which described a man who came to hire Fred's office clerk. "He says he will see him if he should come immediately to look the boob over." Tom read and reread the letter, especially the last lines. Then it dawned upon him—Fred was using the code! He got out his old code book and translated as follows:—

"(He says) he will see (him if) he should  
I am spy I will  
come (immediately to) look the boob over."  
go secretly German.

"Boob was used," Tom recalled in his mind, "when we meant our German class. He must mean then that he is going to Germany as a spy. Gee, I wish I could be with him."

Tom still managed to write to Fred, through a bank in England, which forwarded Fred's letters by a circuitous route for the United States Secret Service. Fred's answers came frequently and were filled with simple accounts of Germany and her treatment of the wounded and prisoners.

Tom gleaned from Fred's writings that he was well known in Germany's inner circles. His influence was strengthened because of his love for the fatherland. He had become an officer in the German secret service—stationed in Berlin to capture spies!

One day Tom received an interesting letter describing a journey Fred had taken. One line puzzled him. He read it a second time,—then a third time. "I couldn't see the landscape very well, as I broke my old specs. I took the overland train yesterday morning to reach here." Then he went on to tell a story about the brakeman, who had misplaced the lock of Fred's trunk. The quotation read: "But soon he found the lock. For looking he got a little watch from me." Another passage was just as peculiar.

Tom read and reread this letter, and did a lot of figuring on a scratch pad. Finally he rushed to the captain, and after a long parley was allowed to pack his few belongings. An hour later he was speeding to New York. Arriving there he attempted to enter

the navy yard. For his unsatisfactory answers, as to his reasons for being there, he was arrested and detained in the guard house for two days. During this time he fretted and fumed, lost sleep, and ate very little. The guards soon decided that he was insane. Time after time the excited soldier attempted to interview the dock-master, only to be snatched away for fear he might injure him.

At last the master came to see his insane captive. Tom pleaded with him for a private interview, convinced the master of his sanity, and was released. Armed with the necessary letter of introduction, he hurried on to the rear admiral of the fleet, then in the harbor.

As Tom climbed into the flagship, a submarine chaser brought in a prize. A German U-boat had been captured with apparent ease. More delay for Tom was necessary, for when had such a prize been taken?

After several intolerable hours, Tom reached the admiral and read Fred's letter to him. The answer was a laugh. The petty officers joined in with their superior at the soldier's interpretation of the letter. One, however, recognized Tom as a former school-mate. He grasped his hand and inquired if the letter was from Fred Schneider. The affirmative answer received, he himself pleaded with the commander, and swore that the man before him was reliable.

So, after nearly three days' delay, a searching party was granted. With nervous haste Tom took them to the captured submarine. Down he and his party went through the conning tower into the engine room. He crossed directly to the steel wall over the steering instruments and snatched a clock from it. Along with the clock came two nicely concealed wires. Then a further search started. The wires led them to the torpedo room. Here, instead of torpedoes, was enough high explosive to blow up the whole of New York, and the whole arrangement was timed so that it would have exploded in another hour!

This fact never came out in print; but, a few days later, a representative of the Secret Service interviewed Tom Mulholland. This was Tom's explanation:

"Fred and I started a code in school. Dr. York, the president, we called Specs. Now Fred never wore glasses, and his eyesight, I hope, has not failed. Another fact about Fred was that he thought it was unlucky to give away a watch. So when he



said he broke his glasses and gave away his watch I became suspicious of the letter. I tried the code on it and solved the problem.

"In a paragraph further on in the letter he spoke—in code of course—of a submarine that let itself be captured.

"The first I solved easily, and so with the next, but the passage about the submarine had me puzzled. But when he wrote, 'We left the overland train to go from—from—never mind where,' I tried the code again.

'(We left the) overland train (to go) from—from  
undersea boat to—to

I made out 'to—to' to mean 22. And that's the U-boat which was captured, U-22.

"When he spoke about the watch and lock, I interpreted it by their opposites: lock—key, watch—clock; and everything came out fine.

"I found the clock as I expected, and traced the wires; they led to the explosives—and none too soon. That's all. It's a good thing Fred thought of that code."

ANDREW J. KING, '22.



# Duquesne University Service List

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Addresses are solicited; additions and corrections are invited; communications will be gladly received.

## DIED IN SERVICE.

Holohan, Charles R., Co. A, 39th U. S. Engrs., Camp Upton, L. I.  
 Loulan, John J., Sergeant, Co. H, 315th Mach. Gun Btn., Am. Ex. F.  
 Mountain, Albert A., Second Lieut., 110th Infantry, Am. Ex. F.  
 Turnblacer, Frank C., Sergeant, 511th Infantry, Camp Lee, Va.

## WOUNDED IN ACTION.

Fitzsimmons, Edw. J., Co. M, 109th Inf., A. E. F.  
 McNichol, Daniel E., Corporal, Co. C, Overseas Cas. Det., A. E. F.

Ackers, Paul C., Coast Art. School, Fortress Monroe, Va.  
 Adams, Aloysius B., Corp., Camp Meade, Md.  
 Anderson, Egbert J., Co. A., 15th U. S. Engineers, A. E. F.  
 Angel, Gerald, A. E. F.  
 Anton, James C., Marines, Port Royal  
 Artho, John, Camp Sherman, O.  
 Auty, J. M., Camp Lee, Va.  
 Baker, John P., LL. B., Texas  
 Bametzrieder, Edmund, Camp Johnston, Fla.  
 Barrett, P. W.  
 Barth, Raymond E., C. P. A., 2nd Lieut.  
 Bauer, Walter E., Camp Lee, Va.  
 Baum, Raymond N., Batt. D, 83rd Field Art., Camp Fremont, Cal.  
 Bearer, L. Cyril, Battery B, 107th Field Art., A. E. F.  
 Bechtold, Egidius C., Cadet, 4th Aero Squadron, Camp Dick, Texas  
 Beckert, Paul M., U. S. Naval Service  
 Betz, B. T.  
 Bielawski, Michael, Base Hosp. 27, Angers, France. (Returned)  
 Birmingham, George, Lieut., Ordnance  
 Bligh, John  
 Blum, Balthasar C., Aviation Section, Waco, Texas  
 Bradley, James P., 1st Co., 4th Motor Mechanics Regt., D. M. A.,  
 A. P. O. 713, A. E. F.  
 Brady, Frank A., 1st Lieut.  
 Brandl, G. L.  
 Brennan, James I., Major, Shop Construct. Detached Serv., A. E. F.  
 Brennan, Leo F., Quartermaster Corps, Camp Travis, Texas  
 Brennan, Mark V., France

Brickley, Wilmer H., Receiving Ship, U. S. Naval Training School,  
Mass. Inst. of Tech., Cambridge, Mass.

Brinker, John H. R. O. T. C., Schenley Oval, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Brislin, Thomas Canadian Exp. Force

Brown, Albert J., Motor Truck Group 387, Fort Sam Houston, Texas

Brown, Earl V., O Depot No. 1, P. O. 712, A. E. F.

Brown, Robert, U. S. Engineers, A. E. F.

Bossart, Victor E., Off. Tr. Camp, Camp Hancock, Ga.

Braud, G. L.

Broelman, William L.

Boyle, Daniel V., 407 Telegraph Batt., Co. D, Signal Corps, France

Buisker, Clarence, Camp Lee, Va.

Burke, Andrew, Camp Lee, Va.

Burke, Sylvester, Officers' Tr. Camp, Columbia, N. Y.

Burkley, Joseph A., Medical Corps, Camp Hancock, Ga.

Burns, James J., 314th Mobile Laundry Unit, A. E. F.

Burns, Joseph A., Cadet, Naval Aviation, Miami, Fla.

Burry, Paul

Butler, Edward, Radio Detachment, 301st Squadron, University of  
Texas, Austin, Texas

Butler, Joseph C., Medical Reserve

Butrym, Stanley, Bayonet Instructor, Camp Lee, Va.

Caldwell, Charles E., Chauffeur, Ordnance

Callahan, James F., Lieut., Aviation Branch, U. S. Signal Corps

Callahan, James M., 2nd Lieut., S. A. T. C., Plattsburg, N. Y.

Callahan, Raymond, Camp Lee

Callahan, Thos. F., Sergt., Hdq. Co. 319th Inf., Camp Lee, Va.

Campbell, John D., Medical Reserve Base Hosp., Baltimore, Md.

Campbell, J. E.

Carlin, John

Carroll, William, Camp Hancock, Ga.

Carter, Vincent, Prof.

Cartwright, Paul, Naval Reserve

Caveney, William R.

Cella, J. P.

Clair, Charles, 2nd Lieut.

Clair, Edward

Clair, Thomas

Clark, O. V.

Clifford, Charles J., 111th Inf., A. E. F.

Clifford, J. D.



- Coakley, Rev. Thomas F., D. D., Capt., 47th Infantry, A. E. F.  
 Cohan, Francis, Barracks 832, Camp Decatur, Ill.  
 Coll, Joseph, Transport Service  
 Collins, Harry, M. D., Major, Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga.  
 Collins, Leo, 2nd Lieut.  
 Connolly, Coleman F., Batt. F., First Penna. Field Art., A. E. F.  
 Connolly, John R., San Antonio, Texas  
 Conrad, James J., A. E. F.  
 Cooke, Robert E.  
 Cooper, Geo. W., Btn. Sergt. Major, Hdq. Co. 111th Inf., A. E. F.  
 Cooper, John, Corp., Co. M, 111th Inf. A. E. F.  
 Corbett, J. C., Captain, Engineers, A. E. F.  
 Corrigan, John P., Ensign, U. S. Navy  
 Costello, George P., Corp., 320th Inf., A. E. F.  
 Couch, W. H.  
 Coultas, Arthur E.  
 Cox, Earl J., Medl. Dept., Ft. Howard, Baltimore, Md.  
 Cox, Rev. James R., 1st Lieut., Base Hosp., Unit 27, A. E. F.  
 Crandall, Wray J.  
 Cramer, Frank, Off. Tr. Camp, Camp Johnston, Florida  
 Cregan, Dominic J., 2nd Lieut., S. A. T. C., Plattsburg, N. Y.  
 Criste, Ralph, Sergt., Regt. Hdq., 20th Eng. (Forestry) U. S.  
 M. P. O. 717, A. E. F.  
 Cronin, Nicholas, Ft. Sam Houston, Texas  
 Crowley, John E.  
 Cullinan, Francis, Officers' Tr. Camp, Camp Custer, Mich.  
 Cullinan, Thomas  
 Cump, Thomas, Camp Lee, Va.  
 Cuning, Harry, 336th Ambulance Corps, A. E. F.  
 Cunningham, Regis C., War Community Service, Harvard Unit,  
 33rd Street and 7th Avenue, New York  
 Curran, John P., Base 55, Hospital Group, Camp Greenleaf, Ga.  
 Curtin, William, Camp Lee, Va.  
 Czarnowski, Jerome A., Ward 70, Base Hospital, Camp Lee  
 Daly, Samuel, Musician, Camp Lee, Va.  
 Dambacher, John C., A. E. F.  
 Damratowski, Peter, Florida  
 Davies, Harry F., Med. Res., St. Francis Hosp., Georgetown, D. C.  
 Davies, M. C.  
 Davin, James, Quartermaster, Paris, France  
 Dean, C. F.  
 Deasy, Paul V., Camp Lee, Va.

Degnan, Edward,	Metallurgist, Detached Service, Lewiston, Ky.
Degnan, James,	83rd Division, A. E. F.
Dehey, Thos., M. D.,	Capt., Camp Wadsworth, S. C.
Dekowski, Rev. John J.,	Capt., Polish Army, France
DeLowry, Richard,	Torpedo Boat Destroyer Balch
Devlin, Charles,	A. E. F.
Devlin, James P.,	125th Machine Gun Co., A. E. F.
Dieterle, Sylvester,	Camp Lee, Va.
Dills, E. J.	
Dinges, F. P.	
Dolphin, J. Basil, Esq.,	2nd Lieut.
Donnelly, John P. (Terry),	Co. E, 110th Inf., A. E. F.
Donovan, Charles A.,	Aviation Corps
Dowling, Walter R.,	Capt., Ordnance
Doyle, Charles F.	
Doyle, C. T.	
Doyle, John J.	
Doyle, Leo P.,	A. E. F.
Drew, Thomas J.,	Co. B, 15th Engineers, A. E. F.
Duffy, Francis A.	
Dullard, Clarence R.,	Camp Greenleaf, Ga.
Dunn, H. Stewart, Esq.,	2nd Lieut.
Dwyer, James, M. D.,	1st Lieut.
Dzmura, Andrew P., M. D.,	Base Hosp., Unit 27, A. E. F.
Egan, Edward T.,	Co. 5, Barracks 834, Camp Decatur, Ill.
Egan, John P., Esq.,	2nd Lieut., 2nd Co., 6th Prov. Ord. Depot, 1 Regt., A. E. F.
Egan, William,	Co. K, 10th Regt., Camp Custer, Mich.
Elsasser, Karl J.,	Camp Lee, Va.
Ende, Carl A.	
Engemann, John R.,	1st Lieut., Camp Jackson, Columbia, S. C.
Engle, Harold G.	
Ennis, Alfred P.	
Fairfield, Harry H.,	2nd Lieut., S. A. T. C., Plattsburg, N. Y.
Farwick, Arthur F.,	A. E. F.
Feeney, Thos. A.,	2nd Lieut., Taliaferro Field No. 3, Benbrook, Tex.
Feresch, A. J.	
Ferkany, William T.,	U. S. Destroyer
Finley, John W.,	U. S. Signal Corps
Fisher, Bernard P.,	99 Aero Squad, Detached Service, France
Fisher, Daniel F.,	Medical Reserve
Fisher, Michael	
Fitzgibbons, Philip	

- \* Fitzsimmons, Edw. J., Co. M., 109th Inf., A. E. F.  
 \* Wounded
- Fleming, Thomas O.  
 Floro, Florenzo, Corporal, Co. M, 118th Inf., A. E. F.  
 Floro, Oresto, Co. D, 24th Eng., A. E. F.  
 Foley, William P.  
 Ford, David M., Co. L, 320th Reg., Camp Lee, Va.  
 Fox, Geo. A.  
 Friday, Paul J., Esq., 2nd Lieut.  
 Fritz, Walter J., Camp Personnel Office, Washington, D. C.  
 Fuerst, Ray, Camp Lee, Va.  
 Gast, Adrian, Sergt. and Bookkeeper, Base Hosp., Camp Lee, Va.  
 Gast, George, Corporal, A. E. F.  
 Gast, William, Sergeant Major, Coast Artillery, Fortress Monroe  
 Gallagher, James, Camp Lee, Va.  
 Gallagher, Leo B., Naval Service  
 Gallagher, Leo P., Co. E, 23rd Engineers, A. E. F.  
 Gallagher, Ray, U. S. Destroyer  
 Gallagher, M. J.  
 Garahan, James S., 130th Squadron, Aviation Training School,  
 St. Paul, Minn.  
 Gaughan, Thomas, Naval Service  
 Gaynor, Arthur, Camp Lee, Va.  
 Gaynor, Hubert, M. D., Captain  
 Gearing, E. Paul  
 Gelm, Henry J., Esq., Central Officers' Training Camp, Camp Lee  
 Giblin, Rev. Thomas, Lieut., Camp Greenleaf, Ga.  
 Gillespie, John, Lieut., Co. A, 101st Inf., A. E. F.  
 Gillespie, Theodore, Regimental Mail Clerk, 101st Inf., A. E. F.  
 Gilmartin, J. A.  
 Giles, William, Washington, D. C.  
 Gnau, Paul J., Ordnance Sergeant, U. S. P. O. 717, A. E. F.  
 Glock, Charles, A. E. F.  
 Graham, William F.  
 Greene, Harold D., Co. A, 26th Engineers, A. E. F.  
 Grett, C. H.  
 Gribbon, James R., Co. F, 320th Infantry, Camp Lee, Va.  
 Griem, Rolf  
 Gurley, Gabriel F., D. D. S., 1st Lieut., Camp Merritt, N. J.  
 Gutwald, John Roy, 109th Field Artillery, Camp Hancock, Ga.  
 Gwyer, Rev. Charles, 1st Lieut., A. E. F.  
 Haber, James C.



- Hafermann, Carl, U. S. Navy  
Hagan, Rev. James, Chaplain, California  
Hannegan, Joseph C., Co. B, 103 Field Signal Btn. Camp  
Hancock, Ga.  
Horen, Raymond F., Naval Tr. School, Cape May, N. J.  
Harenski, Walter  
Hartung, Ferdinand, 20th Co., 154 D. Btn., Camp Meade, Md.  
Hasler, Montreville, Camp Gordon, Ga.  
Haughey, J. Gregory, Camp Lee, Va.  
Hawkins, William S., LL. B., U. S. Sig. Corps, Ft. Leavenworth  
Hayes, Elmer A., Sergeant, Camp Lewis, Wash.  
Hayes, John N., M. D., 1st Lieut., Detached Service, U. S. Army  
Heidenkamp, Joseph, 319th Inf., A. E. F.  
Heimbuecher, William C., 52nd Penna. Engineers, A. E. F.  
Hennigan, Michael J.  
Henry, H. J.  
Herdt, S. J.  
Hewitt, Joseph J., Off. Tr. Camp, Ft. Custer, Mich.  
Heyl, Norman R. J., U. S. Naval Service  
Highman, T.  
Hilldorfer, Ben, U. S. Naval Training Station, Newport, R. I.  
Hirleman, J. E.  
Hock, William, U. S. Navy  
\* Hoeveler, William A., 1st Lieut., Aviation Corps, A. E. F.  
\* First Pittsburgh Flyer to receive the Croix de Guerre.  
Hoffmann, Eugene F.  
Hohman, Francis J., Camp Forrest, Ga.  
Holler, George F., Camp Lee  
† Holohan, Chas. R., Co. A, 39th U. S. Engrs., Camp Upton, L. I.  
† Died April 16, 1918.  
Horen, Edward E., Naval Station, Cape May, N. J.  
Howard, James D., Medical Reserve  
Howe, Leo  
Hudock, Joseph B., Co. H, 319th Infantry, A. E. F.  
Hughes, Rev. J. J., Lieutenant Chaplain, Camp Sherman, O.  
Hughes, Samuel J., 2nd Lieut., S. A. T. C., Plattsburg, N. Y.  
Hunter, Samuel H., Aviation Corps, San Antonio, Texas  
Hurley, James R.  
Hurley, William J., 4th Eng. Tr. Regt., Co. C, Camp Humphreys, Va.  
Hyatt, F. P.  
Irons, H. C.

- Isherwood, George R., First Lieut., 37th Class, School of Fire,  
Ft. Sill, Okla.
- Isherwood, John, First Lieut.
- Ivory, Leo A., Central Off. Tr. School, Camp Lee, Va.
- Jackson, William, 111th Inf. Regt., A. E. F.
- Jacob, William C., Esq., 2nd Lieut., Avia. Sec., U. S. Signal Corps
- \* Jaworski, Rev. Joseph, Capt., Polish Army, France
- \* First Pittsburgh Chaplain to receive the Croix de Guerre,  
August, 1918.
- Jeffers, A. H.
- Joyce, Francis N., 2nd Lieut., S. A. T. C., Plattsburg, N. Y.
- Kadlewicz, Ladislaus, Medical Reserve
- Kalinowski, Jos., D. D. S., First Lieut.
- Kane, Charles J., Co. B, 1st Engineers, A. E. F.
- Kane, John M., Aviation Corps, A. P. O. 370, A. E. F.
- Kane, Leonard P., Ensign, Transport "Genl. Grant"
- Kane, William, Co. A, 43rd Engineers
- Kane, Joseph T., Motor Transport Service, Camp Johnston,
- Kavanaugh, Jos. M., Cost Acct., Liberty Motor Div., Detroit
- Keady, Patrick, Bookkeeper, A. E. F.
- Keane, James H., Co. A, Marine Overseas Dept., Quantico, Va.
- Kearns, Edward L., Colonel (Retired)
- Keitzer, Gilmore R., LL. B.
- Kelly, Daniel R., Co. E, 110th Inf., 28th Div., A. E. F.
- Kelly, Owen
- Kenny, Thomas W., Corp., Co. 82, 6th Reg., U. S. Marines, A. E. F.
- Kerin, Francis X., Aviation Corps
- King, Gilbert, Second Lieut., Camp Lee, Va.
- Koprowski, Ladislaus, Navy Hosp. Unit, Newport, R. I.
- Kress, J. W., 2nd Lieut.
- Kreuer, Joseph H.
- Krut, G. H.
- Kvatsak, Julius J., M. D., First Lieut.
- Lahm, Harry, Marines
- Lane, Chas. G., Instructor, Hdq. Co., Camp Wadsworth, S. C.
- Lang, Charles, Camp Lee
- Lauer, Cyril, M. D., 1st Lieut., 16th Field Amb., Brit. Exp. F.
- Lauer, John B., Jr., Battery F., 1st Penna. Field Art., A. E. F.
- Lauinger, Edward, U. S. Signal Corps
- Lauinger, P. C., Naval Service
- Lawler, Verner J., Mech. Repair Shop 301, Qm. Corps, A. E. F.
- Lawson, Francis J., M. R. S. 301, Quartermaster Corps, A. E. F.

Lemmon, R. A.  
 Leonard, Clarence, Naval Aviation, Charleston, S. C.  
 Leopold, Kenneth A., R. O. T. C., Schenley Oval, Pittsburgh  
 Liehr, Robert A., Prof., Camp Lee, Va.  
 Locke, Ellsworth, Camp Lee, Va.  
 Locke, John D., Off. Tr. Camp  
 Long, J. D.  
 † Loulan, John J., Serg., Co. H, 315th Machine Gun Batt.,  
 A. E. F., France

† Died March 29, 1918.

Loxterman, Andrew F., Gunner's Mate, Co. 170, Jamestown, Va.  
 Luther, Geo. Naval Service  
 Lutton, R. D.  
 Lycoe, Henry S., M. G. Co., 320th Inf., A. E. F.  
 Lynch, John, 512th Motor Truck Co., A. E. F.  
 McAteer, Joseph P., 2nd Lieut.  
 McCann, Austin, Sec. Lieut., 376 Aero Squadron, A. E. F.  
 McCann, Francis  
 McCarter, Duncan F., 1st Lieut., 312 Supply Train, Camp Dix  
 McCarthy, Daniel J., Naval Coast Defence Reserve Force  
 McCarthy, Jerome A., Pilot, Newport, R. I.  
 McCarthy, J. J., First Lieut.  
 McCarthy, William J., Camp Lee, Va.  
 McCaughan, John L., 2nd Lieut., S. A. T. C., Plattsburg, N. Y.  
 McCrory, Charles F., Corp., Hdq. Sec., 103rd Sanitary Amb.  
 Train, A. E. F.  
 McCune, A. C.  
 McFall, William B., Esq., 2nd Lieut.  
 McGee, John E., Aviation Corps  
 McGee, L. A.  
 McGeehin, John, Ordnance Depot, San Antonio, Tex.  
 McGerver, W. P., Jr.  
 McGinnis, Edward S., 414 Motor Truck Co., Camp Johnston,  
 Jacksonville, Fla.  
 McGonigle, John D., Med. Corps, Ft. Jay, Governor's Island, N. Y.  
 McGonigle, John W., Navy  
 McGrael, Edward  
 McGrath, George W., 2nd Lieut., S. A. T. C., Plattsburg, N. Y.  
 McGraw, John F., 2nd Lieut., Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga.  
 McGraw, Paul J., Naval Tr. Sta., Great Lakes, Ill.  
 McGreevy, Gilbert, D. D. S., 1st Lieut.  
 McGuigan, Rev. Bernard, Lieut. Chaplain, A. E. F.



McGuiness, Linus P., 2nd Lieut., S. A. T. C., Plattsburg, N. Y.  
 McGurk, James, Camp Upton, L. I.  
 McIlvane, Frank, Ambulance Corps, Co. 331  
 McIlvane, Paul G.  
 McKenna, Bernard J., Esq., 1st Lieut.  
 McLaughlin, Joseph, LL. B., Ordnance O. T. C., Atlanta, Ga.  
 McLean, John J., 1st Lieut.  
 McMahan, Thomas, Dept. of the Interior, Washington, D. C.  
 McManus, Owen, Aviation  
 McMorris, James F.  
 McMurdo, Alexander  
 McNamamy, Rev. J. Earl., Lieut., Chaplain  
 \* McNichol, Daniel E., Corp., Co. C., 1st Prov. Recruiting Btn.,  
 Overseas Casual Detachment, A. E. F.

\* Wounded in action, September, 1918.

McSorley, William Naval Service  
 McSwigan, Brady S., Signal Corps, A. E. F.  
 Madden, John P., Sergt., Personnel Office, Hosp. Group,  
 Camp Greenleaf, Ga.  
 Madden, Valery, Post Mess, Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, Mo.  
 Maffei, Harry  
 Magarrall, Henry J., A. E. F.  
 Magarrall, Richard, A. E. F.  
 Magill, Cosby, Camp Lee, Va.  
 Mahoney, R.  
 Mahoney, John R., Co. D., 15th Eng., A. E. F.  
 Malley, Peter, Camp Lee, Va.  
 Malone, Regis, Camp Meade, Md.  
 Malton, Geo. B.  
 Manos, Theophanes, LL. B.  
 Marlier, Ray M., Lieut., Av. Corps, Souther Field, Americus, Ga.  
 Mamaux, Albert E., Aviation School, Princeton, N. J.  
 Mamaux, John J., Aviation  
 Manion, E. J., Musician, Naval Reserve  
 Manley, Rev. James A., 1st Lieut., 18th Field Artillery, A. E. F.  
 Mansmann, Herbert C., 2nd Machinist's Mate, Naval Aviation  
 Matthews, John, 2nd Lieut.  
 Margules, Samuel  
 Milholland, James, Prof.  
 Miljus, John K., Camp Lee, Va.  
 Miller, Ray, 2nd Reg. U. S. Training Sta., Newport, R. I.  
 Miller, Joseph, Co. C., 315th Mach. Gun Btn., Camp Lee, Va.

Mills, Charles,	5th Battery, Camp Stewart, Va.
Mitchell, Floyd,	Quartermaster Corps, A. E. F.
Monteverde, Joseph,	Camp Lee, Va.
Monteverde, Leo,	Camp Lee, Va.
Moorhead, John C.,	Motor Truck Co. 423, A. E. F.
Moorhead, William K.,	A. E. F.
Morrissey, William K.,	2nd Lieut., 33rd Co., Third Group, M. G. T. S., Camp Hancock, Ga.
Morrissey, Peter V.,	Cadet, School of Military Aeronautics, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.
Mosti, Jacob,	Corporal, 666 Aero Squad., Texas
† Mountain, Albert A.,	2nd Lieut., 110th Infantry, A. E. F.
† Killed in action, July 30, 1918, at the Ourcq River.	
Muehlbauer, Aloysius H.,	Co. D., 1st Btn., 13th Regt., Quantico, Va.
Mulroy, J. S.,	Camp Greene, N. C.
Mulvihill, Bernard H.,	Lieutenant
Mulvihill, Mead J.,	1st Lieut.
Murphy, J. Edwin,	U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.
Murphy, Harry J., M. D.,	1st Lieut.
Murphy, Howard,	Gas and Flame Division, A. E. F.
Murphy, Vincent,	Captain
Murray, Thomas,	Engineers, A. E. F.
Murtha, Richard,	2nd Lieut., 1st Inf. Repl. Reg., Camp Gordon, Ga.
Muszynski, Rev. Anthony J.,	Chaplain
Navarra, Jos. A.	
Nee, Thomas,	Central Off. Tr. School, Camp Lee, Va.
Newcomer, Robert P.,	Aviation Corps
Noonan, Thomas,	Sergeant, A. E. F.
Norris, Hugh, Prof.,	Sec. Lieut.
Nowak, Antonio	
Nyce, Joseph (Bud)	Camp Greene, N. C.
O'Brien, Geo., Prof.,	Petty Officer, Naval Res., A. E. F.
O'Connell, John R.,	O. T. C., Plattsburg, N. Y.
O'Connor, Chas. F.,	2nd Lieut., S. A. T. C., Bethany College, W. Va.
O'Connor, Harry F.,	Marines
O'Donnell, James	
O'Donnell, John J.,	Camp Devens, Mass.
O'Donnell, Paul	
Oldshue, Valentine J.,	Red Cross Transport'n, Bordeaux, France
O'Leary, Geo. Parker,	2nd Lieut., Co. 9, Inf. Repl. Camp, Camp Lee, Va.
O'Neil, James,	Naval Station, Cape May, N. J.

O'Rourke, Cornelius

Osborne, J. E.

Parfitt, G. E., Prof.,

Fort Clark

Parsons, J. L.,

Camp Lee, Va.

Phelan, William E.,

Supply Co., 329th Inf., A. E. F.

Pierotti, Raymond, Corp., Hdq. Horse Btn., 305 Amm. Tr., A. E. F.

Philip, W. J.

Pireaux, Frank E.,

Army Field Clerk, Eastern Dept.,  
Governor's Island, N. Y.

Poland, H. J.

Popp, W. C.

Poppe, W. F., Jr.

Prescott, William, 12th Co., 15th Batt., Camp Greenleaf, Ga.

Provost, A. C.

Pschirer, Frank

Quinlan, J. F.

Reilly, Albert, Yeoman, Detached Serv., U. S. Naval Sta., Ill.

Reilly, James

Reynolds, A. D.

Ricards, Emmett, Camouflage Artist, Battery B, 107th Field Art.,  
Augusta, Ga.

Richardson, J. A., Esq.,

Ordnance, San Antonio, Texas

Richter, Otto G., C. P. A., B. Sc. in E. E.,

Ensign, Navy

Riley, Jos. F., Batt. E., 20th F. A., Camp McArthur, Waco, Tex.

Ringel, Henry

Risacher, Felix E.,

126th Co., 9th Reg., Marines, Cuba

† Ritter, Joseph S.,

Camp Forrest, Ga.

† Died October 15, 1918.

Rodgers, Clair W.,

2nd Lieut., S. A. T. C., Plattsburg, N. Y.

Rowe, Rev. John,

Lieut., Chaplain, Transport Service

Rush, Wilfrid D.,

Naval Reserve

Ryan, R. R.

Ryan, Timothy F. (Tice),

Captain, Coast Artillery

Rydlewski, Rev. Sigismund, C.S.Sp., Chaplain, Polish Army, France

Sanderbeck, Adrian F., Distributing Dept., Newport News, Va.

Sarandria, Jos. D.,

Camp Meade, Md.

Sawders, Frank P.,

Naval Air Sta., Cape May, N. J.

Sawders, James C.,

1st Lieut., Gas Defense, Edgewood, Md.

Sawders, Leo A.,

S. A. T. C., Carnegie Tech, Pittsburgh

Scanlon, Geo. M.,

Naval Training Station, Illinois

Scanlon, William J., Sergt., Co. E, 103rd Supply Train, A. E. F.

Schaffer, Ellsworth,

Sergt., Co. E, 319th Inf., A. E. F.

Schaming, Killian,

A. E. F.



Schenot, August W.,	Co. 63, Paris Island, S. C.
Schenot, Leo P.,	Co. 4, Barracks 456, Camp Holabird, Balt., Md.
Schenot, Stephen J.,	Co. 63, Paris Island, S. C.
Schilken, Howard J.,	With Sousa's Band, Battleship Utah
Schlarb, George,	Clerk, Av. Sec., Kelly Field, Texas
Schmidt, John P.,	Camp Clerk, Co. I, 109th Inf., A. E. F.
Schmitt, Harry J., Esq.,	Ordinance Field Service, U. of Pgh.
Schneider, Desmond,	Co. B, 28th Eng., A. E. F.
Schofield, Frank,	3rd Petty Officer, U. S. Cruiser St. Louis
Schorr, Elmer J.,	Acct. Dept., Qtm. Corps, A. E. F.
Scully, John D.,	23rd Eng., Camp Meade, Md.
Scully, John J.,	U. S. P. O. 716, 23rd Eng., A. E. F.
Seyler, Carl,	Camp Hancock, Ga.
Sheran, Leo J.,	Pitt Naval School, Pittsburgh
* Shortley, Michael,	2nd Lieut., Camp Meade, Md.
* Wounded in action, September, 1918.	
Shoff, H. J.	
Siedle, Raymond A.,	1st Lieut., Carlstrom Fl. Field, Acadia, Fla.
Sierakowski, Chester, M. D.,	Lieutenant
Skeehan, Ray E.,	Corporal, 319th Inf., A. E. F.
Skorupsky, Theophile,	Camp Lee, Va.
Slater, M. Paul,	666 Aero Squad., Kelly Field, San Antonio, Tex.
Smith, Charles D.,	Naval Reserve, Delaware, Pa.
Snyder, Wm. J.,	2nd Lieut., Carlstrom Fl. Field, Acadia, Fla.
Snyder, Vincent,	A. E. F.
Sorce, Anthony,	Medical Unit
Steranchak, Stephen,	Det. Btn. 15, Co. 12, Camp Greenleaf, Ga.
Strobel, Ralph,	Camp Lee, Va.
Styslinger, Wm. C.,	2nd Lieut., Camp Stanley, Texas
Sullivan, Herbert H.,	Capt., Batt. B, 25th Btn., F. A. Repl. Depot,
	Camp Jackson, S. C.
Sullivan, Dennis J.,	Army Field Clerk
Summa, A. J.,	Avia. Communication Camp, Camp Morrison, Va.
Sweeney, Dennis,	2nd Lieut., Camp Sherman, O.
Sweeney, Jas. J.,	Naval Tr. Sta., 8th Reg., 9th Co., 3rd Batt.,
	Newport, R. I.
Sweeney, Neal	
Sweeney, Stephen,	A. E. F.
Szabo, Alexis,	1st Lieut., Camp Greenleaf, Ga.
Szabo, Dennis, M. D.,	1st Lieut.
Szelong, Jos. W.,	Co. 9, Polish Troops, France
Tannehill, E. J.,	1st Lieut.
Teemer, Wm. J.,	Lieut., Co. M, 13th Inf., A. E. F.
Threnheuser, J. C.,	Pgh. U. S. Naval Hosp., Great Lakes, Ill.

- Thorne, H. T.  
 Tobin, James W., Columbus, Ohio  
 Tolusciak, Peter Patrick, Polish Army, France  
 Toohill, Harman D., Camp Lee, Va.  
 Toomey, John  
 Tracy, James M., Jr., Co. C, 6th U. S. Eng., A. E. F.  
 Trout, William  
 Tschudy, A. C.  
 Turets, David, LL. B., 1st Lieut., Pscychological Co. I., M. Q. T. G.,  
 Camp Greenleaf, Ga.  
 Turley, William F., Co. C, 212th Eng., Camp Davison, Minn.  
 † Turnblacer, Frank C., Sergt., 511th Inf., Camp Lee, Va.  
 † Died February 16, 1918.  
 Vey, Eugene C., Camp Lee, Va.  
 Vieslet, Victor, M. D., 1st Lieut., Med. Reserve  
 Vilsack, L. V.  
 Waldschmidt, H. H.  
 Wagner, Myron H., Co. 8, 2nd Regt., U. S. Naval Tr. Sta.,  
 Charleston, S. C.  
 Wahl, Leo D., Camp Humphreys, Va.  
 Wallace, Wm. J., Sergeant, Infantry  
 Walsh, Vincent P., Esq., Camp Lee, Va.  
 Wajert, Martin R. O. T. C., Schenley Oval, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
 Wambaugh, Gerald E., Ph. G., Med. Res.  
 Weis, Geo., Corp., 7th Co., 2nd Btn., 155 Depot Brig., A. E. F.  
 Wehrheim, Andrew, 305 Ammunition Train, A. E. F.  
 Weigel, Frederick, Sergt. Acct., Ord. Dept., Newport News, Va.  
 Weir, William, Amb. Sec., 28th Div., A. E. F.  
 White, J. K.  
 White, James  
 Williams, Charles, Camp Lee, Va.  
 Winkler, Bernard, Trombone, Co. D, Horse Btn. Band  
 Winkler, W. W., 305th Amb. Train, A. E. F.  
 Wisniewski, Frank  
 Wolak, Michael F., 23rd Co., Cent. Off. Tr. Camp, Camp Lee, Va.  
 Wolf, H. A.  
 Wolf, W. G. L.  
 Yates, Michael J., Co. B, 3rd Sep. Btn., U. S. Marine Corps, A. E. F.  
 Young, Edward P.  
 Yunker, Albert, U. S. Navy  
 Yunker, Leo D., 2nd Lieut., Camp Jackson, S. C.  
 Zimmer, Harry  
 Zinsmeister, Carl T., 2nd Lieut., S. A. T. C., Plattsburg, N. Y.  
 Zitzman, Leo J., Sergeant, A. E. F.  
 Zurbuck, L. J.

## Lieut. Albert A. Mountain—Killed in Action

**W**ITH mingled pride and regret we record the first death on the field of battle among the men from Duquesne University. Second Lieutenant Albert A. Mountain, of the Class of 1918, was killed in infantry action on July 30. He was a member of Company L, 110th Infantry, 28th Division, which arrived in France about May 15. According to press reports, the 28th Division was in position at Dormans on July 16. On the 26th they participated in the advance across the Ourcq river against the German lines, when the attack attained its full momentum and thrust the enemy back to the Vesle. On the 30th of July, according to General March's statements, 400 men of the 28th Division had been hit in four hours. Though he lived but twelve days after the 18th of July, Lieutenant Mountain had the joy of knowing that the tide had turned on that day in favor of America and the Allies, and that he had had his part in their victorious advance. This is some consolation for those whom his untimely death has bereaved.

"Al" entered the Junior Class in the fall of 1916, coming from St. Edward's College, Huntington, W. Va. Although somewhat above the average age of his class-mates,—he was 26 at the time—he identified himself with every school activity, coaching football and basketball, participating in debates and in the Thanksgiving play, and giving everywhere the example of a serious, whole-hearted student. When President Wilson declared that a state of war existed between the United States and Germany, Mountain was one of the most zealous promoters of military training in the school, being, in fact, selected by Captain Corbett as chief student officer. No sooner had the academic year ended, than he determined to lay aside—temporarily, he thought—the one ambition of his life, the desire to become a priest of God, and enlisted with the Third Pennsylvania Infantry. For a time he was stationed at Philadelphia, later going with his regiment to Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga. Here in the army, as in civil life, his courteous manner and application to duty won him the esteem of all with whom he came in contact. He made rapid progress, receiving corporal's stripes and later those of a sergeant. In January, 1918, he was appointed to the officers' training camp, and at its close, on April 19, was recommended for a commission as second lieutenant. He received his commission on the field of battle, in recognition of conspicuous bravery under fire.

The sterling manliness and deep piety that characterized



Lieutenant Mountain are seen in his letters. They were not intended for publication; but with the same generosity with which he devoted himself to the service of his country, he would have consented to the use of the quotations which we now place before our readers.

Camp Hancock, October 13, 1917.

Rev. Dear Father:

Your unruly friend is now a corporal or squad leader, having the responsibilities of policeman, hotel-keeper, pedagogue and nurse combined, and being accountable for the orderly behavior, sanitary condition, and military instruction of seven other "boy scouts". While our days are quite long . . . . I find little or no time for loafing . . . . . I have had one real missionary experience, having prevailed upon two men to "clean and scour a pretty dirty skittle" of nearly a decade of years' standing. I took them right to the priest, after having arranged a time for a little "confidential talk." Others I gather up on a Sunday and march them to Mass in the K. of C. building. Of course, there is always a group of good boys in every crowd and they surely are a credit to our faith among the different regiments and troops . . . . .

December 9, 1917.

Father, I am very happy and contented with this life. In the morning, when "first call" blows, I drop on my knees and say the Morning Offering and the prayer to Our Lady for a pure life; at mess times I say my grace before meals, making the sign of the cross modestly but distinctly and fearlessly; and I go on my knees again at "lights out". During the day many questions are asked of me, and answered to the best of my ability—and all for the greater honor and glory of God . . . . . When the time comes for me to leave the trench and go over "No Man's Land", I shall not waver or stop, but with my rosary in one hand and my army pistol in the other I shall go, for God and country, obedient to the last.

February 24, 1918.

Since last writing I have had the pleasure of the acquaintance and of long conversation with a cousin of yours. Isn't it odd how you believe this old world so big, and yet it is hard ever to find yourself among total strangers! He and I are both "sweating blood" in order to eat up enough military dope in

fifteen weeks to attract the eye of the Major General and get a commission. Nevertheless I enjoy the life and feel fit to whip my weight in Boches—which equals about *one*.

Well, N . . . . , I have missed daily Mass and Communion only three times since Lent began. I am very thankful to Our dear Lady and the poor souls, for I want to live the good life. And, too, I want to return safe and sound, God willing, to take up—well, it's a long way off, but Father Esselman, the blind Jesuit, "made good"; why shouldn't I take the same means,—*pray and fight?*

Somewhere in France, July 1, 1918.

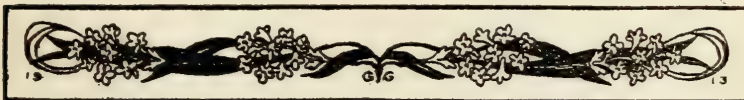
Sometime ago I received a photo-postal which bore the cheering news that 365 D. U. boys are in the service—a very good showing indeed. And every man among us is endeavoring to do more than his share for the good old U. S. A. From the time we started from Hancock until we reached this point—where "close up view" is the proper descriptive word—everything has been very interesting. Customs, language, manner of dress, style of buildings, equipment of farms,—all afford much amusement at the first sight and hearing. One finds it hard to believe they are real. But after a time one has to sympathize; our common humanity asserts itself . . . . Hoping you will always keep me in mind during your prayerful hours, I remain

Your humble friend,

ALBERT.

Two days after the reopening of school, a High Mass of Requiem was offered up in the University chapel, at the request of the college graduates of 1918, who attended in a body. Members of the bereaved family were present. They have our prayerful sympathy; yet they and we cannot forget that Al Mountain did his duty, and died a hero. *May he rest in peace!*

JOHN F. MALLOY.



## The United War Work Campaign.

**F**RIENDS of the Knights of Columbus intending to contribute to its war relief fund during the campaign beginning November 11th, should bear in mind not to designate the Order when contributing, but specify the "United War Work Campaign".

"This drive for funds," said William J. Mulligan, Chairman of the K. of C. Committee on War Activities, "is a united one, and will be participated in by several organizations recognized by the War Department, and designated by President Wilson as accepted instrumentalities through which the men in the ranks are to be assisted in many essential matters of recreation and morale.

"These organizations include the National Catholic Council (Knights of Columbus), Young Men's Christian Association, Young Women's Christian Association, Jewish Welfare Board, War Camp Community Service, American Library Association and Salvation Army. President Wilson requested that these organizations unite in a single campaign to raise funds for war relief work, instead of each conducting its own drive, and this will be done.

"Friends of the Knights of Columbus may feel assured that they will be serving the best interest of the Order if they contribute to the 'United War Work Campaign'. The Knights of Columbus will share proportionately in the general fund according to its activities. We are all working to sustain the morale, increase the comfort, and provide for the recreation, of our soldiers and sailors, and the fund collected during the 'United War Work Campaign', will be devoted solely to these purposes.

"The unified drive means economy and concentration of effort. The men in the United States service will profit more through both these features. There will be less expense in raising funds, and there will be increased effort because there will be seven organizations working instead of one."

Mr. Mulligan expressed himself as wholly pleased with the plans for the big drive beginning November 11th, and predicted its unqualified success.

Mr. Mulligan recently returned from France, where he surveyed the K. of C. overseas activities, travelling four thousand miles behind the fighting lines in a two months' tour. He knows what is needed, and is unreserved when expressing appreciation of the co-operation of war relief organizations in their efforts to support our fighters.





# SANCTUM

## EDITORIAL

### *The Work Before Us.*

**T**HE new school year opens with the biggest enrollment in the history of the institution, apart from the five hundred-odd applicants for places in the Students' Army Training Corps. And rightly so. College trained men built up our nation, and to-day insure efficiency and progress in all lines of activity. The universities, colleges and technical schools are the guarantors of our safety at home and our success abroad in the present world crisis. And who can calculate the human energies that shall be required to rebuild the new and better civilization that is to rise on the ruins that this war will leave behind? Those energies must come from the colleges. And every student must look forward to his part—a man's part—in the work of war and the work of peace that is to follow.

We are not in college for fun.

---

### COMPLIMENTS

## Mackintosh-Hemphill & Co.

### PITTSBURGH

---

## A. KLEIN

3705 Butler St., Pittsburg

### HOLIDAY SPECIALTIES

in Church Goods

Bell Phone, Fisk 1572

# BUY HAINES TRUNKS

Geo. S. Haines Co.  
610 WOOD STREET  
PITTSBURGH

Trunks, Bags, Suit Cases  
and Leather Goods

WARDROBE TRUNKS

Let Us Do Your

## PRINTING

and be satisfied

## FAHEY & CO.

25 SHINGISS ST.  
PITTSBURGH

Bell Phone 16 W Hemlock.

## F. W. IMMEKUS

Carpets Rugs  
Linoleum and Wall Paper

Special designs in Carpets for Churches,  
Chapels, Convents, etc.

Estimates furnished in papering  
Schools, Offices and Private Dwellings

1317-19 Carson Street, S. S.

Plate Glass

Window Glass

Rough and Ribbed Skylight

Bent Glass

Ornamental Glass

## GEO. A. KIM & CO.

318-320 FIRST AVE.

PITTSBURGH

B. t. Wood and Smithfield Streets

A famous New York hatter makes

## Oetting's Hats

## OTTO OETTING,

643 SMITHFIELD STREET  
PITTSBURGH



Bell, 1856 Court

Established 1865



Wants a Plumber, Quick

## BUERKLE PLUMBING CO.

245 THIRD AVENUE, PITTSBURGH

Bell, 80 L Hemlock  
A. Rausch John Rausch Jos. Rausch  
Graining and Glazing  
Orders Attended to Promptly

## AUGUST RAUSCH & BROS.

House, Sign and Fresco

### PAINTERS

Estimates furnished on Cleaning all kinds of Paints. All kinds of Paints, mixed ready for use. Sole distributors of E-Z Paint and Varnish Cleaner.

94 Pius Street, S. S., Pittsburgh

---

## F. X. MANSMANN CO.

### MANX UNION SUITS a Specialty

Medium and Heavy Weights  
\$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50, Up

Every Garment Guaranteed

FIFTH AVENUE ARCADE  
PITTSBURGH, PA.

---

Established 1890

## LATSHAW-FEERST CO.

RECEIVERS AND SHIPPERS

### BUTTER and EGGS

202 FERRY STREET  
PITTSBURGH

Bell, 9040 Court P. & A. 1369 Main

## JAS. W. FISHER

Wholesale  
and Retail

## FISH AND OYSTERS

44 Diamond Market

PITTSBURGH

---

TELEPHONE GRANT 15

Fort Pitt

## Lithographing Co.

Engravers Printers  
Lithographers Bank Stationers

701-703 Forbes Street

PITTSBURGH

---

## THE PARK BANK

6106 Penn Avenue  
East End PITTSBURGH

Deals with Its Customers  
in a Human Way.

---

# G. B. HURT

INCORPORATED

## Wholesale Grocers

HOTEL, BAKERS AND CONFECTIONERS SUPPLIES

PENN AVENUE and WATER STREET

PITTSBURGH



# GRAFNER BROS.

## Wholesale JEWELERS

IMPORTERS OF DIAMONDS

811 Liberty Avenue  
Pittsburgh

---

Bell, 9424 Grant P. & A. 5491 M Pitt

## SNIGO'S

Ice Cream and Ices  
Have No Equal

Brick Cream a Specialty  
Any Flavor Desired at Short Notice  
Wholesale and Retail

607 FIFTH AVE., PITTSBURGH

## Eugene S. Reilly & Co.

REAL ESTATE  
Mortgages Insurance

430-432 Fourth Avenue  
PITTSBURGH

Private Exchange Court No. 1

---

## GROGAN COMPANY

Direct your attention to  
their stock of

Jewelry Silverware  
Watches and Clocks

At all times complete and of the  
highest quality

Wood Street and Sixth Avenue  
PITTSBURGH

Edward S. Bily H. G. Stratman  
E. A. Williams

## CHARLES BILY CO. TAILORS

Suite 219-21-23 Union Arcade  
Pittsburgh

Bell Tel. 2588 Grant

---

## Bailey-Farrell Manufacturing Co.

Plumbing Supplies  
Heating Supplies

Oldest House in the line  
in Western Penn'a.

Office and Warehouse  
Third and Ross  
EXHIBIT ROOMS  
UNION ARCADE  
PITTSBURGH

---

## PENN SALES BOOK CO.

4070 Jenkins Arcade Bldg  
Pittsburgh.

## SALES BOOKS

All Styles  
Duplicate and Triplate  
Telephone F. T. WINTER,  
Grant 6856

BELL PHONE 688 GRANT

## BURNS, FLEMING & CO.

ENGINEERS and CONTRACTORS

Steam and Hot Water Heating and Ventilating Apparatus.

General Steam Fitting and Power Plants.

815 FORBES STREET,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

---

## PAINTS, VARNISHES AND BRUSHES

are like medicine. They are only cheap when you  
get the right kind for the right purpose

To be sure of your painting material be sure of your dealer

In business 68 years

## C. A. MICHEL & CO.

949 Liberty Avenue,

Pittsburgh

(OPPOSITE SMITHFIELD STREET)

---

JOHN DIMLING

H. B. DEMMLER

President.

V. Pres.

C. A. MUEHLBRONNER, V. Pres.

CHARLES E. SCHUETZ, Cashier

JOHN H. DEMMLER, Asst. Cashier

## Western Savings and Deposit Bank

OLIVER BUILDING, 533 Smithfield St  
PITTSBURGH

Accounts of Individuals and Corpora-  
tions Solicited.

4 per cent. paid on Time Deposits.

2 per cent. paid on Checking Accounts

COMPLIMENTS

OF

## M. LETZELTER

4614-4616

LIBERTY AVENUE

---

Fisk 156

F. N. HOFFSTOT, President  
T. W. FRIEND, Vice President

GEORGE C. SCHMIDT, Cashier  
H. J. C. BREKER, Asst Cashier

# National Bank of America

709-711 East Ohio Street, Pittsburgh

CAPITAL \$200,000.00

SURPLUS \$350,000.00

---



"Her Favorite"  
Chocolates



PITTSBURGH

Invites the Accounts of Individuals, Firms and Corporations  
Every courtesy extended Depositors  
without reference to size of their accounts.

Capital and Surplus. \$2,100,000.00

FIFTH AND LIBERTY AVENUES

---

## The Pittsburg Observer

\$1.50 a Year

AMERICA'S FOREMOST WEEKLY

---





PHONE GRANT OR MAIN 100

## ORDER

# HERMES' OHIO & PITTSBURGH MILK CO.

## Pure Milk and Cream

Delivered to your home at a saving of 10 per cent.

Quality guaranteed best put out in Pittsburgh

---

## W. S. BROWN

Wood St. and Oliver Ave.  
Pittsburgh

ATHLETIC GOODS

SPORTING GOODS

CUTLERY

FISHING TACKLE

and all Sportsman's Supplies

Phone Hemlock 147

## Mrs. S. Kersting

Religious Articles,  
School Books and Candles  
Wholesale and Retail

The Right Goods at the Right Place

104 PIUS STREET  
S. S., PITTSBURGH, PA.



GILLESPIE BROS.

Diamond Importers      Jewelers  
Second Floor Jenkins Arcade

Bell, 4506 Court      P. & A. 1524 Main

## TRI-COUNTY EXPRESS CO.

EXPRESSING

HAULING      FORWARDING

Fourth Ave. and Ross St.  
PITTSBURGH



WHEN YOU'RE IN A HURRY



**Phone  
Hemlock 700**

THE KEYSTONE LUMBER CO., PITTSBURGH

---

**Let the 7 BAKER BROS. Do Your Baking**

**AND PROMOTE PITTSBURGH**

None but the best and purest of materials  
are used exclusively in our

**"HOLSUM"** Bakery Products

Your Grocer Has Them

---

**THE J. H. MACKALL CO.**

Manufacturers of

**CAKES, CRACKERS, CANDY**

Successors to  
E. Maginn

**OYSTER CRACKERS**

OUR SPECIALTY

---



**WM. WUERTHELE**

Manufacturer and Dealer in  
New and Second Hand

**BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES**

Bowling Alley Supplies, Repairing of Tables  
our Specialty. Turning of Billiard, Pool  
and Bowling Balls and Cues to Order.

412 Diamond Street PITTSBURGH



**INKS**

Library  
Paste  
Mucilage  
and  
Glue.

**J. C. SWEARINGEN INK CO**

**Pittsburgh**

Phone 1107 Court.

STALL 74

**Some people eat good meat  
some of the time, but those  
who deal at Schlelein's eat  
good meat all the time.**

**Positively the one best quality of Home-  
dressed and Government-inspected Meats**

**J. & W. SCHLELEIN**

**PITTSBURGH MARKET**

---

**Our Sausage and Bologna have no equal**

---

**MANSMANN'S**  
UPTOWN DAYLIGHT STORE

**5911-5915 PENN AVENUE**

**East End**

**PITTSBURGH**

---

What Eichenlaub's Sell You is Good

**EICHENLAUB'S**  
FURNITURE, RUGS, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES  
3501-3503 Butler Street, Pittsburgh

---

**TERHEYDEN CO.**

**DIAMONDS**

**530 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh**



# **The Busiest Tailor Shop in Town**



**"There's a Reason"**

**NIFTY PATTERNS**

**SNAPPY STYLES**

**SUIT or OVERCOAT to Order**

**\$20—\$25—\$30**

**Over 500 Styles  
to Select From**

***Mitchell***  
**THE TAILOR**

**540 Smithfield Street**

**NEW GALLERIES**

***Wunderly Bros.***

***Fine Art Dealers***

**512 Wood St. 306-8-10 Oliver Ave.**

**PITTSBURGH**

**White**  
**Transfer & Storage Co.**

**Furniture Storage Only**

**Separate Apartments Low Prices**

**Motor Trucks, Vans or Wagons for  
Moving**

**Office 708 Duquesne Way and  
715 Seal Street**

**No North Side Branch**

**D. Rosser**  
**STUDIO**

**347 Fifth Avenue**

**PITTSBURGH**

**Work of this Studio Awarded Twenty  
Nine National and State Awards**

**Bell Phone 1086 Fisk**

**Carriages**

**Automobiles**

**O. J. GOETZ, F. D.**

**Leichenbestatter**

**3509 Penn Avenue**

**PITTSBURGH**

# D'YOUVILLE COLLEGE

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Under the Direction of the Grey Nuns

A College for Women, chartered by Act of Legislature of the State of New York. Registered with the University of the State of New York.

---

Courses leading to degrees in *Arts, Science, Pedagogy, Literature and Music*  
Special preparation for High School Teaching.  
Design and Painting, under Male Instructor.

RIGHT REV. DENIS J. DOUGHERTY, D. D., Chancellor.

SISTER ST. STANISLAUS,  
President.

WILLIAM A. MARTIN, M. A.  
Director of Studies.

## FACULTY :

Members of the Grey Nuns' Community, Members of the Clergy,  
and Men and Women Lay Specialists.

---

## Holy Angels' Academy

In Connection with D'Youville College

College Preparatory and General Culture Courses. Music, Languages,  
Design and Painting. New York State Regents' Diplomas.

---

## BOLD'S HOME-MADE BREAD

BAKED FRESH EVERY DAY.

It is so manifestly good and fresh that it produces a light,  
flaky crust that melts deliciously in the mouth, and there  
is no soaking in of the filling, nor soginess, no indigestion.  
Every Loaf is of Uniform Excellence, the Standard by which  
others are judged.

AUGUST BOLD,

821-29 Industry St., Pittsburgh

---



Bell Phones: Hemlock 308 R

Hill 412 W

Commercial Photography

Photographer  
1207 Carson Street and Post Office Building, Mt. Oliver

Portraits in Crayon, Oil and Water Color Paintings

---

## WAGNER BROS. SHOE CO.

WHOLESALE SHOES

429 LIBERTY AVENUE

PITTSBURGH

# Duquesne Monthly

A Literary Magazine

Vol. XXVI.

NOVEMBER, 1918

No. 2

---

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR  
BY THE STUDENTS OF DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY

---

TERMS : ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE  
ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

Address, Duquesne Monthly, Duquesne University, Pittsburgh, Pa.

---

Entered as second-class matter, at the Pittsburgh  
Postoffice, April 30, 1911

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103,  
Act of October 3, 1917, authorized October 22, 1918.

---

JUSTIN J. GALLAGHER, '19, Editor-in-Chief

JAMES J. McCLOSKEY, '19	CYRIL J. KRONZ, '20	Associate Editors
FRANCIS J. LIGDAY, '20	ANDREW J. KING, '22	Exchanges
M. NOON GLYNN, '20	.	Alumni
LEO J. McINTYRE, '22	.	Chronicle
T. ROBERT SULLIVAN, '19 (H. S.)	.	Athletics



# Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXVI.

NOVEMBER, 1918.

Number 2.



## From Training Camp and Battle Front.

**Letters from France and England. Killed and Wounded.  
Chaplain Activities. A Judge's Service Accepted.  
More Stars for Our Service Flag.**

Lieutenant Cyril F. Lauer, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been devoting his skill and energy for the last three years to the care of the wounded and sick on the battlefields of France and Belgium. In a letter just to hand he says: "What a sudden and welcome change we experience from life in trenches to open warfare and quick movement. At sunset we often find that we are miles in advance of the positions we occupied in the morning. I have to hustle to keep up with the troops, sometimes in mud to my knees, and sometimes almost blinded by a driving rain. It is never an easy matter to find a suitable place for my aid post. Occasionally I am fortunate enough to find a dug-out abandoned by the Germans; they're many feet under ground, and with the light of a candle or two, I bandage wounds, set limbs or amputate, as circumstances demand. More frequently I manage to set it up in an abandoned farm house, though it often happened that I had to work in open fields, by the roadside or under cover of a wood. This was not so bad in itself, but when the wounded had to be attended to amidst bursting shells, or waves of gas, or under the passing glare of bombing aeroplanes, nerves were subject to a racking strain, and it was only an impelling sense of duty and an

equisite sympathy for suffering humanity that could ensure to battle's victims the necessary surgical attention.

"As you may well imagine, I have had many narrow escapes; I attribute my safety to prayer and the sacraments. One day, quite close to me, two officers of a field ambulance, a colonel and a major, were blown to pieces; the same shell that killed them also accounted for our chaplain, Father Fitzgibbons, a splendid character, a gentleman of rare attainments, a scholar of varied culture, a jolly companion, an indefatigable worker; everyone knew him, and everyone keenly feels his loss. On another occasion I was working in an old enemy dug-out. Having attended to a lot of wounded men, and got them outside ready for the ambulances, I hurried down again to partake of a hasty lunch. Scarcely had I fallen to when I heard a terrific crash overhead. My only candle was extinguished, but I managed to grope my way upstairs to find that numbers of wounded men had been killed outright by an exploding shell. The few survivors we moved to a place less exposed to the unwelcome attention of the enemy.

"Here, at the front, we realize that the enemy has practically reached the limit of his resources. He is staggering under the blows rained upon him night and day. Soon he will be down and out. The loss of his ally, Bulgaria; the uncertainty of his hold upon Turkey and Austria; the disaffection that is spreading in these countries, and the weakened morale of his own soldiers and people due to daily defeats and prolonged shortage of food,—all go to convince him that victory is no longer attainable, and that only a short time must elapse before he is obliged to appeal to the mercy of his opponents. He is whipped; we know it and he knows it, but he is too proud and too obstinate to give in just yet. We have him on the run, and we will keep him on the run until he is prepared to accept the drastic terms that we will dictate. In the meantime, there must be no let-up. We must go on cheerfully and enthusiastically until the last shot is fired. These are the sentiments of every man I meet. We have suffered, but the day of rejoicing is nigh; pray that it may be hastened so that soon we may return victors to our loved ones in far-off Pittsburgh."

---

Tom Kenney (82nd Co., 6th Regt., U. S. M. C.), one of the most popular boys we had in school before he was called away to quell trouble across the Mexican border, and then enlisted in the

Marines so as to be amongst the first in action, has just sent us a long letter which we are happy to reproduce practically in its entirety.

"Though I have been fighting in every sector in France, except that of the Somme, I am still all in one piece. I was under fire three months at Verdun, and thirty-eight days at Chateau Thierry; our corps was ordered thence to Soissons, later to St. Mihiel and Thiaucourt in the Metz drive, and finally to Suippe and Somme-Ry, where we carried and held Mont Blanc against picked troops of the enemy.

"To give you an idea of one of our charges, imagine a big open field with here and there puffs of smoke from exploding shells. Suddenly out of the woods flanking the field emerged one hundred French tanks, followed at a short distance by the U. S. Marines. Just then the infernal regions seemed to break loose. Shells fell like hail stones and exploded like claps of local thunder; machine gun bullets clipped the ears of wheat all around us. We had started and nothing could stop us. When the enemy saw the spirit with which we were animated, some ran and got away; those who didn't run are there still. When I got clear of the smoke, I found that we had gone through several German regiments. They now know what they are up against, and entertain for us a wholesome respect.

"The Yankees are certainly nervy scrappers. Were I to tell you some of the things they did, you would scarcely believe me. The other day we were lying upon the firing line sheltered by a few trees left standing after a heavy artillery fire had mowed down their companions or reduced them to kindling wood. High in the air, we noticed half a dozen aeroplanes, both French and American; with shrapnel from enemy anti-aircraft guns bursting all around them, they were unconcernedly looping the loop. Later we saw one of our aviators bring down two German planes. It was some sight to see them come plunging down to the ground. The occupants of one were shot to death, and their machine fell straight down; the occupants of the other made desperate efforts to guide their flaming plane to their own side of No Man's Land, but to no purpose—it fell with an awful crash to the ground within our lines. War almost extinguishes every spark of humanity in the human breast. We could see those men dashed to their death without a pang of pity. Kill, kill, kill rings in the ear, and the desire for slaughter knows no satiety.

"Nearly all my pals are dead or wounded. In one charge



only two of my company survived. Lately Kirk and I were lying side by side, waiting for the order to advance; we were talking of our chances of coming out of the barrage alive, when a piece of shrapnel struck him in the eye, but fortunately did not penetrate to the brain. Such is the fortune of war.

"We are pushing back the Crown Prince's army, and we see to it that not a few are left behind dead on the field of battle or prisoners in our hands. These latter are of all ages—some young fellows only half way through their 'teens; others old enough to have left grandchildren to mourn their departure for the firing line.

"I know that you would welcome souvenirs taken from the enemy. Well, I had a number for you, carrying them around wherever I went, and I seemed always to be going *back* to the *front* that I failed to find an opportunity to send them to you, and so I eventually discarded them. I've got so used to packing things, and carrying them on my back, that I shouldn't be surprised if I came home with a French 75 or a German submarine over my shoulder.

"From our present gait, I judge we'll soon be home, even if we go by way of Berlin, Moscow, Vladivostok and San Francisco."

---

Ordnance Sergeant Paul J. Gnau (care of Chief Ordnance Officer, U. S. P. O. 717, A. E. F.) tells us something of his life since his arrival in France in June, 1917. He writes in his most recent letter: "I have had a world of interesting experiences since my arrival in France, and I have learned a lot of wonderfully profitable lessons. My duties are of an exceedingly responsible character and place me in almost absolute authority over several hundred men. I am the highest non-commissioned officer here and also one of the youngest; from this you may see that I have not been wasting my time in the army. My most ardent desire is to secure a commission, and it seems about to be gratified. I have been engaged in a big business proposition—*big* business in every sense, the amounts involved being, not thousands, but millions—and this means executive experience that will serve one when the war is over.

"I have been all over France, from the coast to the trenches. At this moment, I am in a large camp near Gievres, a village in the Department of Loire-et-Cher, and situated eighty kilometers east, and a little south of Tours. After my arrival at the French

port from America, I was sent, first, to Nevers, and then two hundred kilometers northeast, to establish an advance depot—a position then exposed to hostile artillery fire. In February I was detailed on a special mission to the British army, with which I remained six weeks. Both going and coming, I had the privilege of a stop-off at Paris, and the very unusual and enviable opportunity of witnessing a most thrilling air raid over that city.

Fortunately my duties are not so exacting that I can not visit points of interest within a fair radius. The country about here has always been termed "The Garden of France; the scenery between Tours, Blois and Orleans is simply wonderful.

"Quite recently I donned my second gold service stripe. I feel all the more proud of it for those with two are mighty scarce.

"Many of the men that came over with me 'have gone west.' Naturally I, too, ambitioned a place in the front, but headquarters thought me more valuable in supervising the storage and issuing supplies back of the lines than having me go forward to a position of greater danger. However, I am due in a few days for a short inspection trip to the most advanced lines and I will welcome the chances to see some active service at close quarters."

---

Tony Sorce, of basketball fame, with cross-bones and scull for his coat-of-arms, is a busy young man with Hospital Unit L, A. P. O. 720, A. E. F. His letter is full of reminiscences of the good old days he spent at D. U., and of praise for the work our many past students are accomplishing in the fair land of France now ravished beyond description in its northern latitudes. The town in which he is stationed has many relics of the architectural skill of the ancient Romans, and to-day it is the mecca of suffering humanity who come to seek relief at its famous health-giving fountains. The hospital to which he has been assigned is full of soldiers, and he is kept busy in the operating room. A short time before he wrote, the hospital was bombed, but fortunately the night raiders succeeded in effecting only one fatality. He finds it a great relief and consolation to be able to go to church, and he is proud to be able to say that he is building a solid superstructure on the foundation of French he laid before he went away. He had always a great affection for the late Father Patrick McDermott: it is to him that his letter is addressed.

---

It was only a few months ago that the Rev. Bernard G. McGuigan came to bid us adieu, looking every inch a soldier—a soldier of Christ—in his chaplain's uniform. A few days later he crossed the briny, his immediate destination being some port in England. What his sentiments were when he steamed up the Mersey with its distant shores looming big and dark in the twilight of an October evening, we can only conjecture; but we are confident that he must have realized in no small degree the wealth and strength of the British empire when he saw its ships from every haven in northern and southern latitudes, lading and unlading in the midst of busy throngs hurrying to and fro from mammoth warehouses and endless wharves. He had no time to visit places of interest in or about Liverpool, for, on the very day after he landed, he had to report for duty at Camp Morn Hill, Winchester, the site of two immense rest camps for American and English soldiers back from the front. He arrived opportunely to help the sole Catholic chaplain almost done to death attending urgent cases of influenza. In the space of one month, Father McGuigan had occasion to bury three hundred Americans who would have preferred to have died on the field of battle or amidst the consolations of their own Southern homes. Eleven nurses and some officers were included in the list of victims. He finds consolation in the administration of the sacraments and in the celebration of daily Mass; on Sundays he says two, one at 6:30 for the convalescents and the second at 8 in the guard house. He was always especially interested in the boys who went wrong, and he finds that now in a foreign land he can be a greater comfort and a greater help to them than if they were at home.

He dines with the officers, each being assessed seventy-five cents a day; the mess he considers excellent for war times. No wonder that he never enjoyed better health!

He has met boys from every state—including two old Duquesne University students, James Degnan from Youngstown, and Captain Dan Becker from the East End, "one of the most remarkable officers he has had the good fortune to meet since he left the Smoky City"—but he gives the palm for general excellence to the boys from Pennsylvania.

Ireland is but six hours' trip from where he is stationed, and he is going to avail himself of the very first opportunity to see that "little bit of Heaven."

He sends to all the expression of his best wishes, and in return he humbly solicits the alms of their remembrance at the altar and before the tabernacle.



It is always with a sense of poignant grief that we hear of the untimely death of students, professors and alumni. But that sense of grief is tempered now-a-days by the reflection that most of those who "go West" lay down their lives in the noble cause to which our country has devoted its best blood and its inexhaustible resources. One of the grandest characters Death has prematurely claimed in this greatest and bloodiest of all wars is the athletic, gentle, courteous, obliging, sympathetic, scholarly, trustworthy and chivalrous Cadet, Wilmer H. Brickley. We have known him personally only a little over two years, but long before we met him we knew him by the reputation which he had won for Indiana Normal by his unusual skill on the pitcher's mound and his successful strategy on the gridiron.

When he entered here in September, 1916, he registered in the school of Law and also accepted a position as a member of the staff in the High School Department. His ambition was to become a lawyer; his professors, without exception, admired his devotion to his studies, and predicted for him a brilliant career. His pupils revered him as possessing all the qualities that go to make the successful teacher. He was a born disciplinarian, and he had a natural facility for inspiring those entrusted to his charge with a love of that painstaking thoroughness which characterized everything he did.

In the middle of June he volunteered for service in that most dangerous of branches peculiar to modern warfare—naval aviation. His letters during the holidays breathed the zeal that animated him in his new sphere of duties, and he looked forward with impatience to the day when he would be judged sufficiently equipped to cross the seas and take his place as a knight of the air, where cannons roar and shrapnel bursts above the clouds. Though his mind was preoccupied with the importance of his studies, his thoughts often took flight back to Duquesne where he spent full many a happy hour in the class room and on the campus. Just before school opened, he wrote to the Very Reverend President, expressing his love for the old spot and conveying his best wishes for an enlarged enrollment. We cannot refrain from quoting one paragraph in his letter, due to the lesson it conveys for the thoughtless young gentlemen who are to be found in every college. "Our training is most assiduous; no time is wasted foolishly; at all times a man must give the best that is in him to achieve the greatest good. The discipline is praiseworthy beyond words. Now, more than ever, I realize that

discipline is essential if results are to be obtained." His efforts in the training school—Massachusetts Institute of Technology—were crowned with success. On the conclusion of his course he was sent to Miami, Fla., there to practise flying; and there, alas, on October 31, just before noon, he met his death. His machine took fire at a high altitude, and he fell to earth enveloped in flames. Had he had the opportunity to express a regret, we feel confident that it would have been crystallized in the thought, "Would that this had happened only in the moment of victory over a falling foe!" All who knew him mourn his passing. On the morning that the ban on schools, owing to the prevalence of influenza, was lifted, the Very Reverend President, Father Hehir, chanted a High Mass of Requiem for the repose of his soul; the students joined wholeheartedly in the responses, and many a fervent prayer was wafted to Heaven that one we loved and admired may not be allowed to languish long in purgatorial fires. *R. I. P.*

---

Besides Professor Brickley, several whom we have known and loved, had their young lives cut short by the fortunes of war. In addition to those previously mentioned, the following were killed in action: Corporal John F. Maloney, Battery F, 107th Field Artillery; "Danny" Kelly, of Mount Pleasant, a member of Co. E, 110th Infantry; Sergeant Ellsworth J. Lew, of this city; Theophile Skorupski, a former citizen of the Russian empire, and John L. Finn, of the 320th Regiment. Harry R. McKenna died a victim of influenza at the Great Lakes' Naval Training Station. It is our duty to keep their memory green, and to remember them daily in our prayers. *R. I. P.*

---

When our boys come home, those who have been wounded in battle will appeal to our sympathies with an especial unction. We shall congratulate them on their survival; we shall cheer them with glowing words and with a helping hand more practical than words.

During the month of October, we received information that the undermentioned were wounded: Paul F. Eichenlaub, of the North Side; Daniel E. McNichol, of East Liverpool; Lieutenant Michael J. Shortley, of Braddock; Joseph J. Whitman and Edward P. Young, both of Sharpsburg. We wish them a speedy and permanent recovery.

---

Rev. Joseph D. Hagan, formerly pastor of Pitcairn, received his commission as chaplain with the rank of lieutenant last June. He was first directed to report for duty at Camp Sherman, and then transferred to Camp Fremont, Cal., being assigned to the 8th U. S. Infantry, 8th Division. "At that time," he writes, "indications pointed to an early embarkation for Siberia, but at present, whilst we expect a movement within a few weeks, we know nothing of our destination. I am very much taken with army life, but I find results in work among the men slow in maturing. Conditions here are not conducive to large attendance at Sunday Mass as three-fourths of the men are permitted to leave camp on Saturday noon, and to absent themselves until the following night. This will change, I expect, when the Division moves.

"I have a very warm spot for the University and the Fathers of the Holy Ghost Society. I will appreciate an occasional memento for the success of the work in which I am engaged."

---

Rev. Lieutenant T. J. Dunn, at last writing, expected impatiently an order for overseas' duty; at present he is stationed at the 11th Sanitary Headquarters, Camp Meade, Md. So great were the ravages of the influenza that deaths were frequent, Father Dunn alone having anointed upwards of a thousand stricken soldiers. With him are three other Pittsburgh Catholic chaplains; they all waited on Cardinal Gibbons at Baltimore, and were exceedingly flattered when his Eminence not only accepted their invitation to celebrate a Field Mass in their camp, but also insisted on their staying to dinner with him. The date fixed for the Field Mass was November 10th.

---

Considerably before there was any prospect of peace, his country's clarion call sounded loud and clear to the Honorable James B. Drew, LL. D. He sacrificed his position on the bench, a position that he has filled long and creditably, with distinction to himself and satisfaction to the distressed who must seek in courts of law that justice, which in daily life and in the mad rush for wealth and the thoughtless catering to the passion of the moment, is denied them; he offered his services to the War Department and, we are glad to note, was commissioned Captain with assignment to the Department of the Advocate General with offices in France. His well-known diplomacy and legal acumen will, we are sure, win for him new laurels on a foreign field.



Herbert C. Mansmann has applied to Boston Tech for admission to the Pilot Officer's Course. At present he is a member of Co. 107, Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Fla., attending the Machinist Mate's School practically all day from 9 to 9. The course consists of three weeks' mathematics—algebra, logarithms, plane and a little solid geometry, together with physics covering horse power and heat efficiency—three weeks devoted to electricity and motor theory, three weeks to the motor laboratory, and three more, finally, to machine-shop instruction. Herbert, after enlisting, spent three months at Charleston, S. C. "So far," he writes, "I have fared very well, and the training has done me a world of good physically and mentally."

---

Michael Wolak (Co. 23, Central Officers' Training School, Camp Lee, Va.,) finds it no little change to skip from the Junior Class to army life. During the comparatively short period he has been with the Colors he has had a variety of experiences, and the experiences are likely to increase in number and variety. He served as Supply Sergeant in several companies and battalions, and is now in his third month at the Officers' Training Camp, from which he hopes to secure a commission. Life, he finds, is a serious proposition; eight hours daily he devotes to drill and eight more to class and recitation. He finds comfort in the fact that he meets D. U. boys wherever he turns. On the day he wrote, Harry Gelm and Dan Sweeney were to graduate as officers; Frank White was to follow suit after a short interval. Lieutenant Hewitt had just received his yellow bars, and Tommie Nee, Stanley Butrym and Bernard Lynch are straining every nerve to win out in the race for the coveted commissions. Professor Carter, of happy memory, is delivering mail on a motor truck, having volunteered, but the writer has every confidence that Professor Carter's merits will soon be recognized, and that he will ere long rank with the distinguished mortals. With fancy's eye we see the budding officer, Michael Wolak, developing into the successful cross-examiner overawing witnesses with martial stare until he becomes the envied public prosecutor of his natal town, Everson, Pa.

---

Charles F. O'Connor secured his Lieutenancy after an intensive course of training at Plattsburg last summer. He is now drilling the S. A. T. C. at Roanoke College, Salem, Va.

Communications from camps and elsewhere go to show monthly that our list of past students in the service, 726 in number, as far as we know at the present writing, is far from being complete. Victor McCullom, we hear, is at Camp Meade; John Murphy, of Swissvale, is there too; John Connor is training in England; Henry S. Lycoe, in France; Joseph A. Hamilton is with Co. C, 15th U. S. E., A. E. F.; Nicholas Cronin, who, by the way, we regret to say, is now mourning the death of his father, is in France with the 322nd Field Remount Squadron; Michael J. McGurk is seeing active service with Co. G, 325th Infantry, A. E. F.; Mat Breen, whose mother passed away to our sorrow just a few weeks ago, is doing his duty as a Sergeant in France; Rev. Lieutenant Urban W. Lager, O. C. C., is serving his God and country as chaplain; Bartley Wood, who made a very decided hit on the Lyceum stage, is drilling at Camp Humphreys; Oscar W. Ackermann, now grieving over the death of our friend and former student, Max, is in training at Camp Jackson, Columbia, Ga.; Herbert L. Daschbach is with the 313th Machine Gun Btn., Camp Lee; and John D. Locke, of Uniontown, has been called to an Officers' Training School. Aloysius G. Gloekler, Co. C, 11th Supply Train, Camp Meade, Md., found a berth in which he is perfectly at home—at the steering gear of an automobile. He has had his troubles with the influenza, but these troubles are now only a memory, and he can devote his unimpaired energies to the duties of the hour. Myron H. Wagner reports favorably from the 2nd Regiment Naval Training Station, Charleston, S. C. Martin F. O'Connor writes most cheerful letters from Camp Sevier, S. C. He is with Co. A, 4th Provisional Regiment, 156th Depot Brigade. Though he hails from the "Old Sod", Martin has many friends and relatives in the Smoky City.

H. J.



## The S. A. T. C.

"**N**OW", you say, "the war is over,  
Now the glorious fight is won;  
Others fought and bled for justice  
While we stand with nothing done.

"We had thought to share the battle,  
We had longed to do our part,  
We had hoped to show by action  
What we valued most at heart.

"But our hopes have all been shattered;  
Empty now our vaunting seems:  
Nothing have we done for freedom,  
Vain were all our cherished dreams."

You are wrong; you share the glory  
Though you never faced the foe,  
For you stood with hearts undaunted  
Waiting for the word to go.

You have made the foe surrender  
For, behind those in the fray,  
He beheld you others ready,  
Eager, fearless just as they;

So that, now we hail the victors,  
We must also honor you;  
You have shared the will to conquer,  
You must share the glory too.

PETREL STORM, '19,  
November 11, 1918.



## The S. A. T. C. and Duquesne University.

**M**ANY of our readers may be inclined to ask what is the S. A. T. C. and how did it come into existence. The second of these questions we shall answer first.

Long before we took any active part in the war, thousands of our college men enlisted in English, Irish and Canadian regiments and in British and French air forces. When Germany thought it possible to bring the war to a successful termination in the short period of six weeks by inaugurating its ruthless submarine warfare, our country could no longer remain supine when its peaceful and peace-loving citizens could not cross the Atlantic ocean without imminent peril to their lives. War, in consequence, was declared, and at once there was a rush to the colors of all that was noblest and best throughout the land. Professors volunteered in great numbers, and college students vied with them in offering their services for duty abroad. Those who were too young to be accepted, hearkened to the call of General Leonard Wood, and devoted part of their scholastic day to military drill and the study of military tactics. Such courses as he organized in Plattsburg, Gettysburg and elsewhere, were liberally patronized, and the Reserve Officers' Training Corps was a logical outcome of his well-directed efforts. The training thus acquired was a stepping stone to the Officers' Training Camp instituted to supply the demand for properly qualified officers to drill and command the huge army called into existence to cope with the problem presented by united Central Powers amongst whom universal military training was practised with a view to secure world empire.

It was found by observation and experience that the very best officers, after the graduates of West Point and Annapolis, were college men, men of college standing, men with minds alert, responsive and receptive. These, naturally, were limited in number; what was to be done to supply the innumerable draftees with instructors equal to their predecessors? The policy of the country was to keep young men at their studies if America's prospects of success were not to be impaired. A happy solution of the problem was discovered. The Students' Army Training Corps was evolved. Young men between eighteen and twenty-one, of high school standing, were to assume the responsibilities of a soldier's life. Whilst prosecuting the studies that would tend most to their country's welfare during the war it was waging and

especially during the period of reconstruction that was to follow, colleges and universities were taken over by the War Department; teachers were instructed what courses to conduct and what time should be devoted to them; military officers were assigned for purely military direction and specific training; college authorities were assured that they would be fairly compensated for necessary outlay in maintaining, housing, and teaching the wards of the Government, and these wards were to be treated as enlisted men, being furnished with all necessary equipment, receiving the pay of privates, and in return responding to the best of their abilities to the designs entertained by the supreme authority in their regard. They were classified, on voluntary induction, according to their ages: Class A comprising those between twenty and twenty-one years of age; Class B, between nineteen and twenty, and Class C, between eighteen and nineteen. All are to be kept under observation and test to determine their qualification as officer candidates and technical experts, such as engineers, chemists and doctors. After a period of probation, varying with their ages from three to nine months, they will be assigned to military duty in a central officers' training camp, in a non-commissioned officers' training school, in a vocational training section of military value, in a cantonment as a private, or in the school in which they are enrolled for further intensive work along specified lines.

Amongst the courses mapped out by the War Department, the War-Aims Course stands pre-eminent. It was planned with a view to explaining clearly and thoroughly what the war is about, and how supremely important to civilization is the cause for which we are fighting. In the words of the *Georgetown College Journal*: "The War-Aims Course is to treat of the ethics of civil society, of the remote and immediate causes of the war, the historic and economic causes, of the underlying conflict of points of view as expressed in the governments, philosophies and literatures of the various States on both sides of the struggle. There will be lectures on the philosophy of government, on the origin of authority, on the nature and aims of autocracy as exemplified in the German Autocracy, bringing out its strength from the unity of aims, but also its element of weakness in crushing the individual to the State, and seeking to crush other States. Still other talks will deal with the nature and aims of democracy, showing its weakness from diversity of aims, but its efforts to preserve the rights of the individual and the individuality of

nations. The philosophy of the Central Powers and militarism will be the subjects of numerous lectures during the sixth, seventh and ninth months. In striking contrast will be the true ethics of war and international law, a refutation of the militaristic doctrine that war is an end in itself, a refutation of pacifism, and the true nature and glory of patriotism."

This course will undoubtedly remove the stigma heretofore attached to our colleges, that American students know nothing of the world events of the day in which they live, nor of the national questions that agitate the minds of our own statesmen.

Other courses are specifically designed to qualify young men in the briefest possible time for various branches of active service, ranging from radio telegraphy to the principles of navigation.

---

Early in July a communication was received from Washington, asking if Duquesne University would be willing to place its educational facilities at the service of the Government with a view to training a certain number of students for commissions in the army. In replying, the Very Reverend President took into consideration the duties he had assumed to provide for the education of the large number of college and high school students enrolled, and at the same time manifested his desire to be of the utmost possible help to the country at large in a most crucial period of its existence. He undertook to make all necessary provisions for from one hundred to two hundred men, holding out the hope that later on the number might be largely increased. His communication elicited the approval of Washington, and on August 17 an official telegram was received, stating: "Your institution has satisfied conditions prescribed in circular letter of June 29. Upon basis of your figures, steps will be taken at once to establish a unit of the Students' Army Training Corps. An officer of the U. S. Army will be detailed, and will upon arrival proceed with the organization."

In due time, First Lieutenant Warren R. Canright arrived and presented his credentials as Commanding Officer. With the coöperation of the Faculty, an office was opened for the registration of volunteers. Over five hundred presented themselves, but over three hundred of these were rejected because they did not come up to the educational standard prescribed by the Government—a four years' high school course or its equivalent of thirteen credits with practical experience of a character to compensate for the missing three. The quota determined by the



Government, one hundred and seventy-five, was eventually reached, and preparations were made to house, maintain, educate and train them. The entertainment hall was transformed into barracks to accommodate one hundred and fifteen soldiers, the remaining sixty being assigned to the Pittsburgh Lyceum, most accommodately placed at their service by the rector of the Epiphany, Rev. Lawrence A. O'Connell, LL. D. ('13). Bathing facilities, a mess hall and other provisions were made for their comfort and convenience. The C. J. Keenan Commissary Co., 109 Grant Street, which had given unquestioned and unquestionable satisfaction at Schenley Oval during the summer months, contracted for the meals. Professors for the several branches prescribed or recommended, were drawn from the Faculties of the College Department, School of Law and School of Accounts. Dr. Irwin J. Moyer, for thirty years the University doctor, was appointed attending physician, a choice certain to give satisfaction to anxious mothers and solicitous sisters.

The officers assigned to the University by the War Department to take charge of the unit give general satisfaction. They are courteous gentlemen of advanced scholastic attainments. With the soldiers, they are strict disciplinarians, possessing a facility for communicating instruction and a determination to secure results. Warren R. Canright, 1st Lieutenant, U. S. Infantry, is Commanding Officer. Lieutenant Canright hails from Wisconsin. He graduated B. A. from Lawrence College, Wis., in 1917, attended the Officers' Training Camp at Fort Sheridan, Ill., was stationed at Camp Grant, Ill., with the 342nd Infantry last winter, came to the University of Pittsburgh last May, when vocational training was introduced there, and was assigned in September as Commanding Officer to our unit of the S. A. T. C. Of sound practical judgment, he may be relied on to take every reasonable precaution to safeguard the health of his men threatened by the prevalence of influenza, and to promote their military efficiency.

Lieutenant Canright is ably assisted by Lieutenant Oscar Blaine Welch, Adjutant; Lieutenant Earl Holden Winslow, Supply Officer, and Lieutenant George A. Lutz, Rifle Expert.

Lieutenant Welch was born in Derita, N. C., attended the Derita and Charlotte High Schools, and also the University of North Carolina; he followed the summer course of training at Plattsburg, and succeeded in obtaining his commission.

Lieutenant Winslow comes from Westboro, Mass. After

graduating from the high school of his native town, he entered the Chemical Engineering Department of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute. He also received his commission on the completion of the Plattsburg Course, September 16.

Lieutenant Lutz, born in Pittsburgh, graduated at St. Peter and Paul's School, spent five years in St. Vincent College, one year in the University of Pittsburgh, five weeks in the S. A. T. C. at Plattsburg, and six weeks in the Small Arms' Firing Course at **Camp Perry, O.**

Direction of the classes has been confided to the very capable William M. Deviny, Ph. D., one of the pillars of the School of Accounts. Having assisted at the summer convention at Plattsburg and keeping in constant touch with the War Committee on Education in his native Washington, Dr. Deviny is exceptionally qualified for the duties of Prefect of Studies. On consultation with the Very Reverend President and the Commanding Officer, he made provision for instruction for aspirants to the following branches of National Service: Infantry, Artillery, Cavalry, Engineering, Aviation, Quartermaster, Motor Transport and Pre-Medical. The curriculum embraces the following subjects: Accounting, Chemistry, Economics, English, French, Geography, Government, Hygiene and Sanitation, Management, Map-Making and Map-Reading, Mathematics, Meteorology, Military Law, Physics, Products, Psychology, Topography and War Issues.

These subjects are distributed amongst the following professors: J. E. Campbell, B. A., B. Sc.; M. J. Connolly, M. A.; P. Cronin, Ph. D.; W. M. Deviny, Ph. D.; Rev. J. A. Dewe, D. Lit.; W. H. Lacey, LL. B.; Rev. J. F. Malloy, M. A.; Captain J. B. Meyer, LL. B.; I. J. Moyer, M. D.; E. F. Randby; H. P. Shearman, B. A., D. C. Sc., and D. D. Zuver, B. A.

---

In accordance with instructions from the War Department, the Induction Ceremonies were inaugurated at noon on October first. In presence of the Faculty and student body, the young volunteers were lined up on the campus in front of an improvised platform. They were addressed by his Honor, Mayor E. V. Babcock, on the duties they were about to assume; by Cyrus R. Woods, Secretary of the Treasury, on the achievements of our soldiers at Chateau Thierry; by the Very Reverend President, who welcomed them to the University, and by the Right Reverend Bishop Canevin, who spoke to them on loyalty to their country.

At this point, as Lieutenant Canright pronounced the oath of allegiance to our country and flag, the volunteers with right hand uplifted repeated the words after him. He then read the

### GENERAL ORDERS OF THE DAY.

WAR DEPARTMENT,

WASHINGTON, D. C., October 1, 1918.

#### *General Orders of the Day.*

1. This day has a peculiar significance for more than five hundred colleges and universities throughout the United States. It is witnessing the organization of a new and powerful instrument for the winning of the war,—the Students' Army Training Corps. The patriotism of American educational institutions is demonstrated to the world by the effective and convincing manner in which they are supporting this far-reaching plan to hasten the mobilization and training of the armies of the United States.

2. It is most fitting that this day, which will be remembered in American History, should be observed in a manner appropriate to its significance, and to the important aims and purposes of the Students' Army Training Corps. Each Commanding Officer of a unit of the Students' Army Training Corps, will, therefore, with the coöperation of the President and Faculty of the institution where his command is stationed, arrange a program for the proper observance of this day, when more than one hundred and fifty thousand American college students offer themselves for induction in the Students' Army Training Corps, pledging themselves to the honor and defense of their country.

3. This Corps is organized by direction of the President of the United States under authority of the following General Orders:

WAR DEPARTMENT,

WASHINGTON, August 24, 1918.

#### *General Orders No. 79.*

Under the authority conferred by Sections 1, 2, 8 and 9 of the Act of Congress "authorizing the President to increase temporarily the military establishment of the United States" approved May 18, 1917, the President directs that for the period of the existing emergency there shall be raised and maintained by voluntary induction and draft, a Students' Army Training Corps. Units of this Corps will be authorized by the Secretary of



War at educational institutions that meet the requirements laid down in Special Regulations.

4. The United States Army Training Detachments established at educational institutions by the Committee on Education and Special Training are this day merged with the Students' Army Training Corps. For purposes of administration only, the Corps has been divided into the Collegiate Section and the Vocational Section. There is no distinction between soldiers of these sections. All are soldiers, and their identity is merged in the United States Army. All have equal opportunities to win promotion, each soldier's progress depending entirely upon his own individual industry and ability.

5. Orders have been issued whereby assemblies of all units of the Corps are being held simultaneously at more than five hundred colleges and universities. *At this moment*, over one hundred and fifty thousand of your comrades throughout the nation are standing at attention in recognition of their new duties as soldiers of the United States.

6. Soldiers of the Students' Army Training Corps: All of the forces of the nation are now being concentrated on the winning of the war. In this great task you are now called to take your proper place. The part which you will play, as members of this Corps, will contribute definitely and in a vital manner to the triumph of our cause. Your opportunities are exceptional and your responsibilities correspondingly great. Honor and the privilege of National service lie before you. Grasp your opportunity. Strive for the common goal. WIN THE WAR.

By direction of the Committee on Education and Special Training,

R. I. REES,

Colonel, General Staff Corps, Chairman.

#### MESSAGE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

The step you have taken is a most significant one. By it you have ceased to be merely individuals, each seeking to perfect himself to win his own place in the world and have become comrades in the common cause of making the world a better place to live in. You have joined yourselves with the entire manhood of the country and pledged, as did your forefathers, "your lives, your fortunes and your sacred honor" to the freedom of humanity.

The enterprise upon which you have embarked is a hazardous and difficult one. This is not a war of words; this is not a scholastic struggle. It is a war of ideals, yet fought with all the devices of science and with the power of machines. To succeed you must not only be inspired by the ideals for which this country stands, but you must also be masters of the technique with which the battle is fought. You must not only be thrilled with zeal for common welfare, but you must also be masters of the weapons of today.

There can be no doubt of the issue. The spirit that is revealed and the manner in which America has responded to the call is indomitable. I have no doubt that you too will use your utmost strength to maintain that spirit and to carry it forward to the final victory that will certainly be ours.

WOODROW WILSON.

MESSAGE OF HON. BENEDICT CROWELL,

Acting Secretary of War.

As college students you are accustomed to contests of physical force. You are familiar with the tedious training and self-sacrificing discipline that are required to develop a team that can win the game. You know that the contest is won by teamwork, push, enthusiastic coöperation with one another and co-ordination of every individual talent to the single purpose of common success.

In the military struggle in which you are about to enter, the same conditions prevail. In order to succeed, many weeks of thorough-going training and drill are essential to develop the co-ordination of skill and imagination that is essential to achieving the vast and vital end to which the country has pledged its every effort. The fighting machine will come into effective working order more rapidly in proportion as each individual is best qualified. In entering upon this training as student soldiers you have the opportunity of developing your abilities to the point where they will be most effective in the common struggle. I am sure that you will do this in the same spirit and with the same enthusiasm that you have always exhibited in the lesser struggles to which you have been accustomed to devote your energies. I am sure that you will rise to this opportunity and show that America, the home of the pioneer, the inventor and the master of machines, is ready and able to turn its every energy to the construction of an all-powerful military machine, which will

prove as effective in liberating men as have the reaper, the aeroplane and the telephone.

#### MESSAGE OF GENERAL MARCH, CHIEF OF STAFF.

The Students' Army Training Corps has been organized to assist in training a body of men from whom the United States will draw officer material in large numbers. The need for these officers is one of the most imperative connected with our large army program, and patriotic young men will be given an opportunity to acquire this training with the knowledge that they will thus be enabled to better serve their country in the great drive which is to come. Superior leadership spells success in war, and it is the duty of every member of the Students' Army Training Corps to do his utmost to qualify as a leader of men.

PEYTON C. MARCH,

General, Chief of Staff United States Army.

#### ROSTER, DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY S. A. T. C.,

November 18, 1918.

Adams, Howard G.	Carraher, John F.
Arendas, Michael	Codori, Simon J.
Barry, William T.	Connolly, James S.
Bessenly, August A.	Connolly, Ray P.
Bittinger, Cecil W.	Croak, Francis P.
Bielski, Frank V.	Cummings, John G.
Bittner, Joseph P.	Cusick, Thomas E.
Boyle, Eugene J.	Cusick, Michael A.
Boyle, John L.	Curnane, Edward J.
Briley, John A.	Davies, John C.
Brandl, Leo H.	Daschbach, Charles L.
Brunner, Carl H.	Dawes, Eugene A.
Burkley, Francis J.	Dunn, John F.
Burns, James J.	Dobbins, John L.
Butler, Ray I.	Doyle, Walter J.
Byrnes, John J.	Durkay, Paul J.
Burr, Sylvester P.	Durkin, John B.
Cagney, Patrick F.	Egan, Joseph P.
Callahan, James B.	Eisert, August R.
Campbell, Seymour V.	Emig, Eugene R.
Carl, Martin J.	Fahey, John S.
Carlton, William J.	Farinet, Albert J.



- Ferrick, John H.  
Finerty, Joseph F.  
Fischer, Arthur J.  
Flannery, Edward P.  
Friend, George J.  
Fuchs, Herman P.  
Foster, Edward X.  
Gallagher, Joseph D.  
Gannon, Paul C.  
Gemperle, Lawrence G.  
Gianny, James J.  
Ginnevan, John W.  
Gorski, Adam A.  
Gorsuch, John F.  
Guiski, Stanley T.  
Gillen, Thomas J.  
Haendler, Charles P.  
Harter, Joseph J.  
Hein, Norman C.  
Heitzman, Andrew J.  
Henne, Rudolph G.  
Hochadel, Joseph M.  
Hughes, Francis M.  
Hurley, Edward T.  
Hierholzer, Leo M.  
Joseph, George F.  
Joyce, John Philip  
Kane, John J.  
Kane, William J.  
Kaylor, Paul J.  
Keaney, Richard C.  
Kelleher, Daniel W.  
Kelly, Hugh E.  
Krug, Carl G.  
Kuczkowski, Sigmund  
Kwiatkoski, Bruno  
Laffey, John J.  
Laughlin, George D.  
Looby, Joseph X.  
Luksik, Frank V.  
Lyman, Walter F.  
Lovett, Harbeson H.  
Malloy, Hugh P.  
Malone, Clement E.  
Maloney, Francis P.  
Mattis, Eugene J.  
Mansmann, Milton J.  
Martin, James J.  
Melody, John J.  
Monheim, Joseph A.  
Moriarty, Thomas F.  
Mueller, Ambrose W.  
Murphy, Charles A.  
Murphy, Francis J.  
Murphy, Frank J.  
Murray, William C.  
Murto, Harry C.  
McCaffrey, George B.  
McCall, Thomas L.  
McCann, Lawrence I.  
McCauliff, Francis J.  
McDonough, Francis J.  
McDonough, Lawrence K.  
McFadden, Charles J.  
McGillick, Louis J.  
McGlinchey, Henry F.  
McGrath, Patrick L.  
McGrath, Peter J.  
McGraw, Frank P.  
McGraw, Lawrence J.  
McGuinness, Francis J.  
McKenzie, George H.  
McLaughlin, Thomas J.  
McNally, Bernard M.  
McNamara, William R.  
Nolan, Joseph M.  
O'Brien, Charles P.  
O'Brien, Eugene J.  
O'Brien, Paul P.  
O'Donovan, Paul J.  
Patterson, Leo A.  
Pasquinelli, Santino J.  
Pellegrini, Casimir J.  
Posluszny, Stanley K.  
Power, William J.  
Quinn, Arthur C.

Reynolds, Clarence H.	States, John W.
Reagan, Robert P.	Slaski, Michael J.
Reynolds, John E.	Stengel, Charles A.
Rochford, Patrick J.	Taszarek, Bruno J.
Rorke, John L.	Topping, Francis H.
Rosenberg, Joseph J.	Toohill, Thomas F.
Ruffenach, Paul C.	Treacy, James R.
Rush, Wilfred D.	Tunney, John A.
Rylands, James W.	Tushim, John A.
Schaff, John A.	Vaia, George F.
Schroth, Gerald A.	Vitkauskas, Stanley P.
Schultz, Leo G.	Walls, John F.
Schweinberg, Louis P.	Walsh, Michael F.
Schwartz, Julius A.	Ward, Thomas J.
Scully, Eugene W.	Wilson, George M.
Seibert, William J.	Zinkand, Philip W.
Sieber, Herman J.	Zamaria, Francis T.
Seidenstricker, Regis A.	

We shall conclude this rather lengthy notice with an outline of the young soldiers' daily routine. Parents and other relatives will be interested in it.

LIST OF CALLS COMMENCING NOVEMBER 17.

First Call . . . . .	6:00 A. M.
Reveille . . . . .	6:15
Mess Call . . . . .	6:45
Sick Call . . . . .	7:20
Class Formation . . . . .	7:45
Class . . . . .	8:00
Recall from Class . . . . .	11:45
Mess Call . . . . .	12:05 P. M.
Study or Class . . . . .	1:00
Drill . . . . .	2:00
Recall from Drill . . . . .	4:00
Retreat . . . . .	5:00
Mess Call . . . . .	5:05
Study . . . . .	6:00
Recall from Study . . . . .	8:00
Tattoo . . . . .	8:30
Call to Quarters . . . . .	9:15
Taps . . . . .	9:30

H.



# SANCTUM

## EDITORIAL

### *An Explanation.*

**O**WING to the retarded opening of school and the interruption of classes due to the decision of the local Board of Health, which had at heart the restriction of cases of influenza with the hope of stamping it out altogether, we have been obliged to delay the appearance of the October and November issues of the MONTHLY. Possible contributors were too busy combating the dread germs of the disease to find time for anything else! But now that sickness has practically disappeared from centres of population, we may expect our essayists and poets to get back into the well-defined grooves of academic life, and to woo with renewed ardor the muses of prose and poetry. We are proud of the reputation for punctuality we have enjoyed amongst our contemporaries, and we shall not feel at ease after these lapses from grace until we can again justify our claim to that characteristic of every successful business undertaking and literary publication.



### *Cardinal and Archbishop.*

**D**URING the month of September the venerable Cardinal Farley, of New York, and the far-renowned Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, passed to their reward. Death has taken them from the field of their sacerdotal zeal and endeavor, and from the friendship and society of men of every race, creed and station. Beloved, esteemed, venerated by all their fellow countrymen, the Cardinal and the Archbishop have done a work among us that is valuable and lasting.



By the force of their powerful intellectuality, by the example of their wonderful practicality, they contributed notably to the vital, living, throbbing, pulsating Catholicism that pervades America. The rank, honor, importance and respect that the Catholic Church enjoys in our blessed democracy is very largely due to these two great ecclesiastics. Providence chose them for their particular fields of work, shaped their careers, directed their mission.

Cardinal Farley was perhaps best known for his sterling faith, his benign charity, his wonderful administrative ability, and his loyal Americanism. In his numerous sermons and addresses; in his skilful management of the greatest diocese in the world, and in particular his care for the children and the poor of that diocese; in his efforts to promote the Liberty loans and to supply chaplains to the army, all these admirable qualities were strikingly evidenced.

Archbishop Ireland was a man of quite a different stamp. Whilst he administered the affairs of an ecclesiastical province with wisdom and energy, he exhibited a keen and active interest in general affairs throughout the length and breadth of the land. "There were few fields of intellectual, political or spiritual endeavor in which he failed to take a positive stand." The vigor, scholarship and kindly human feeling that mark his speeches and orations caused many admirers to link his name, years ago, with those of the world's great orators. And doubtless posterity will confirm this verdict.

With leaders like the Cardinal and the Archbishop (and we have many such) how can Catholics help being real patriots? Meanwhile, their deaths, as Colonel Roosevelt remarked, have left a very real blank in American life.

JUSTIN J. GALLAGHER, '19.



### ***The S. A. T. C.***

**T**HE first of October will be a day memorable in our annals. On that day, at precisely the same hour and with exercises of befitting impressiveness, in four hundred places the Students' Army Training Corps was born.

This new army unit, 300,000 strong, is destined to do a great work. Originally intended to develop officers for the United

States Army, it seems likely to become a permanent institution—one that will impress itself upon American history. Stretching itself throughout the length and breadth of the land, enlisting the service and ready coöperation of every college of note in the country, it began, at its very inception, to work on a large scale. The college students of America, far more numerous than they would otherwise be, while undergoing thorough training in the rudiments of warfare, continue their education along cultural and practical lines. What is still more remarkable, instead of being under heavy expenses for their course as heretofore, they are educated free of charge, and receive in addition the soldier's modest pay. Whether or not the war's end brings the disbanding of the S. A. T. C., it will have been a great physical, mental and moral benefit to the students enlisted, and will, in all probability, open the eyes of many to the immense advantages of collegiate training.

JAMES J. McCLOSKEY, '19.



### ***A Generous Response.***

ONCE more the people of the United States are nobly responding to demands on their generosity. Long before the close of the United War Work Campaign, there was general rejoicing over the prospect of a great landslide throughout the country; and at the present writing the officials are predicting that subscriptions will go "over the top" of the \$170,500,000 quota by as much as 50 per cent.

This is, indeed, as it should be. Seven organizations are conducting the campaign jointly. The funds secured are to be apportioned among them according to the scope of their activities at the present moment. And these activities are the most useful, most humane, most benign, of a period of useless, inhuman, malevolent activities. They have united for the purpose of looking after the bodily comfort and the spiritual and moral welfare of our soldiers, bravely fighting the battles of democracy. Their kindly helpfulness to our boys in khaki has made this war unlike any other; it has, moreover, endeared them to the fighting men, and gained for them a place close to the hearts of the American people at home. Small wonder then, that a campaign, conducted at a time of unusual stress and trial, has yet elicited everywhere such a whole-hearted, generous response.

JAMES J. McCLOSKEY, '19.

## Obituary.

DURING the month of October two Holy Ghost Fathers, well known in Pittsburgh, were laid to rest—Rev. James Richert and Rev. Patrick J. Dooley.

REV. JAMES RICHERT, C. S. SP.

The Rev. James Richert, C. S. Sp., died October 13th at Duquesne University. He was born in Strassburg in 1843. At an early age he entered the Holy Ghost Order in France. He pursued his studies in Langonnet and Paris, where he was ordained priest in 1866 by the late Cardinal Chigi, Papal Nuncio at the court of Napoleon III.

His sacerdotal life was spent in evangelizing the pagan, preaching missions, conducting retreats, serving as chaplain in the French army and in institutions, filling the role of novice-master to brothers, and as assistant or pastor, attending to the duties incidental to parochial life. His labors were divided between France, Ireland, Africa and the United States (in Sharpsburg, Detroit, and Millvale). On account of feebleness resulting from old age, he withdrew five years ago from positions of responsibility, finding a haven of retirement in Duquesne University, where he had the joy of celebrating his golden jubilee two years ago.

He passed away full of years and merits on the anniversary of the death of his life-long friend, Rev. Prosper Goepfert. They had entered the society together; together, they pursued their studies, were ordained, made their profession, and spent their declining years. And now they lie side by side in St. Mary's cemetery, Sharpsburg.

Throughout his life, Father Richert had been remarkable for the zeal with which he labored for souls, whilst he ever kept in mind his personal sanctification. Another feature, which endeared him to all his friends and acquaintances, was his child-like simplicity and unruffled cheerfulness. In his presence one felt that one was close to a faithful follower and imitator of our Supreme Model, our Lord Jesus Christ.

A Solemn High Mass was offered up for the repose of his soul on Monday morning, the Very Rev. President, Father Hehir,



celebrating; Rev. H. J. McDermott was deacon, and Rev. A. Schmitt, subdeacon. At the grave, Father Hehir presided at the last simple but solemn rites of holy Church. *R. I. P.*

---


REV. PATRICK J. DOOLEY, C. S. SP.

Rev. Patrick J. Dooley, C. S. Sp., died after a tedious illness at White Haven, Pa. His death had been hourly expected for more than a week, and the announcement of his serious condition had brought to his bedside members of his Order and his nearest relatives in this country, his brothers John, of Swissvale, Pa., and Francis, of Kentucky.

Father Dooley was born in Clonmel, Ireland, in 1885. When still quite young, he entered the Holy Ghost College at Rockwell, Tipperary, where he remained until his uncle, the late Father Patrick McDermott, took him to the United States in 1899. He continued his classical studies in Duquesne University, at that time the Holy Ghost College, served for two years as teacher and disciplinarian with unusual success, and then proceeded to the Holy Ghost Seminary at Ferndale, Conn., where he completed his theological studies and was ordained to the holy priesthood.

After a brief vacation with his relatives in Ireland, he was sent by the Superior-General to the College of the Immaculate Conception, Trinidad, B. W. I. Here he distinguished himself by his devotion in the class-room, and by his zeal in the holy ministry.

It was noticed with alarm that his health was gradually but surely breaking down, and the doctors consulted advised his removal to a colder climate. In deference to their opinion, he was sent back to the United States, but the disease under which he labored defied the treatment of the best qualified physicians, and it became only a question of time as to when he should succumb. His last, long illness was marked by the serenity, the Christian patience, the hopefulness, and the resignation to God's holy will that had distinguished him during life. He passed away fortified by the last rites of holy mother Church, and he was laid to rest with members of his community in the little graveyard of Holy Ghost Apostolic College, Cornwells, Pa. *R. I. P.*



# School of Commerce.

## New Courses.

The Federal Income Tax has come to stay. Every corporation and business house is under the necessity of mastering the intricacies of the new law and adapting its accounting procedure to Federal requirements. The excess profits tax and other Federal levies, though temporary, are also very important if all exemptions and technicalities in favor of the taxpayer are to be taken advantage of, and penalties for false and erroneous statements avoided. Many who really are not qualified by training, investigation or experience, attempt to make up these reports. Such uninstructed and unskilled efforts result frequently in the unconscious overpayment of taxes, or in heavy expense and penalties to correct errors.

The School of Commerce will open on Thursday evening, November 21, a special class for treasurers, auditors, chief accountants, and other executives who are qualified by training or experience, to make a detailed study of the present Federal and State Tax Laws, in connection with their practical application in the preparation of reports. The instruction will be definite and up-to-date. The class will be conducted by E. A. Ford Barnes, C. P. A., with the able assistance of Lewis P. Collins, C. P. A.

---

The School of Commerce also announces the inauguration of a new class in Government Accounting under the expert instruction of Harold S. Breitenstein, chief accountant for the city of Pittsburgh, and recognized as one of the ablest municipal accountants in the United States.

## School of Law.

Now that the war is over and that intending lawyers may prosecute their studies without danger of interruption, we expect a greatly increased enrollment especially in the first year. Applications may be addressed to James L. Brady, Esq., Vandergrift Building; interviews may be arranged over the 'phone.

H.



# BUY HAINES TRUNKS

Geo. S. Haines Co.  
610 WOOD STREET  
PITTSBURGH

Trunks, Bags, Suit Cases  
and Leather Goods

WARDROBE TRUNKS

Let Us Do Your  
**PRINTING**

and be satisfied

**FAHEY & CO.**

25 SHINGISS ST.  
PITTSBURGH

Bell Phone 540 Hemlock.

**F. W. IMMEKUS**

Window Shades  
Paints

Linoleum and Wall Paper

1317-19 Carson Street, S. S.

Bell, 1856 Court

Plate Glass      Window Glass  
Rough and Ribbed Skylight  
Bent Glass      Ornamental Glass

**GEO. A. KIM & CO.**

318-320 FIRST AVE.

PITTSBURGH

Bet. Wood and Smithfield Streets

A famous New York hatter makes

*Oetting's Hats*

**OTTO OETTING,**

643 SMITHFIELD STREET  
PITTSBURGH



Wants a Plumber, Quick

**BUERKLE PLUMBING CO.**

245 THIRD AVENUE, PITTSBURGH

Established 1865



BELL PHONE 683 GRANT

## BURNS, FLEMING & CO.

### ENGINEERS and CONTRACTORS

Steam and Hot Water Heating and Ventilating Apparatus.  
General Steam Fitting and Power Plants.

815 FORBES STREET, PITTSBURGH, PA.

---

## PAINTS, VARNISHES AND BRUSHES

are like medicine. They are only cheap when you  
get the right kind for the right purpose  
To be sure of your painting material be sure of your dealer  
In business 68 years

## C. A. MICHEL & CO.

949 Liberty Avenue, Pittsburgh  
(OPPOSITE SMITHFIELD STREET)

---

JOHN DIMLING      H. B. DEMMLER  
President.      V. Pres.  
C. A. MUEHLBEONNER, V. Pres.  
CHARLES E. SCHUETZ, Cashier  
JOHN H. DEMMLER, Asst. Cashier

## Western Savings and Deposit Bank

OLIVER BUILDING, 533 Smithfield St  
PITTSBURGH

Accounts of Individuals and Corpora-  
tions Solicited.

4 per cent. paid on Time Deposits.

2 per cent. paid on Cheeking Accounts

COMPLIMENTS  
OF

## M. LETZELTER

4614-4616  
LIBERTY AVENUE

—  
Fisk 156

F. N. HOFFSTOT, President  
T. W. FRIEND, Vice President

GEORGE C. SCHMIDT, Cashier  
H. J. C. BREKER, Asst Cashier

# National Bank of America

709-711 East Ohio Street, Pittsburgh

CAPITAL \$200,000.00

SURPLUS \$350,000.00

---

**A. KLEIN**

3705 Butler St., Pittsburg

**HOLIDAY SPECIALTIES**

in Church Goods

Bell Phone, Fisk 1572

---



PITTSBURGH

Invites the Accounts of Individuals, Firms and Corporations  
Every courtesy extended Depositors  
without reference to size of their accounts.

Capital and Surplus, \$2,100,000.00

FIFTH AND LIBERTY AVENUES

---

## The Pittsburg Observer

\$1.50 a Year

AMERICA'S FOREMOST WEEKLY

---



# GRAFNER BROS.

## Wholesale JEWELERS

IMPORTERS OF DIAMONDS

811 Liberty Avenue  
Pittsburgh

---

Bell, 9424 Grant P. & A. 5491 M Pitt

## SNIGO'S

Ice Cream and Ices  
Have No Equal

Brick Cream a Specialty  
Any Flavor Desired at Short Notice  
Wholesale and Retail

607 FIFTH AVE., PITTSBURGH

---

## Eugene S. Reilly & Co.

REAL ESTATE

Mortgages Insurance

430-432 Fourth Avenue  
PITTSBURGH

Private Exchange Court No. 1

---

## GROGAN COMPANY

Direct your attention to  
their stock of

Jewelry Silverware  
Watches and Clocks

At all times complete and of the  
highest quality

Wood Street and Sixth Avenue  
PITTSBURGH

Edward S. Bily H. G. Stratman  
E. A. Williams

## CHARLES BILY CO. TAILORS

Suite 219-21-23 Union Arcade  
Pittsburgh

Bell Tel. 2568 Grant

---

## Bailey-Farrell Manufacturing Co.

Plumbing Supplies  
Heating Supplies

Oldest House in the line  
in Western Penn'a.

Office and Warehouse  
Third and Ross  
EXHIBIT ROOMS  
UNION ARCADE  
PITTSBURGH

---



"Her Favorite"  
Chocolates



WHEN YOU'RE IN A HURRY



Phone  
**Hemlock 700**

THE KEYSTONE LUMBER CO., PITTSBURGH

---

Let the **7 BAKER BROS.** Do Your Baking

**AND PROMOTE PITTSBURGH**

None but the best and purest of materials  
are used exclusively in our

**"HOLSUM"** Bakery Products

Your Grocer Has Them

---

THE J. H. MACKALL CO.

Manufacturers of

**CAKES, CRACKERS, CANDY**

Successors to  
E. Maginn

**OYSTER CRACKERS**

OUR SPECIALTY

---



**W M. WUERTHELE**

Manufacturer and Dealer in  
New and Second Hand

**BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES**

Bowling Alley Supplies, Repairing of Tables  
our Specialty. Turning of Billiard, Pool  
and Bowling Balls and Cues to Order.

**412 Diamond Street PITTSBURGH**



**INKS**

Library  
Paste  
Mucilage  
and  
Glue.

**J. C. SWEARINGEN INK CO**

**Pittsburgh**

PHONE GRANT OR MAIN 100

## ORDER

# HERMES' OHIO & PITTSBURGH MILK CO.

## Pure Milk and Cream

Delivered to your home at a saving of 10 per cent.

Quality guaranteed best put out in Pittsburgh

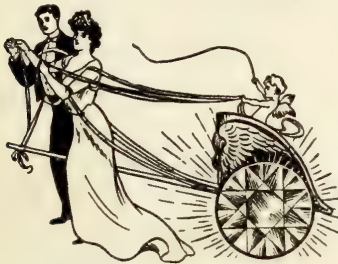
---

## COMPLIMENTS

# Mackintosh-Hemphill & Co.

## PITTSBURGH

---



**GILLESPIE BROS.**  
Diamond Importers      Jewelers  
Second Floor Jenkins Arcade

---

Phone Hemlock 147

## Mrs. S. Kersting

Religious Articles,  
School Books and Candles  
Wholesale and Retail

The Right Goods at the Right Place

104 PIUS STREET  
S. S., PITTSBURGH, PA.



Bell, 80 L Hemlock  
A. Rausch John Rausch Jos. Rausch  
Graining and Glazing  
Orders Attended to Promptly

## AUGUST RAUSCH & BROS.

House, Sign and Fresco

### PAINTERS

Estimates furnished on Cleaning all kinds of Paints. All kinds of Paints, mixed ready for use. Sole distributors of E-Z Paint and Varnish Cleaner.

94 Pius Street, S. S., Pittsburgh

---

## F. X. MANSMANN CO.

### MANX UNION SUITS a Specialty

Medium and Heavy Weights  
\$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50, Up

Every Garment Guaranteed

FIFTH AVENUE ARCADE  
PITTSBURGH, PA.

---

Established 1890

## LATSHAW-FEERST CO.

RECEIVERS AND SHIPPERS

### BUTTER and EGGS

202 FERRY STREET  
PITTSBURGH

Bell, 9040 Court P. & A. 1369 Main

## JAS. W. FISHER

Wholesale  
and Retail

## FISH AND OYSTERS

66 Diamond Market

33 Diamond Square

PITTSBURGH

---

TELEPHONE GRANT 15

## Fort Pitt Lithographing Co.

Engravers Printers  
Lithographers Bank Stationers

701-703 Forbes Street

PITTSBURGH

---

## THE PARK BANK

6106 Penn Avenue  
East End PITTSBURGH

Deals with Its Customers  
in a Human Way.

---

# G. B. HURT

INCORPORATED

## Wholesale Grocers

HOTEL, BAKERS AND CONFECTIONERS SUPPLIES

PENN AVENUE and WATER STREET

PITTSBURGH



Phone 1107 Court.

**STALL 74**

**Some people eat good meat  
some of the time, but those  
who deal at Schlelein's eat  
good meat all the time.**

**Positively the one best quality of Home-  
dressed and Government-inspected Meats**

**J. & W. SCHLELEIN**

**PITTSBURGH MARKET**

---

**Our Sausage and Bologna have no equal**

---

**MANSMANN'S**  
UPTOWN DAYLIGHT STORE

**5911-5915 PENN AVENUE**

**East End**

**PITTSBURGH**

---

What Eichenlaub's Sell You is Good

**EICHENLAUB'S**  
FURNITURE, RUGS, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES  
3501-3503 Butler Street, Pittsburgh

---

**TERHEYDEN CO.**

**DIAMONDS**

**530 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh**

# The Busiest Tailor Shop in Town



"There's a Reason"

NIFTY PATTERNS

SNAPPY STYLES

SUIT or OVERCOAT to Order

\$20—\$25—\$30

Over 500 Styles  
to Select From

*Mitchell*  
**THE TAILOR**

540 Smithfield Street

NEW GALLERIES

*Wunderly Bros.*

*Fine Art Dealers*

512 Wood St. 306-8-10 Oliver Ave.

**PITTSBURGH**

**White**

**Transfer & Storage Co.**

Furniture Storage Only

Separate Apartments Low Prices

Motor Trucks, Vans or Wagons for  
Moving

Office 708 Duquesne Way and  
715 Seal Street

No North Side Branch

**D. Rosser**  
**STUDIO**

347 Fifth Avenue

**PITTSBURGH**

Work of this Studio Awarded Twenty  
Nine National and State Awards

Bell Phone 1086 Fisk

Carriages

Automobiles

**O. J. GOETZ, F. D.**

**Leichenbestatter**

**3509 Penn Avenue**  
**PITTSBURGH**

# D'YOUVILLE COLLEGE

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Under the Direction of the Grey Nuns

A College for Women, chartered by Act of Legislature of the State of New York. Registered with the University of the State of New York.

---

Courses leading to degrees in *Arts, Science, Pedagogy, Literature and Music*  
Special preparation for High School Teaching.  
Design and Painting, under Male Instructor.

RIGHT REV. DENIS J. DOUGHERTY, D. D., Chancellor.  
SISTER ST. STANISLAUS, President. WILLIAM A. MARTIN, M. A. Director of Studies.

## FACULTY :

Members of the Grey Nuns' Community, Members of the Clergy,  
and Men and Women Lay Specialists.

---

## Holy Angels' Academy

In Connection with D'Youville College

College Preparatory and General Culture Courses. Music, Languages,  
Design and Painting. New York State Regents' Diplomas.

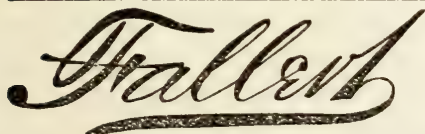
---

## BOLD'S HOME-MADE BREAD

BAKED FRESH EVERY DAY.

It is so manifestly good and fresh that it produces a light,  
flaky crust that melts deliciously in the mouth, and there  
is no soaking in of the filling, nor soginess, no indigestion.  
Every Loaf is of Uniform Excellence, the Standard by which  
others are judged.

AUGUST BOLD, 821-29 Industry St., Pittsburgh



Bell Phones: Hemlock 308 R

Hill 412 W

Commercial Photography

Photographer Portraits in Crayon, Oil and Water Color Paintings  
1207 Carson Street and Post Office Building, Mt. Oliver

---

## WAGNER BROS. SHOE CO.

WHOLESALE SHOES

429 LIBERTY AVENUE

PITTSBURGH



# Duquesne Monthly

A Literary Magazine

Vol. XXVI.

DECEMBER, 1918

No. 3

---

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR  
BY THE STUDENTS OF DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY

---

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE  
ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

Address, Duquesne Monthly, Duquesne University, Pittsburgh, Pa.

---

Entered as second-class matter, at the Pittsburgh  
Postoffice, April 30, 1911

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103,  
Act of October 3, 1917, authorized October 22, 1918.

---

JUSTIN J. GALLAGHER, '19, Editor-in-Chief

JAMES J. McCLOSKEY, '19	CYRIL J. KRONZ, '20	Associate Editors
FRANCIS J. LIGDAY, '20	ANDREW J. KING, '22	Exchanges
M. NOON GLYNN, '20	. . . . .	Alumni
LEO J. MCINTYRE, '22	. . . . .	Chronicle
T. ROBERT SULLIVAN, '19 (H. S.)	. . . . .	Athletics

# Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXVI.

DECEMBER, 1918.

Number 3

## Peace On Earth.

"PEACE on Earth" throughout the world,  
Resounds the glad refrain,  
And saddened hearts rejoice to hear  
The Angels' hymn again.

Time was when Christmas came to find  
The earth with strife o'ercast  
And peace, the primal Christmas gift,  
A memory of the past;

And when the Prince of Peace came down,  
The world its Lord forgot:  
Again He came unto His own,  
And they received Him not.

All glory now to Him be giv'n—  
Peace once again holds sway;  
So let us usher Christmas in  
With all the joy we may.

Yes, let us keep this happy time  
As in the days of yore,  
And may the Christ Child's gift of peace  
Be ours for evermore!

PETREL STORM, '19.

## The Influence of Life Insurance on Systematic Thrift.

THERE is one practical lesson the American youth needs above another, thrift. It is one thing to grow rich by some happy stroke; it is quite another to save and invest sums from an income none too large for one's tastes and ambitions. Thrift is by no means a monomania for small savings. In a word, by thrift is meant simply that way of living which systematically transfers a portion of one's income to one's capital. Thrift is not inconsistent with generosity; it is not a synonym for niggardliness.

The thrifty men of a thrifty nation have their temptations and their dangers, but they are those born of self-denial rather than of luxury, and primitive trust in the persistence of one's good fortune. Thrift is not a matter of mere dollars and cents or even of the fullness of a day's life. Not the amount a man earns, but the stipend he capitalized, gives him permanent economic independence.

The importance of thrift is suggested by the fact that its habit constitutes one of the greatest differences between savage and civilized man. One of the fundamental differences between savage and civilized life is the absence of thrift in the one and the presence of it in the other. Man must exercise thrift and save before he can produce anything material of great value. The civilized man has no duty clearer than to keep steadily in view from early life the necessity of providing for the future of himself and those dependent upon him. He who is dependent has not reached the full measure of manhood and can hardly be counted among the worthy citizens of the republic.

The safety and progress of our country depend, not upon the highly educated men, not upon the few millionaires, not upon the greater number of extreme poor, but upon the mass of sober, intelligent, industrious and saving workers, who are neither very rich nor very poor. Duty to save ends when just enough money has been put aside to provide comfortably for those dependent upon us. Hoarding millions is avarice, not thrift.

It is no less than a duty for each one to understand how important and how clearly his duty is to form the habit of thrift. The wealth that feeds society to-day has been created by Benjamin Franklin inspiring a passion for thrift. Large enterprises make the few rich, but the majority prosper only through carefulness and detail of thrift.



To achieve fame and worldly distinction, one must have capital. Speculate and preach about it as we will, the great factor in society is money. Bulwer says: "Never treat money affairs with levity; money is character." In a word, the secret of thrift is forethought. A spendthrift or idler is essentially a savage; a generation of them would throw society back into barbarism. In order to have money, one must know how to earn, how to spend, but, most of all, how to save. Few men, and especially salaried men, will save except under this principle: "Save before spending, rather than save what you do not spend."

When a man religiously undertakes to capitalize the premium of his earning capacity, he is face to face with the question of methods of investment. There is first life insurance.

Life insurance, stripped of its technicality, is a very simple proposition. The insurance company, working under State charter and subject to State law, enters into a contract with the insured party. In consideration of a cash payment down and a series of cash payments extending over a period of years or during the life of the insured, it guarantees to pay the person or persons designated a stated sum of money, either at the death of the insured or at a specified time appearing in the policy.

Life insurance capitalizes human life. By furnishing capital in the event of death, life insurance may be said to perpetuate the earning capacity of the life for the benefit of those dependent upon it.

In the great majority of instances, life insurance is the only recourse open to the man of moderate income who finds it difficult or impossible by force of circumstances to accumulate a savings' fund for those dependents who may outlive him. One constantly meets with those whose argument against life insurance is that they prefer to save. It might possibly take a long time to save enough money to provide for those who are dependent upon us, and there is always the temptation to encroach upon the funds set apart for death, which—as many people suppose—is a far distant event. So that saving bit by bit, from week to week, can not always be relied upon.

While the habit of saving should by all means be encouraged, it should be borne in mind that the saving of a competence involves the necessary time to save and that life insurance is the only positive method to hedge against the probability of the saving period being cut short. A policy of saving can yield only a small amount at the start, while a policy of insurance, from its

beginning, guarantees the full face value, and thus safeguards the policy-holder against failure through early death to have sufficient time to save adequately through other channels. Not only does life insurance render safe the insured's effort to accumulate a fund through saving by hedging him against early death, whilst it furnishes a profitable and safe investment, but for the great majority of people it constitutes an excellent means of encouraging and even enforcing thrift.

Life insurance tends to bring about compulsory saving, and represents the accumulation, into a substantial amount, of small sums (which in all probability would not otherwise be accumulated) over a long period of years. In brief, life insurance generally bears the relationship to thrift that the modern utilization of by-products (largely wasted in former years) bears to many of our leading manufacturing enterprises of to-day.

One of the many beauties of this form of saving may be illustrated by the example of one who has purchased or built a home with funds borrowed on a mortgage which provides for payment at a specified time. Let us assume that the head of a family has mortgaged his home for five thousand dollars and expects to pay off the same through a series of payments at fixed intervals, such payment arising out of current earnings. Premature death, after only a few payments have been made, may seriously jeopardize the welfare of the family, since the remaining members of the household may be unable to effect a settlement of the mortgage and thus prevent a foreclosure on their home at a time when troubles are amply abundant. Here life insurance, involving only a moderate cost, affords an excellent protection against such a contingency. A five thousand dollar life insurance policy may be taken out by the mortgagor to hedge his five thousand dollar mortgage. If his life is spared he will pay off the mortgage, and because of a little extra thrift, he will also be the holder of five thousand dollars' worth of life insurance, the beneficent purpose of which, as a family protection, will by that time be appreciated. If death, however, should occur when only one thousand dollars has been paid on the mortgage, the proceeds of the policy become immediately available for the extinction of the balance of four thousand dollars. The family thus becomes possessed of full title to the home, while the balance of one thousand dollars' worth of life insurance money will prove exceedingly welcome as a means of tiding over the period of adjustment that nearly always arises when the bread-winner is removed by death.

Not the least of the advantages attending life insurance is the security of mind which attends the provident man when lying on a bed of sickness or when he is in prospect of death—so unlike that painful anxiety for the future welfare of a family, which adds poignance to bodily suffering, and retards or defeats the power of medicine. The poet, Burns, in writing to a friend a few days before his death, said that he was "still the victim of affliction. Alas! Clark, I begin to fear the worst. Burns's poor widow, and half a dozen of his dear little ones, helpless orphans. . . . There I am weak as a woman's tear. Enough of this, 'tis half of my disease."

SERGT. WILFRED D. RUSH, S. A. T. C.



## The Smothered Spark.

RALPH HAILEY, although only a high school boy, took a keen interest in the S. A. T. C. established in the college town where his father kept a hotel, and knew every officer by sight. It was with a certain pride that he answered the questions of townspeople and visitors regarding military matters. When, then, a large man in uniform, with a pair of sharp eyes under his shaggy brows, threw doubts on his knowledge, Ralph was anxious to show the stranger how well he was posted.

"I'll bet, young fellow, you don't know that officer standing over there near the newspaper office," asserted the visitor.

"Why," Ralph answered instantly, "that's First Lieutenant McMann," at the same time glancing to see what might be the rank of the officer talking to him. He noticed on his shoulders the yellow bars of a second lieutenant, and on his collar the flaming bomb of the ordnance department.

"Right you are this time," returned the questioner. "But who is the short fellow standing beside the letter-box?"

"That's Sergeant Cooper, and his neighbor is Corporal Black; and the tall, dark man at the bulletin-board is Major Worthwell, the commanding officer; he's talking with Lieutenant McMann and Lieutenant Sheridan."

"You do seem pretty well informed, young man. Can you give me the names of the other officers that are not out here this morning?"

Ralph rattled them off, while the visitor listened intently.



After asking a few more questions about the barracks and the course of studies, he set off in the direction of the soldiers' quarters, saying :

"Well, boy, I must see the adjutant. I'll recommend you to him as a personnel clerk."

Ralph glowed at this bit of flattery, but soon forgot the incident.

A week later, he was standing outside of the power-house, which sprawled at one end of the camp. While he was talking with Sergeant Buehl, the electrician, a truck drove up and two soldiers stepped out, one of them being an officer. The electrician saluted, and Ralph scurried off to the side, partly because he was ashamed of his old clothes, partly to avoid seeming too curious.

The electrician stood at attention while the officer approached him.

"Sergeant Buehl, install this rheostat immediately," were the officer's curt instructions. "Orders are all in this envelope." The sergeant and the other soldier unloaded the crated instrument off the truck. Salutes were exchanged, and the officer hurried back to the truck. Ralph trotted over to the engine-room door, and as the officer jumped into the camion, he noted on his shoulders the silver bars of a first lieutenant.

"Why, Sergeant Buehl," he inquired, "how did he get promoted so quickly? Not more than a week ago he was talking with me on the hotel porch, and he was only a second lieutenant then."

"That is First Lieutenant Friedman of Supply Co. 3," the sergeant explained, as he glanced up from his instruction sheet. "This means I must exchange the rheostats. Mighty peculiar, too."

"Can you beat it?" cried Ralph, his eyes sparkling. "That man belonged to the ordnance department five days ago. This will bear investigating."

Sergeant Buehl hardly heard. Somewhat puzzled, he reread his orders. "Well, sonny, the captain's label is on it, so I guess the order goes."

"What is a rheostat, anyway?" asked Ralph.

"Just a device to resist the current, and prevent too much electricity from going into the lights. But don't bother me now, Ralph; I'll be busy."

A feeling of dull anxiety began to oppress the boy, who, viewing the size of the camp, and the busy preoccupation of the

men in charge, realized how little his word would be regarded. "Still, something must be done," he said to himself. "And done mighty quickly, too," he added, a queer, set look coming into his young face.

In the distance, a little cloud of dust was all that could be seen of the suspected officer's truck. A touring car, belonging to the headquarters company, was approaching him. Ralph held out his hand, and jumped on as it came beside him.

"To Major Worthwell, and a little speed, please," shouted Ralph as he got on. An amused smile crept over the face of the driver, but, nevertheless, he drove ahead with greater speed. Ralph's heart beat excitedly as the machine he was riding passed the truck bearing the officers.

Headquarters were soon reached, and Ralph, thanking the man, ran towards the major's quarters. On the instant, the major appeared at the door.

"Major Worthwell," panted Ralph, "I've a question to ask."

"Well, son, come in," was the reply, none too cordial.

Once inside, Ralph briefly reviewed the incident of the morning, and asked if there was such an officer as First Lieutenant Friedman, Supply Co. 3.

The major, looking doubtful, picked a directory from his desk and glanced over a certain page. "No, my boy," he said at length. "Just a minute," and picking up the telephone, was soon in communication with the power-house. "Hello! Serg. Buehl? Major Worthwell. Please repeat orders received from Supply Co."

"Yes, sir," came back the voice of the electrician. "'Install this K 32 Rheostat before 6 P. M. Current must be turned off until then.' That's all, sir."

"Cancel order, and wait until further notice." Major Parker hung up the receiver, hailed a motor, and told Ralph to go to the station in company with two soldiers, and arrest the fraudulent officer if he was seen.

With great speed, the station was reached, whereupon Ralph shouted, "There he is, on the step of that first car." The two soldiers ran forward, and were soon dragging the protesting officer back with them. A great scowl came on his face, when he saw Ralph. Once into the machine again, they soon reached headquarters.

The officer was marched before the major, and then sent to the guard-house.

"Well, my boy," said the major, "your aid came just at the

right time. That device he delivered was a camouflaged time-bomb, and when the current would be turned on, would have blown up the whole place, and set fire to the gasoline in the power-house. You have probably saved a thousand young lives that America will need badly in war or peace. You will at least have more rank than your captor, for I think we can spare you a stripe or two, if you wish to be an honorary sergeant."

JOHN MURRAY, 4 H.



## TOBACCO.

THE word "tobacco", as the Spaniards called it, known in botany by the name of *Solanaceae*, is supposed to have taken its name from "tobacco", an inhaling apparatus of the Caribbees, although it had various names on the continent and in the West Indies.

The truth of the assertion made by the Chinese that they cultivated and knew the use of tobacco long before the discovery of America, is not sustained by any records entitled to credit by civilized nations. When or where it was first cultivated or used is one of the mysteries which rest in the unrelieved darkness of unlettered history. Nevertheless its culture and use on the North American continent long before its discovery, are now recognized by all writers. Pipes from prehistoric mounds of the Americas prove the extreme antiquity of tobacco as they are found only in American mounds. Columbus during his first voyage, saw the natives smoking it, and in subsequent voyages noted that the natives used it in smoking and chewing.

Travelers to the New World during the early sixteenth century, took seed to the continent where a knowledge of the plant and its use was soon known. John Rolfe, in 1612, became the first civilized tobacco-grower. He was the husband of Pocahontas, and grew tobacco for export to the mother country. A few years later the Deputy Governor of Virginia encouraged the colonists to grow it for profit. In 1617 the streets, market



places, and all open bits of Jamestown were planted in tobacco. But for tobacco, the settlement of Virginia would have proven a failure, as it became the currency of the country. Two years later twenty thousand pounds were shipped to England. King James I. made a furious attack upon its use and caused a heavy duty to be placed upon all imported into the Kingdom. This attack and duty at once increased the consumption, and its cultivation spread rapidly, Virginia being the largest producer at this time. Young women were brought into the colonies to become wives of tobacco growers, the husbands being charged, for the cost of transportation, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds for each wife. Thus tobacco rivited the bonds of matrimony in the New World, and made contented citizens of these adventurous souls that peopled the colonies and taught the world to use tobacco.

The profits from the tobacco cultivation proved so great that the acreage had to be restricted as food crops were being neglected. England was glad to pay from seventy-five cents to one dollar, with duty added. As early as 1676 the exports from Maryland and Virginia reached 36,000,000 pounds, which yielded millions to the colonies. Previous to the Revolutionary War, 100,000,000 pounds were annually sent abroad. After the independence of the colonies was gained, the growth of tobacco spread as the colonies developed and immigrants moved toward the west and south. Within 375 years it has extended to every port of the globe. It is the greatest of all revenue-producers. It is taxed by every government. It bears a heavier burden, in proportion to its cost of production, than any other commodity. It is the stay of nations, the poor man's luxury and the rich man's solace. All of the southern states, some western and a few northern and eastern states cultivate tobacco, the United States producing thirty-five per cent. of the world's crop. Kentucky and Virginia are the largest producers, respectively. Most of the cigar wrapper leaf is produced in Florida and Connecticut. Most of the filler is grown in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Wisconsin. The heavier tobacco for chewing, snuff and smoking, and the export types are grown chiefly in Kentucky, Tennessee, the Carolinas and Maryland.

#### **Growing of Tobacco.**

Tobacco is a perennial plant produced from seed. The leading varieties of American tobaccos are Burley, Connecticut Seed-leaf, Connecticut Broadleaf, Orinoco, Virginian, Pryor, Little

Dutch, Sumatra Seed, Cuban Seed and Perique. To raise good tobacco requires good seed. This is more essential in tobacco than in any other crop, since certain varieties are better adapted to certain soils and climates. After the best seed to suit the soil is selected, it is of great importance that proper care be taken in the preparation and the sowing of the seed beds. Rich virgin loam or sandy soil with a southern exposure suits best. Dry wood and trash are spread over the bed to a depth of several feet, then set on fire and permitted to burn out, leaving the ground dry and hard. It has been asked, why burn the bed? The question has never been satisfactorily answered, though it has been fully proved that unburned soil will not produce as strong plants as the burned soil; besides, the burning destroys all seeds of weeds and grass that would otherwise hinder the growth of the plants, and it produces a thorough pulverization of the soil. The ashes should never be removed but mixed with the soil.

Just as soon as the ground has cooled, the soil should be dug up and prepared for sowing, from the middle of May to the middle of June. It should be spaded to a depth of two or three inches; well-rotted manure and about 150 pounds of high-grade commercial fertilizer to every one hundred square yards should be mixed thoroughly with the soil. Over the same space of ground, a heaping tablespoon of seeds is sowed. The ground is then rolled with a heavy roller or tramped on until the surface is smooth and compact.

The bed should now be protected with a thin canvas stretched over it and supported by wires, so that the cloth may not touch the ground, or the plants when they grow up. This cover protects the plants from insects, hastens their growth by keeping the bed moist and warm, and prevents the accumulation of leaves and trash on the bed. It is claimed that a bed thus protected will produce at least a third more plants. After the plants have grown to a fair size, the covering should be removed in the sunny part of the day at first, and gradually for a longer time until finally it is dispensed with altogether. This process is necessary to harden the plants so that they may have sufficient strength to withstand the transplanting into the open fields.

#### **Transplanting.**

The greatest of care must be taken in removing the plants from the beds in order that they may not be injured. The bed should be thoroughly watered. With a long fork or a long thin, narrow stick, one plant is removed at a time. The plants are

laid straight with roots together in some receptacle suitable for carrying; they should be transplanted on the day they are drawn from the bed, as they grow crooked over night and never afterwards seem to do well. The field where they are transplanted should be carefully prepared; the soil should be loose and well pulverized and suitably manured, potash being the most important element. Tobacco is usually planted in rows from three to four feet apart with the plants twelve to thirty inches asunder.

There are two methods of transplanting: by hand and with a machine. The latter is a great labor-saving device, and enables the grower to plant a much larger acreage at considerably less expense. Hand transplanting is tedious as well as laborious, as it requires a "dropper" to drop the plants on the hills which have been prepared the proper distance apart. The dropper is followed usually by two or three "setters", who make a hole, place the plant in position, water it and carefully press the soil around it. The two-wheeled planting machine, drawn by two horses with two boys to drop the plants, can set many times the number that could be set by hand.

#### **Cultivation.**

The general principles underlying the culture of tobacco are the same, whether it be intended for plug, cigar, cigarette or pipe trade. However, the curing of the leaf after harvest differs considerably as will be seen in the discussion of methods of manufacturing. On cultivation depend chiefly the color, flavor and aroma. Cultivation should be frequent and shallow, and should cease when the plants begin to button. This stirring of the soil is usually done with a plow or harrow that keeps the top of the soil loose. In tobacco cultivation labor is not confined to stirring the soil or keeping down weeds and grass. Insects, principally the tobacco worm, must be sought out and removed by hand, though some growers use a spray that seems effective. "Priming," or "thinning out," next demands attention. It consists in removing the imperfect lower leaves from the stalk, or any other leaves that may have become injured by insects or other agencies. If the "priming" is done when the plant is fairly well matured, the leaves are not destroyed, but are cured and sold separately as "primings" or planters' lugs. Since 1912 the lugs have brought such a price as to afford the farmer ample cause for curing all leaves. The seed buds are removed at the time of priming, both being done to insure full strength to the leaves left on the stalks.



About ten or twelve are left by most planters. If a larger number is left, the leaves will be of a lower quality when cured.

### **Harvesting.**

Tobacco which has been planted in May or early June should be ready for harvest by the end of August or the middle of September. The time of harvesting, to some extent, depends upon the soil, climate and the purpose for which the tobacco is to be used. The heavier tobaccos for export trade are usually harvested late. Late harvesting ensures more nicotine and produces more pounds for the grower. The experienced grower can always tell when the crop is ready for harvest or cutting. The leaves become gummy, crisp and "spotty." Just as soon as these signs appear, the cutting should take place, provided the weather is fine and the heat medium. Usually the stalk is split down through the middle, to allow the leaves to wilt slowly before it is entirely cut off. After it has wilted sufficiently, the leaves are gathered in piles or hung on poles and exposed to the sunlight. After four or five days the leaves should be fully yellowed. The leaves, however, must not be exposed too long as the cells will lose their vitality and will not function properly during the curing process. Some growers prefer putting them directly into the sheds without sun exposure.

### **Curing.**

The curing is the most important operation connected with tobacco cultivation. If the crop is not watched very carefully during the drying and curing process, the high quality desired will not be secured. The curing of the tobacco leaf may be described as the process of drying out, which has for its objects the following specific actions:—

1. The expelling of the sap and superfluous moisture;
2. The completion of the yellowing process, and the fixing of the desired color;
3. The preservation of juices which give the characteristic flavor and aroma;
4. The development of the desirable toughness and suppleness in the leaf.

The first part of the curing is done by the grower in sheds on the farm immediately after the crop has been cut and exposed for a few days to the air and sunlight. Three methods of curing are in use; sun curing, air curing and artificial heat curing. In the case of Perique, the curing process is more or less peculiar to

itself, being cured exclusively in the air and sun which is a much slower process than the artificial heat curing. All cigar leaf is sun cured. It is necessary to expose the tobacco to the sun and air from two to four months. This can be done with the leaves on the stalks or stripped. In Florida, the leaf is usually taken from the stalks and cured. Barns are generally arranged so that the leaves can get plenty of air and sunshine. As a rule, pipe-smoking and chewing tobaccos are cured by artificial heat in specially constructed houses or sheds. When brought to these sheds, after the exposure, the tobacco contains approximately one pound of water to each plant of ten or twelve leaves. To remove this superfluous moisture, dry heat is applied at a temperature of 90 degrees to 120 degrees F. for a period of eighteen to thirty-six hours. A further exposure of 125 degrees for a period of forty-eight hours is necessary to complete the curing and fix the color. As the stems and stalks are thicker than the leaves, a greater heat, approximately 175 degrees, is required to dry them. Two general methods, depending on the kind of tobacco, and the purpose for which it is to be used, are usually employed to secure the artificial heat,—an open fire of hardwood logs is built about the sheds on the floor and underneath the leaves, and is kept going for four or five days at a high heat, the smoky, creosote flavor so desired by Europeans being absorbed by the leaf; or pipes are run through the shed from a furnace, the leaves remaining more absorbant than in the previous process, and serving for chewing, pipe and cigarette tobaccos.

When cured, the tobacco remains in the shed on the stalk until it is stripped. By stripping is meant the process of taking the leaves from the stalks and tying into "hands"—bundles of leaves from one to two dozen laid straight and wrapped closely and tied around the lower end with another leaf.

#### **Marketing the Raw Material.**

There are two methods of marketing tobacco—the warehouse system and the direct purchase method, where the middleman or the manufacturer buys directly from the grower. Every tobacco section of the South has its public warehouse or houses which are supervised and controlled by State law. These have done much to encourage the growing and grading of tobaccos. The grower classifies and selects his tobacco carefully, placing all of the leaves in different piles, grading as a rule into selected, fine, good, medium, low leaf or seconds, and the lugs.

When the grower brings his crop to the warehouse, it is entered as loose-leaf, or inspected leaf. In case of loose-leaf, the tobacco is open for inspection to prospective buyers, who examine and afterwards bid on it. In the case of "inspected leaf," the warehouse officials first examine the consignments, grade them and mark them according to their judgment, taking samples. The samples are open for the inspection of buyers, and form the basis of the sales. Auctions regularly take place when buyers assemble to bid on the loose leaf and the inspected as well. It can be readily seen that this is a great advantage to the grower, as all prices are recorded. The grower can know the market, watch the fluctuations, and judge the best time to sell. Improved marketing methods have increased several times the price paid to the grower for his crop. From ten to fifteen years ago, tobacco was selling from ten to fifteen cents, but now it commands fifty-five cents. Under ordinary conditions, however, it would sell for twenty-five or thirty cents. This advanced price is due to the great demand by our soldiers in Europe; in the Revolutionary War, tobacco sold for something like one dollar a pound.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT ISSUE].



## From Training Camp and Battle Front.

### XII.

**With the Marines in France. Work and Study at Naval  
Stations and Training Camps. "The Brig" as a Tamer.  
Activities of the K. of C. Amongst Colored Troops.**

**W**E present to our readers the following excerpts from a letter written by Corporal Michael J. Yates, Marines, A. E. F.: "We arrived in France after an uneventful but enjoyable trip undisturbed by passing storms or lurking submarines. After disembarkation we were marched off to what was improperly called a 'Rest Camp': each day we stayed there was one of hard work. Thence we were taken to a railway



terminal and entrained in small box-cars labeled 'For eight horses or thirty-two men.' Thirty-six of us were ordered into one of them, and there we remained during our journey of two nights and a day, sleeping in three-hour shifts on the floor with our 'heavies' for pillows. We admired the country through which we passed, especially the castles built on hills that would make the Thaws, Singers, Fricks and Carnegies turn green with envy. On one occasion I noticed a bearded friar with black robe and white cincture looking at us from the topmost story of a massive monastery; I respectfully saluted him, and was pleased to find that he returned the salute, making the sign of the Cross over me with a large crucifix.

On detrainment, I was more fortunate than many of my companions; I was quartered in a handsome chateau, they, in neighboring stables. However, our stay there was brief. Soon we were on the way to Chateau-Thierry and the St. Mihiel salient.

The war game is a wonderful game; if it were not for the slaughter of it, it would be fascinating indeed. To be on the move, seeing new places, new people, new customs, has its charms. I sometimes think that the gypsy leads the ideal life. He takes with him his mother, wife and family, and goes wherever he pleases. If I could just bundle up my mother and put her in my knapsack to talk to when I get lonely, I'd be a soldier always.

I have been billeted in barracks built by Napoleon; I have stood at the mouth of a cave twelve miles long, from which Joan of Arc led her wonderful army to victory. At this moment I am within arm's length of men who helped to make history—one, a captain of the 6th, is the only officer of his company left after a charge at Chateau-Thierry; the other is a sergeant-major with a bandage around his head from a wound received at the St. Mihiel salient. An orderly has just reported to me that he has been gassed.

"I am proud to belong to the Marines. You would be fired with enthusiasm to see them go 'over the top', every man joining in the chorus of 'The Gang's All Here', though he realizes that any moment may be his last. Soon we hope to telegraph from Berlin, 'The Marines have arrived and have the situation well in hand.' May I be one of the first to march down Wilhelmstrasse and to enjoy a dish of sausage and pickled cabbage!

Everywhere I have traveled I have noticed the absence of men of military age. Only young children and the extremely old

are left. Lately I served Mass in a village; small as it is, it had given ninety-five men who made the supreme sacrifice. The little ones are very interesting; they run up to you with a rather quaint 'Hello, boy!' and speedily make friends. The women wear a kind of carpet slippers in wooden shoes during the winter.

"Our rations include tobacco for smoking and chewing. It can be purchased here more cheaply than at home, so do not send me any.

"Accustomed to the big engines and coaches at home, we are inclined to look with contempt on the French trains, despite their speed and comfort. The French marvel at the size and speed of our specials.

"One of the wonderful things that this war has brought about, is the conviction extending more and more widely, that we are all members of one big family. Our interests should be made to harmonize, and jarring notes should no longer be heard amongst us. I have stood on the same 'chow' line with lawyers, doctors, and business men, whose fathers are to be reckoned with in the big things of the world, and they all maintain that the people should choose their own representatives pledged to promote their own best interests. The days of autocracy are numbered."

---

Postal cards have been received from Rev. Lieutenant J. Earl McNanamy, stating that he has crossed the Atlantic in safety.

---

"It has been almost a year and a half since I left Pittsburgh to become a soldier. After a year's training I took some of our men over the firing line, and brought most of them back after increasing the speed of the foe homeward. We are 'in rest' now, and I am thinking this evening of home and what used to be."—Lieutenant W. B. McFall.

In a letter to Dean Walker, Andy Loxterman described his daily life at Jamestown. In six weeks a sailor now completes the course that, in times of peace, called for six months' training. The programme is diversified. One day twelve hours' drill will keep the men busy, next day semaphore signaling for four hours may be followed by fire drilling and double time. On the day he wrote he had four hours' inspection by the captain. The men marched to the drill grounds in spotless white, accompanied by the Reserve Band of 150 men, and then went through the following exercises: physical drill with rifles, semaphore, manual of

arms drill, squad movements, company movements, battalion movements, and regimental movements.

He had just received his identification tag, containing his full name, date of birth, date of enlistment in the regular or reserve forces, and on the reverse side the print of the forefinger.

Andy likes the place. He admires its location on the shores of Chesapeake Bay, the camp being surrounded with tall pine trees, and looking lovely, especially in the beautiful sunsets.

---

Paul J. McGraw, Co. I, 4th Regiment, wrote from Camp Perry, Great Lakes, Ill., that he is looking forward to the day of his discharge, when he "may return to old Duquesne with a better appreciation of the opportunities it presents." However, he will see the other side of the Atlantic first, as he sailed on November 11th.

---

Myron H. Wagner, M. M. Class 109, Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Fla., writes as follows: At present I am in the Aviation Mechanics' School, studying algebra, geometry and physics, and imagining I am back to the good old days on the Hill. We number about sixty in the class; I have never seen such earnest students, all striving hard to get the 'dope'. We are in school from 9 to 1, the last hour being taken up with an examination on the matter taught during the forenoon. We have 'chow' at 1:30, and school again from 2 to 5, followed by another examination. On the conclusion of our course in mathematics next Monday, we shall take up electricity, motor theory, and later motor laboratory work.

Never before did I go to school with airplanes dashing past the windows with a noise like thunder. Yesterday I saw aviators jumping from a dirigible at a height of 2,000 feet: of course they used a parachute, but even so they ran considerable risk; many fell in the gulf, but were speedily picked up.

Myron enclosed some pictures of himself and Herbert Mansmann in their soldier's uniform.

---

John E. McGee is a happy young man; he has succeeded in procuring his transfer from the naval station at Cape May to the D. U. unit of the S. A. T. C. From the time he entered Wissahickon Barracks until he left, he had only one week's experience of life at sea; he was a seaman on board a patrol boat plying between the mouth of the Delaware and New York harbor. The



rest of his training was spent in drill, shoveling coal, scrubbing floors, or other useful manual labor. He was busy from the time he "struck the floor" in the morning until "liberty" at four in the afternoon. The man that was not busy or acted in defiance of orders was sentenced to a period in the "brig", some doing ten, twenty or thirty days there. It is a prison of solitary confinement. Each offender is the occupant of a narrow cell containing his bunk and a bench. The greater part of the twenty-four hours is spent on the bench; there he sits and thinks, with nothing to do, nothing to read, nothing to break the monotony of the long hours, save a visit from the guard, if he shows any signs of an inclination to doze or fall asleep. On Sundays, a concession is made—he is allowed to write home. For meals he has three slices of bread with an unlimited supply of water; every third day he gets a full meal. By the time he completes his sentence, if not before, he realizes that it pays to be good.

---

Eddie Horen, "able-bodied seaman," was on board the transport, Henderson, we understand, when it took fire. In response to a wireless S. O. S., a vessel came to the rescue, and stood by for twelve hours, through twilight and night, until every man was rescued, all passing to safety by means of a cable stretched between the vessels.

---

J. L. McCaughan is one of the 60,000 men at Camp Grant. "I see," he says, "some of the boys daily, and we are all glad to be representatives of Duquesne."

---

Sergeant William J. Wallace, when last heard from, was in Camp Meade, about to pen his application for admission into the Q. M. Training Camp.

Lieutenant Clair W. Rodgers is attached to the 38th Co., 10th Btn., 161st Depot Brigade, and is engaged in teaching draftees the first principles of the big game of war. The camp is two and a half miles wide, and six miles long, accommodating some 45,000 men; provisions are being made for 15,000 more. Lieutenant Rodgers concludes his letter with these words: "I am very grateful to the University for having sent me to Plattsburg, and in return will uphold the policies of the University in all respects."

We have just received the following names and addresses of additional volunteers with the Colors: Sergeant J. P. Cella, 669th Aero Squadron, Kelly Field, San Antonio; and Ebert J. Anderson, Co. K, 15th U. S. Engineers, A. E. F.

---

Frederick C. Maley, B. A., '17, has just spent two months at the Jefferson Barracks, Mo., six weeks of which he was confined to the hospital. He likes the life, and views the prospect of coming home with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow.

---

D. J. Cregan, of the School of Commerce, was assigned to the S. A. T. C. at Tarkio College, Mo. The town hard by has a population of about 2,000 souls. Most of his companions are from Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska and Colorado. The Commanding Officer is a First Lieutenant who divides his week equally between Tarkio College and Maryville State Normal. The surrounding country is devoted to the raising of corn and beef cattle.

---

Harry Brown is in the 7th Co., Prov. Engineers, Camp Forrest, Ga. He will soon be on the move to another camp for a unique reason. Trench digging was on the programme, but no sooner was it begun than skeletons were dug up, and it occurred to the officers that the scene of their digging was the old Chickamauga battlefield.

---

Lieutenant Frank X. Eckl, our athletic instructor for some years, went to Camp Lee on June 28. On his arrival, he was appointed Sergeant, and during the several months that have elapsed since, he gave instruction in physical training to usually about 350 men at a time. On the 29th of November he received his commission and was honorably discharged. He called to see us on his way home to St. Louis, and to inquiries as to the possibility of his resuming his duties here, he replied that he had so far made no plans for the future. The Pittsburgh Turn Verein has made him a handsome offer as an inducement to return. We sincerely hope to have him back.

---

The following letter, unique in its kind, was addressed to the Very Reverend President. It throws some light upon the praiseworthy activities of the K. of C. amongst our colored soldiers

Camp Funston, Kansas,

November 26, 1918.

Reverend and dear Father:—

I do earnestly hope that you have not thought me neglectful in not writing to you before this, but I have been so very, very busy trying to make camp life livable for the Colored soldiers at Camp Funston, Kansas, that I have had little time for myself. I have often thought of you, however, and of the kindly treatment I received from you.

If a true history of the great war were written, one of its irradiating chapters would deal with the Knights of Columbus war activities in cantonments and on the field of battle. Especially would this apply to the excellent service this great organization has rendered to the Colored soldiers at Camp Funston, Kansas.

The Knights of Columbus Bldg. No. 3, at Camp Funston, Kansas, was dedicated by Archbishop Glennon, of St. Louis, Mo., on November 11, 1917, and on Thanksgiving Day of that year it was formally opened and turned over to the Colored soldiers as an experiment. While the sign "Everybody Welcome", which is seen on every K. of C. building, includes the black man as well as the white man, yet the Knights of Columbus Committee on War Activities believed that better and more effective work among the Colored soldiers at Camp Funston could be done if a building with Colored secretaries were erected in that section of the camp which is used by Colored soldiers. The experiment has proven to be a wonderful success.

In the Knights of Columbus Bldg. No. 3, the Colored soldiers, and many White soldiers, gather for their friendly chats, or to study, play the piano or victrola, to enjoy a game of checkers or dominos, or to write letters to their loved ones at home. Night after night, between five and ten thousand sheets of paper are given out, and between five and ten hundred envelopes; a secretary is kept busy selling postage stamps, the total sales of which seldom fall below fifty dollars per night. Moving pictures are shown twice a week, and Mr. John A. Tholmer, the only Colored boxing instructor in the United States Army, gives instructions daily in the art of self-defense.

There are three Colored secretaries at the K. of C. Bldg. No. 3,—Mr. Titus Alexander, of Los Angeles, Calif.; Mr. James Preston Smith, of Topeka, Kansas, and your humble servant.



Our motto is "I Serve", and you can find us at our respective posts in early morning and late at night, selling postage stamps, filling out money orders, writing letters for those soldiers who have never had the advantage of gaining a knowledge of the rudiments of an education, giving what help the soldiers require, and watching carefully that the Blues may gain access to the building only in the syncopated songs which the Negro is so fond of singing. The soldiers are our guests, and they are treated as such. If a soldier is ill and can't enjoy the K. of C. hospitality in the K. of C. building, we look him up in the barracks or the hospital and serve him.

The Colored soldiers in Camp Funston come from Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Oklahoma and Missouri. At present there are very few Catholic Colored soldiers in this camp, but the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is celebrated every Sunday, and the building is filled with non-Catholic soldiers. They like the quiet, impressive services, and they like to listen to the excellent sermons preached by the chaplains. And I firmly believe that these men will go back home with a better and clearer understanding of the teachings of Holy Mother Church. Let us pray that they may receive the gift of faith.

My work here, Father, is very strenuous, but it is also very interesting. However, it is almost at an end, and I expect to soon be back in good old Pittsburgh.

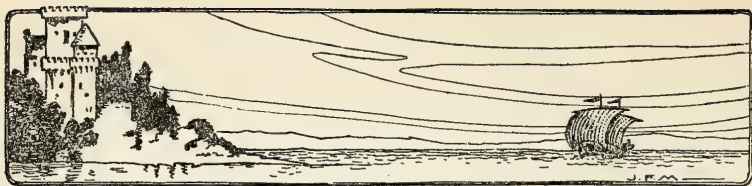
Sincerely trusting that you are enjoying excellent health, and humbly asking you to remember me sometimes in your pious prayers, I remain

Your humble servant,

ELMO M. ANDERSON, Sec'y,  
Knights of Columbus Bldg. No. 3,  
Camp Funston, Kansas.

H. J.





## A Refugee Angel.

**J**IM DENNISON was a good enough fellow, but he was given over to pleasing himself. His well-to-do parents had humored and well-nigh spoiled him. He grew up a selfish, unsympathizing boy, and all through his college days had done nothing but look out for Number One. He had indulged in all the pleasures that money could bring, and at graduation he came upon the world a self-centered and unhappy young man.

It was thus in the early part of 1917 that it fell to Jim's lot to be drafted in Class "A 1". As fate would have it, Jim was among the first to be called, and before the crisp days of autumn were past, he found himself speeding for France on a transport.

November came, and with it Jim left the training camp back of the firing lines, and was stationed in the front line trenches.

Many a weary night Jim spent listening to the roar of guns and the bursting of shells, and many a time he cursed the wretchedness of his fate. But at length these dismal thoughts gave way to a recklessness that at times overpowered his good judgment. He was commended several times for bravery, but he knew it to be his evergrowing madness. And, to top these wild deeds, he volunteered about a week before Christmas to go as a spy into the German lines.

At college he had learned to speak German fluently; and so, disguised as a German soldier, he left the trench at midnight of the appointed day. Morning found him mingling with a band of Germans who had been picked from different companies to occupy the trenches before a little village. As none of these soldiers knew one another, he was comparatively safe. All that day he went among the men asking questions, and received some very valuable information. He found them all looking forward to a jolly time on the coming feast day.

That evening he crept into the village, and there, in a tumble-down cottage he found a young woman and a little boy of six. They were both frightened at his appearance, but when they saw he

meant no harm, the woman told him in broken German her sad story.

"From my Belgian village I have been brought to the front-line trenches by the cruel German officer who killed my husband. For myself I care not so much. But my little boy—that my poor little boy should suffer so much! I still pray that at least on Christmas poor little Pierre may have some comfort."

Jim's heart was touched for the first time in his life, and a great desire rose in him to rescue these refugees. "Stay there," he said, "and I'll come back again on Christmas Eve." Then he crept back to the German trench.

On Christmas Eve he went to the cottage, and there to his dismay, he found the mother dead, having been struck by a shell a few hours before. Little Pierre was sitting beside the body crying hysterically. Jim picked the boy up and carried him back to the trench. He was still sobbing as he came past a group of soldiers, but none paid any attention, as it was a common occurrence for them to see children maltreated.

Jim was in bewilderment to know what to do. It was high time to hand over the useful data that he had amassed. As he glanced up and saw a sentinel leaning sleepily on his gun, a desperate thought passed through his mind. "The lad's mother had wished him to have a happy Christmas," he thought. "Well, he's going to have it." He set the child down, motioning for it to be quiet, and looked up and down the trench. No one was in sight, so he stealthily crept up close to the drowsy sentinel. Then as lightly as a cat, he sprang up, seized the fellow's gun and smote him on the back of the head. The sentinel sank down limply.

Seeing that he was lifeless—at least temporarily—Jim picked up the child and crept over the top. He soon found an opening in the barbed wire, and after what seemed an age, emerged on the other side and started out across No Man's Land with his precious burden on his back. Oh! if he could only reach his own trenches before they found that lifeless sentinel. Just then he stumbled and rolled into a deep shell hole. Pierre uttered a startled cry, which he tried instantly to muffle, but it was too late. The Germans had heard, and there followed a clatter of machine-guns sweeping No Man's Land with their deadly fire.

Luckily they were in a shell hole or neither of them would have survived. Now the firing grew less intense, and just as Jim



thought they could go on, he felt a sharp, stinging pain in his arm and realized that he had been hit.

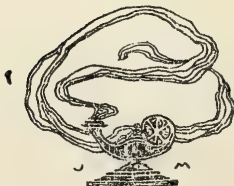
He felt like giving up to the queer feeling that followed; but when he thought of the boy, he set his jaw, and with his charge set out once more. Now he was before the barbed wire. It was easy for him to pass through, for he had helped install it and knew all the paths through it. But each moment his burden was growing heavier and he was weakening. His movement was so slow when he came in sight of the trenches that he was not noticed until he literally fell into the trench, an unconscious heap.

There was great excitement at the appearance of a half-dead man in the Boche uniform, but its wearer was soon recognized and taken to a dugout. Here he received first aid and was placed in a comfortable bed.

The next morning when he awoke his eyes fell upon a smiling little figure that was standing beside his bed. "A Christmas angel, as I live!" he half exclaimed to himself. "A ver-ree hap-pee Chrees-mas, M'sieur Dennee-son!" trebled the angel, in the voice of Pierre. Jim at once came back to earth. He looked around, and on a stand beside him spied a large Christmas package from home.

He made short work of the gaudy red and gold wrappings. Then, sitting up in his bed, he shared all his dainties with Pierre, who was henceforth to become his mascot. He looked at the sweet, childish face beaming with happiness, and on a sudden impulse, he gave the youngster a brotherly hug. As he did so, he realized for the first time in his life that true happiness and Christmas cheer lies in making someone else happy.

ROBERT G. REILLY, 4 H.





# SANCTUM

## EDITORIAL

### *America's Contribution.*

TO the quaint little town of Senlis on the banks of the tiny Nonette, came in September, 1914, a devastating army led by General von Kluck. The Mayor was shot to death, the town was burned down, and even the trees bore witness to the policy of frightfulness that accompanied the invading horde in their destructive march. When defeated at the Marne, the invaders were forced to retire, but, on leaving the town, they said, "Have a care, for we will come again." They did come again, but how differently! Their overweening arrogance had given way to abject abasement. They came, not to destroy France, but to save what they could of Germany. Their first words showed how their high hopes had been wrecked, and to what desperate straits they had been reduced: "Marshal," they said to Commander Foch, "the German army is at your mercy." We are proud to know and to have the world acknowledge that our indomitable troops contributed in an appreciable measure to the new era that in consequence dawned upon the world. The skirmish at Seicheprey, the capture of Catigny, the triumphs at Chateau-Thierry, Vaux and the second Marne; the fruitful co-operation with the French at Verdun in breaking through the first German line, the wiping out of the St. Mihiel salient—the initial all-American success by the first army organized by General Pershing—the irresistible drive around the Argonne Woods, and the occupation of Sedan in the last hours of the war,—all these victories over an army formidable by its numbers, training, material and preparedness, won for our heroes imperishable glory, and wrung from an unwilling foe the admiring exclamation, "They are easy to kill but hard to stop"—they might

have said "impossible to stop." Inexperience, it is true, cost them many unnecessary casualties, but they went to France, as they protested at the Marne, to advance, not to retreat. But the peace they were instrumental in winning is well worth the price they paid for it. No nation will again dare to deluge the world with bloodshed and with crime. The people will have the final and deciding action in the moulding of their destinies. Our soldiers will return to the homes that sadly missed them, and they will leave to their descendants a heritage of patriotism that will be an inspiration and an incentive. Ere long we hope the hands that clutched one another's throats will be joined in lasting friendship, and the angels' hymn of "Peace on Earth to Men of Good Will" will resound from east to west and waken a harmonious echo in the hearts of men.

JAMES J. McCLOSKEY, '19.



### ***A Lesson From Russia.***

**W**HEN revolution overthrew the Czar in Russia and overwhelmed the autocrats who had long held the people in slavery, we applauded the revolutionists and felt convinced that a new era had dawned upon the land, now and in future to be blessed with the blessings of liberty. But our rejoicing was short lived. The new rulers ushered in an era of utter lawlessness; they abolished property rights; they leveled all social distinctions; they denied that religion had any rights which they were bound to respect; they ignored the claims of morality; they destroyed the home and undermined the dignity of man and woman by abolishing marriage, legalizing haphazard precarious unions, and making children the wards of the State. In the light of these events, the wisdom of President Wilson appears radiant with a brighter glow: in his address to Congress on the happy occasion when he announced the Armistice terms, he declared that the lessons of democracy can not be learned overnight, and that unlimited power in the hands of an ignorant people will be a potent instrument for untold evil unless the conviction can be forced in on those who control the helm of state that they must respect all that was best in the previous government and remedy its evils by profiting of the experiences of other nations. Before our soldiers return to their homes, we hope that they will contribute to the establishment of law and order in demoralized Russia.

JUSTIN J. GALLAGHER, '19.



### ***Peace Problems.***

**P**EACE has brought satisfaction, but it also has brought its problems. In the course of the succeeding months, millions of men will be released from military duties and restored to civil life. Essential industries of a few weeks ago are scarcely more than a memory; they are completely eliminated or curtailed in production. Wages have soared high, and so have prices of the necessities of life. Women, girls and boys are now doing the work draftees formerly made their living by. What is to become of our returning soldiers? Where will they get employment? Will the present holders be willing to give up their positions? What new industries can replace those that the war called into existence? Who will establish an equilibrium between falling wages and climbing prices? Who will convince our undisciplined and imperfectly educated youth that their chiefest interests, and those of the country at large, are to be found in returning to school and in being guided by properly qualified masters? The solution of all these problems may confidently be expected; more complicated questions received their adequate answer during the period of hostilities. Our rulers are not lacking in intelligence; by the judicious application of the immutable principles that have been tested throughout the centuries, they will prove equal to their responsibilities, and safeguard the interests alike of soldier and civilian.

JUSTIN J. GALLAGHER, '19.



### ***Send Cheerful Letters.***

**N**O nation's soldiers are so well fed and clothed, so well cared for, as "our boys." It is only becoming to a nation so humane and so wealthy as ours that this should be. It is an actual fact that about everything our boys in service need is either furnished them or can be bought at a canteen. But one indispensable item that the Government cannot supply or our boys cannot purchase, is the thing that we back home can unstintingly send to our loved ones—letters from home. A frequent and cheerful letter is the biggest and most helpful bit we can do for our boys in service.

We at home are apt to think the writing of a letter is a matter of no consequence, but every man in the service declares that the receiving of a message from home affords him the deepest satisfaction. It is only natural. You surely have received a letter some time or other from a brother or friend in the service. You are simply unable to express the joy you had when you were the lucky recipient of a letter, especially if it was from one of our fighting heroes. If your joy is so great at home, surrounded by all your friends, what can be the joy of the soldiers "over there," who have left all that was dear to them to heed the country's clarion call? No clever entertainer, no "canned music," no movie show, can bring such blest forgetfulness of the horrors they have been through; certainly, there is a charm about the familiar handwriting, the home scenes that it conjures up, the sounds and smells of the one parlor and kitchen that matter most of all,—a charm about all this that nothing can replace.

The war is over, thank God; our boys have obtained their objective; but it is both unwise and impossible to bring them all back at once. The spur to action is lost, and thoughts of home inevitably crowd upon them. We must make them feel that they are vividly remembered, and that their sacrifices are valued here at home. We must write to each one that is kin or friend to us. Tell the lad anything and everything. But let the tone be cheerful. Tell him how you are progressing at school or at work; tell him about the improvements made at home, tell him about his friends, tell him anything that has happened, no matter if it occurred a month ago. It will be welcome news to him; it will help to raise his spirits.

Everyone of us, men, women and children, is pledged to do our bit for the successful pursuit of the war; and now, since the fighting is done, we still have a duty to do—send cheerful letters to Our Boys "over there."

CYRIL J. KRONZ, '20.



# CHRONICLE.

---

## College and High School.

At the fourteenth annual meeting of the Catholic Educational Association held in Buffalo last year, it was decided to standardize Catholic colleges which should apply for Merit Recognized approval during the course of the year. In the month of March, the committee appointed for the purpose previously mentioned sent out questionnaires to presidents of Catholic colleges and universities. This questionnaire called for information on conditions of entrance, requirements for graduation, number of departments engaged in college work, qualifications of professors, volumes of books in the library, value of laboratory equipment, and, finally, the minimum and maximum limit of class hours assigned for students and teachers respectively. The questionnaire was very exhaustive in character as it was designed to give the committee a very detailed statement of college conditions so as to enable them to pass on the institutions intelligently and fairly. We are happy to chronicle the fact that Duquesne University is amongst the thirty-eight Catholic institutions in the United States that measure up to the very high standard of requirements determined by the Committee on Standardization.

When the Students' Army Training Corps was organized here in the early days of October, it was thought that military service would continue until next July. With The S. A. T. C. the signing of the Armistice on November 11, the prospects of peace dawning on a war-wrecked world were realized, and the Government determined to release its soldiers as expeditiously as possible, and send them back to civil life. All the units of the S. A. T. C. were to be demobilized by the middle of December, and colleges were to resume their pre-war curricula. In obedience to the Government's fiat, our embryo officers are to disappear from our midst; no more shall we see them execute intricate drills on the campus, scrub floors and wash windows in the barracks and mess-room, march to the down-town school in platoons commanded by their lieutenants, pick up papers and general refuse on the parade ground, hold up the doctor and mail man when on sentry duty, bring out their beds for airing on sunny days, and salute the flag in early morning and advancing evening twilight. They will go, it is true, but they will show the effects of their training, and these



effects will be apparent in all the years to come. Many will be seen again in the class-rooms; many more will hie them home, but, if we are not mistaken, they will cherish with fond memories the days of service in old Duquesne.

The Government, as well as educational institutions, recognizes the value of military training as an aid to discipline and as a means to qualify young men for commissions, so that, in case of another war in which the United States should be involved, the country may not be found unprepared. It has, therefore, proposed to Duquesne University and the other schools where S. A. T. units were maintained, to establish a Reserve Officers' Training Corps, and to exact from graduates as a prerequisite a two years' course of military training of not less than three hours a week. The Government undertakes to detail an officer to serve as Professor of Military Science and Tactics; to supply uniforms and other equipment; to maintain summer camps at which members of the R. O. T. C. will receive transportation and subsistence; to pay commutation of subsistence to members who have taken two or more years' work in the R. O. T. C., and to commission in the Reserve Corps a limited number of qualified men who complete advanced training.

Duquesne University will gladly establish such a course if the minimum number fixed by the Government—one hundred—can be secured.

We welcome to our Academic halls the arrival of four new professors and the return of four more after an interval of some months or years. All are experienced

**New Teachers** teachers whose influence in the class-room will count for intensive work and steady discipline on the part of the "young idea." Rev. Bernard Carey has labored successfully in various capacities in Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Australia—teaching, preaching, administering the Sacraments, and holding the rank of military chaplain in the British West India contingent of colored troops fighting in German East Africa. Rev. Aloysius Schmitt comes to us as a missionary from Southern Nigeria, West Africa; a teacher of mathematics and sciences in Guadaloupe, West Indies; a pastor in Arkansas, and member of the Faculty in our sister college, Cornwells, Pa. Rev. William J. Keaney specialized in Europe in mathematics and languages, and Professor James E. Campbell,

with a B. A. degree after substantial courses in Clarion State Normal, Penn State, and Toronto University, comes to us from Canada, where he taught higher mathematics and sciences of college standard. Father Dewe, Father Fitzpatrick, Professor O'Connor and Professor Blake are all familiar to our readers.

The United War Work Campaign to raise \$170,500,000 for the purpose of prolonging and maintaining in full vigor the activities of the Knights of Columbus and other organizations working for the welfare of our soldiers at home and abroad, was inaugurated in the University on November 8. Pennsylvania's quota was \$20,000,000. Students in all the schools were called on to help. Ours responded nobly after enthusiastic speeches had been delivered by the Very Reverend President, Father Hehir, Rev. Eugene N. McGuigan, Mr. R. Hunter, Y. M. C. A. organizer, Sergeant Williams, of Camp Humphreys, and Rev. Bernard Carey until recently chaplain of the Trinidad, B. W. I. contingent operating successfully under the British colors in German East Africa. To ensure the success of the "Drive," the Reverend President appointed the energetic and enthusiastic Father McGuigan to lead the students to victory. Under the influence of the spell cast upon them by the eloquent speeches, the students guaranteed \$1,600. Father McGuigan was there with the necessary "punch"; aided by Mark P. Flanagan, Andrew J. King and Edward J. Caye, he elicited an extra \$50, and in the first week collected \$400, which he deposited with the assistant treasurer, Rev. Leo J. Zindler. So great was the success of the "Drive" that Mr. George M. Kirk, executive secretary of the Student Division, Pennsylvania Executive Committee, sent the following congratulatory letter to our Reverend President:—

My dear Father Hehir:

Permit me to express the deep gratitude of the State Headquarters for the very hearty coöperation you and the military authorities of Duquesne University gave us in projecting the recent United War Work Campaign, and to congratulate you upon the results in your institution.

There were many obstacles in the way, but these have been in most cases optimistically overcome, and the result has indeed been very gratifying.

The students of Pennsylvania in round numbers have given about \$200,000, which we feel is a very creditable showing.

With very best wishes to you and all associated in this recent victory, I beg to remain

Yours sincerely,

GEO. M. KIRK.

The first term examinations were held during the third week of November in the college and high school departments. The following students obtained first place in their

**Results of** respective classes: J. J. Gallagher, M. N.  
**Examinations** Glynn, A. J. King, F. E. Braun, F. R. Boyle,  
J. M. Brown, J. G. Ritter, C. E. Balcerzak,  
E. J. Caye, J. B. Walsh, P. G. Sullivan, W. Jacko, N. W. Dunn,  
R. Slusarski, J. M. Maxwell, F. Pummer and S. Pruszek. One  
hundred and seventy-five honor certificates were awarded, the  
following students receiving special mention: Robert Ibitz,  
Charles Rehman, Marion Bostaph, William Stebler, F. J. O'Neill,  
Edward Ciccone, J. T. Neuner, Thomas Kaveny, William Savage,  
Bernard O'Donnell, Francis Foley and James McCaffrey.

#### EVENING CLASSES FOR ASPIRANTS TO PROFESSIONS.

Classes for young men employed during the day who aspire to professional careers were inaugurated early in the month, and will be continued on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays throughout the year from 7:30 to 9:30 in the evenings.

#### PUBLIC SPEAKING CLASSES.

After the ban necessitated by the influenza had been lifted, public speaking classes were organized under the direction of Clinton E. Lloyd, D. Litt. Each class in the high school department enjoys the privilege of half an hour's instruction. The training thus received is manifested at the Sunday evening entertainments, and on the occasion of the contests for medals usually held toward the end of April.

## School of Commerce.

Since the inauguration of the S. A. T. C., only such courses in accounting, management, etc., as were recommended by the

War Department were conducted in the Day  
**Day School to** School. Now that the soldiers are to be  
**Reopen** mustered out, the Day School will resume its  
activities. Immediately after the demobilization, the course of instruction will include economics, labor, financial and fiscal reconstruction, accounting, foreign trade, com-



mercial English, secretarial duties, manufacturing, buying and selling, banking, brokerage and consular service.

A large number of the S. A. T. C. have been recruited for attendance at the new courses.

## Department of Public Speaking.

It is interesting to record that the University is still contributing to the great work of the Army Over Seas. The Department of Public Speaking and English Diction

An Envoy	is to be represented by a graduate of that
to France	rapidly growing department.

Mrs. Rae Nuance Victor left Pittsburgh December 1st for New York City, and embarked from there for France on December 9th. Mrs. Victor's work will be that of an Entertainer and Lecturer. Those who have heard this able and artistic reader and speaker know in advance of the rich programmes, packed with instruction and enjoyment, that will be part of the good fortune of the boys over there.

In addition to a wide and varied repertoire of carefully selected readings, which range from the gentle "Will of Stratford" to the simple topical story—embracing romance, pathos and humor—a lecture-recital of Longfellow's poetic idyll, *Hiawatha*, will be presented. This lecture-recital was prepared under the personal direction of Dean Lloyd, whose intimate knowledge of the Indian character in general, and of *Hiawatha* in particular, is so well and favorably known that it needs no word of commendation here. The lecture is illustrated with over two hundred slides made from photographs of actual scenes on the reservations and in camps where Dr. Lloyd has produced his pageant of *Hiawatha*.

The approaching mustering out of the S. A. T. C. will permit the resumption of Athletic activities. In view of future contingencies the Students' Senate elected to

Athletics	office the following young gentlemen: President, J. J. McCloskey; Vice-President, M. N.
-----------	---

Glynn; Secretary, L. J. McIntyre, and Treasurer, R. G. Reilly. The Athletic Association is to be officered by T. C. Brown, P. A. Diranna, A. J. King, J. C. Hogan and J. G. Fagan. In conjunction with representatives of the Faculty, they will map out contests in basketball and baseball. Three or four teams will be organized: 'Varsity, High, Junior and Minim. Noonday clashes will be staged in the basketball cage under the direction of Father McGuigan.

The Athletic Association has already shown signs of life, and has secured the William Pitt for the great social event of the pre-Lenten period. Wednesday, February 12, is the date; two dollars a couple is the figure, and there is no limit to Terpsichoreans except that of respectability and approved taste in dressing. Tickets for the occasion will be in the hands of the students ere Christmas, and sales will be rushed whilst coin is plentifully in circulation.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of *Messages and Papers* of the Presidents donated by Rev. P. A. Callery, of Glassport, Pa., and a large number of books on the war and popular fiction, the gift of Rev. Thomas Connors, St. Stephen's, Hazelwood. One hundred of the most popular books of the day have been purchased by the librarian.

On Wednesday, November 20, the annual Memorial Mass for deceased teachers, alumni and benefactors was celebrated in the University chapel. In the absence of Father McGarey, due to ill health, Rev. J. P. Danner was celebrant; Rev. C. M. Keane was deacon; Rev. J. A. Leger, subdeacon, and Rev. F. J. Mueller, master of ceremonies. Rev. R. L. Hayes, D. D., preached the sermon.

Rev. John N. Diegelman was recently ordained priest for the Columbus diocese. On December 21, Rt. Rev. Bishop Canevin will ordain six months before the usual period the following happy young levites: Revs. V. S. Burke, J. L. Lavelle, L. A. McCrory and V. V. Stancelewski. Vacancies caused by death and chaplaincies have necessitated this extraordinary measure. We congratulate these young aspirants to the priesthood on the manifold graces soon to be conferred upon them.

Miss Margaret Hall, B. A., conducts a special class in Chemistry on Saturday afternoons for Sisters who teach or contemplate teaching chemistry in Pittsburgh and neighboring Catholic schools. Other classes will be arranged for Saturdays if there is a sufficient number of applications.

L. J. McINTYRE, '21.

## School of Law.

The Faculty is fortunate in having secured the services of R. M. Gibson, Esq., First Assistant District Attorney, to lecture on Criminal Law.

Judge Swearingen has resumed his lectures on Equity and Real Property; they are appreciated more than ever.

W. L. Jacobs took the law finals. He is awaiting without trepidation the announcement that will entitle him to the congratulations of his friends.

Intensive work is the order of the day.

L. J. MCGLINCHAY, '19.

## Obituary.

REV. PHILIP G. MISKLOW.

For the seven years of his sacerdotal life, the Rev. P. G. Misklow was assistant rector in St. Francis de Sales Church, McKees Rocks. His zeal and devotion to duty endeared him to the people, and were instrumental in reconciling many souls with God. Even when his last illness overshadowed him, and though he realized its presence, he went to the church as usual on the Saturday and Sunday week before his death, and on leaving remarked, "I have heard my last confession." His death was in keeping with his holy, exemplary life. In college, seminary and parish, he has left many a friend to mourn his loss and pray for the eternal repose of his soul.

DR. JAMES W. McLAUGHLIN.

The announcement of the death of Dr. James W. McLaughlin came to us as a sad surprise. But a short time before his demise on November 10th, his nephew, James, now here in school, and his brother, Charles, one of our oldest alumni, spoke favorably of his health notwithstanding the strain upon his endurance imposed by the ravages of the influenza in the Beaver Valley. However, the task he set himself to perform was too much even for the most robust; in the course of three days he attended one hundred cases and then infected with the germs of the dread disease himself, he collapsed, physically exhausted and too weakened to withstand their inroads on his vitality. Here and in Georgetown Medical School, he made an enviable record, a sure indication of the success that was to crown his medical practice. To his surviving relatives we wish to express our most sincere sympathy.

REV. JAMES J. HAWKS.

Who that knew him will not mourn the death of the Rev. James J. Hawks? He was an entertainer with few equals on or off the stage, but in his serious moments—and that was ever except in the brief periods given to necessary relaxation—his every effort was directed towards fulfilling his



priestly duties towards God and the parishioners confided to his care. As pastor of St. Mary's Church, Red Lake Falls, Minn., he labored for his personal sanctification and the sanctification of his people until the influenza claimed him amongst its victims. He passed away on November 23, respected, beloved, and accompanied by the prayers of a mourning congregation.

---

It is not our graduates alone whose deaths we have to record; we miss some familiar faces in our class-rooms, and we grieve to think that they are also missed more sadly still in their own homes. We refer to William C. Sieben, a very model for his fellow students, brothers and sisters; to Christopher M. Ryan, whom his stepmother described as "the greatest consolation in her life," and to Francis X. Conlon, carried off when his father was dangerously ill and two sisters, one a nun, lay on their death bed.

Perhaps this is the most appropriate place for us to express our appreciation of the action of the Third High in having Masses celebrated, and on reciting the rosary on several occasions for the repose of the soul of the late professor, Cadet Wilmer H. Brickley, whose obituary appeared in the Camp news of the November issue of the MONTHLY.

To J. Paul Ubinger and Herman J. Heilmann we tender the expression of our most cordial sympathy, bereaved, the one, of a brother, the other, of a sister. *R. I. P.*

---

## Exchanges.

THERE is a thoroughness that we must admire about the *St. Vincent College Journal*. The October and November numbers are before us.

In the departments that are chiefly of local interest, a very considerable number of items is collected and handled in capable fashion. Well-balanced, well-documented, is the lengthy essay on the part that the Popes have played as peacemakers among the nations, and in particular, the efforts made by Benedict XV. to mitigate the horrors of war and bring about the restoration of peace. The author shows conclusively that the Holy Father's proposals, though rejected, occasioned a clear statement of their war aims by the belligerents, and "slowly but surely brought them to that common ground upon which definite peace parleys might be inaugurated." So broad a theme as "Religious Poetry" could hardly be adequately treated in the space of five pages; and yet no essential aspect of the subject has been neglected in the article bearing that title in the *Journal*. The reader would, however, be inclined to look for a mention of Hugh F. Blunt, Eleanor Donnelly, Joyce Kilmer, Imogen Guiney, Edward F. Garesche, or others of the more distinguished Catholic poets of the recent past and the living present. The close relationship between religion and poetry is lucidly explained: "indeed, the truly religious poet may be likened to a priest; he has his appointment from Heaven, his ordination, his love for the good, the true, the beautiful, and his zeal for the well-being of man." The short story, "Relative Values", shows the practiced hand of one who knows how to manipulate his materials. The theme is elevated and interesting—the con-

version of a soldier occasioned by a general communion in camp. The tropical setting is unusual, yet rendered probable by deft handling. The absence of action is compensated for by vivacious conversation; and the characterizations are true to life. One feels better for having read the story.

Several of our exchanges have discontinued publication on account of the establishment of the S. A. T. C. in lieu of the regular college course. Others continue to appear as military numbers. Of the latter, the *Georgetown College Journal* and the *Boston College Stylus* are excellent samples.

We acknowledge with due appreciation the receipt of the following publications: the *Alvernia*, the *Columbiad*, the *Exponent*, the *St. Francis* and the *Villa Sancta Scholastica Quarterly*.

F. J. L.



## Let Them Blow.

ON the river 'neath our windows  
 Pass the steamboats to and fro,  
 And whene'er they near our class-room  
 We can hear their sirens blow.

And our Prof. gets, oh, so angry  
 That he almost tears his hair,  
 But to me those strident whistles  
 Are as music on the air;

For the other day when questioned  
 On a point I didn't know,  
 Up the river came the "Twilight"  
 With her siren all ablowl.

Through the room that noise resounded—  
 It was certainly a fright—  
 But the teacher couldn't hear me,  
 So he thought my answer right.

P. S.

Established 1875

Thomas E. Wall

**DRUGGIST**

643 FIFTH AVENUE

PITTSBURGH

Let Us Do Your

**PRINTING**

and be satisfied

**FAHEY & CO.**

25 SHINGISS ST.

PITTSBURGH

Bell Phone 540 Hemlock.

**F. W. IMMEKUS**

Window Shades

Paints

Linoleum and Wall Paper

1317-19 Carson Street, S. S.

Plate Glass

Window Glass

Rough and Ribbed Skylight

Bent Glass

Ornamental Glass

**GEO. A. KIM & CO.**

318-320 FIRST AVE.

PITTSBURGH

Bet. Wood and Smithfield Streets

A famous New York hatter makes

*Oetting's Hats*

**OTTO OETTING,**

648 SMITHFIELD STREET

PITTSBURGH



Bell, 1856 Court

Established 1865



Wants a Plumber, Quick

**BUERKLE PLUMBING CO.**

245 THIRD AVENUE, PITTSBURGH



PHONE GRANT OR MAIN 100

## ORDER

# HERMES' OHIO & PITTSBURGH MILK CO.

## Pure Milk and Cream

Delivered to your home at a saving of 10 per cent.

Quality guaranteed best put out in Pittsburgh

---

## COMPLIMENTS

# Mackintosh-Hemphill & Co.

## PITTSBURGH

---



**GILLESPIE BROS.**  
Diamond Importers      Jewelers  
Second Floor Jenkins Arcade

---

Phone Hemlock 147

## Mrs. S. Kersting

Religious Articles,  
School Books and Candles  
Wholesale and Retail

The Right Goods at the Right Place

104 PIUS STREET  
S. S., PITTSBURGH, PA.



# GRAFNER BROS.

## Wholesale JEWELERS

IMPORTERS OF DIAMONDS

811 Liberty Avenue  
Pittsburgh

---

Bell, 9424 Grant P. & A. 5491 M Pitt

## SNIGO'S

Ice Cream and Ices

Have No Equal

Brick Cream a Specialty  
Any Flavor Desired at Short Notice  
Wholesale and Retail

607 FIFTH AVE., PITTSBURGH

---

## Eugene S. Reilly & Co.

REAL ESTATE

Mortgages Insurance

430-432 Fourth Avenue  
PITTSBURGH

Private Exchange Court No. 1

---

## GROGAN COMPANY

Direct your attention to  
their stock of

Jewelry Silverware  
Watches and Clocks

At all times complete and of the  
highest quality

Wood Street and Sixth Avenue  
PITTSBURGH

Edward S. Bily H. G. Stratman  
E. A. Williams

## CHARLES BILY CO. TAILORS

Suite 219-21-23 Union Arcade  
Pittsburgh

Bell Tel. 2568 Grant

---

## Bailey-Farrell Manufacturing Co.

Plumbing Supplies  
Heating Supplies

Oldest House in the line  
in Western Penn'a.

Office and Warehouse  
Third and Ross  
EXHIBIT ROOMS  
UNION ARCADE  
PITTSBURGH

---



"Her Favorite"  
Chocolates

F. N. HOFFSTOT, President  
T. W. FRIEND, Vice President

GEORGE C. SCHMIDT, Cashier  
H. J. C. BREKER, Asst Cashier

# National Bank of America

709-711 East Ohio Street, Pittsburgh

CAPITAL \$200,000.00

SURPLUS \$350,000.00

---

**A. KLEIN**  
3705 Butler St., Pittsburgh

HOLIDAY SPECIALTIES  
in Church Goods

Bell Phone, Fisk 1572

---



Invites the Accounts of Individuals, Firms and Corporations  
Every courtesy extended Depositors  
without reference to size of their accounts.

Capital and Surplus, \$2,100,000.00

FIFTH AND LIBERTY AVENUES

---

## The Pittsburgh Observer

\$1.50 a Year

AMERICA'S FOREMOST WEEKLY

---





BELL PHONE 683 GRANT

## BURNS, FLEMING & CO.

### ENGINEERS and CONTRACTORS

Steam and Hot Water Heating and Ventilating Apparatus.  
General Steam Fitting and Power Plants.

815 FORBES STREET,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

---

## PAINTS, VARNISHES AND BRUSHES

are like medicine. They are only cheap when you  
get the right kind for the right purpose

To be sure of your painting material be sure of your dealer

In business 68 years

## C. A. MICHEL & CO.

949 Liberty Avenue,

Pittsburgh

(OPPOSITE SMITHFIELD STREET)

---

JOHN DIMLING  
President.

H. B. DEMMLER  
V. Prest.

C. A. MUEHLBRONNER, V. Pres.

CHARLES E. SCHUETZ, Cashier

JOHN H. DEMMLER, Asst. Cashier

## Western Savings and Deposit Bank

OLIVER BUILDING, 533 Smithfield St  
PITTSBURGH

Accounts of Individuals and Corpora-  
tions Solicited.

4 per cent. paid on Time Deposits.

2 per cent. paid on Checking Accounts

COMPLIMENTS  
OF

## M. LETZELTER

4614-4616

LIBERTY AVENUE

---

FISK 156

Bell, 80 L Hemlock  
A. Rausch John Rausch Jos. Rausch  
Graining and Glazing  
Orders Attended to Promptly

## AUGUST RAUSCH & BROS.

House, Sign and Fresco

### PAINTERS

Estimates furnished on Cleaning all  
kinds of Paints. All kinds of Paints,  
mixed ready for use. Sole distributors  
of E-Z Paint and Varnish Cleaner.

94 Plus Street, S. S., Pittsburgh

---

## F. X. MANSMANN CO.

### MANX UNION SUITS a Specialty

Medium and Heavy Weights

\$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50, Up

Every Garment Guaranteed

FIFTH AVENUE ARCADE

PITTSBURGH, PA.

---

Established 1890

## LATSHAW-FEERST CO.

RECEIVERS AND SHIPPERS

### BUTTER and EGGS

202 FERRY STREET

PITTSBURGH

Bell, 9040 Court P. & A. 1369 Main

## JAS. W. FISHER

Wholesale  
and Retail

## FISH AND OYSTERS

66 Diamond Market

33 Diamond Square

PITTSBURGH

---

TELEPHONE GRANT 15

Fort Pitt

## Lithographing Co.

Engravers

Printers

Lithographers

Bank Stationers

701-703 Forbes Street

PITTSBURGH

---

## THE PARK BANK

6106 Penn Avenue

East End PITTSBURGH

Deals with Its Customers  
in a Human Way.

---

# G. B. HURT

INCORPORATED

## Wholesale Grocers

HOTEL, BAKERS AND CONFECTIONERS SUPPLIES

PENN AVENUE and WATER STREET

PITTSBURGH

WHEN YOU'RE IN A HURRY



**Phone  
Hemlock 700**

THE KEYSTONE LUMBER CO., PITTSBURGH

---

**Let the 7 BAKER BROS. Do Your Baking**

**AND PROMOTE PITTSBURGH**

None but the best and purest of materials  
are used exclusively in our

**"HOLSUM"** Bakery Products

Your Grocer Has Them

---

**THE J. H. MACKALL CO.**

Manufacturers of

**CAKES, CRACKERS, CANDY**

Successors to  
E. Maginn

**OYSTER CRACKERS**

OUR SPECIALTY

---



**WM. WUERTHELE**

Manufacturer and Dealer in  
New and Second Hand

**BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES**

Bowling Alley Supplies, Repairing of Tables  
our Specialty. Turning of Billiard, Pool  
and Bowling Balls and Cues to Order.

412 Diamond Street PITTSBURGH



**INKS**

Library  
Paste  
Mucilage  
and  
Glue.

**J. C. SWEARINGEN INK CO**

**Pittsburgh**



Phone 1107 Court.

**STALL 74**

**Some people eat good meat  
some of the time, but those  
who deal at Schlelein's eat  
good meat all the time.**

**Positively the one best quality of Home-  
dressed and Government-inspected Meats**

**J. & W. SCHLELEIN**

**PITTSBURGH MARKET**

---

**Our Sausage and Bologna have no equal**

---

**MANSMANN'S**  
UPTOWN DAYLIGHT STORE

**5911-5915 PENN AVENUE**

**East End**

**PITTSBURGH**

---

**What Eichenlaub's Sell You is Good**

**EICHENLAUB'S**  
**FURNITURE, RUGS, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES**  
**3501-3503 Butler Street, Pittsburgh**

---

**TERHEYDEN CO.**

**DIAMONDS**

**530 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh**

ESTABLISHED 1884

The Oldest Popular Price Tailor in  
Greater Pittsburgh

Suits Made to Your Order

\$15, 18, 20, 22, 25

Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed or Money Refunded

LEEDS COMPANY

PROGRESSIVE TAILORS

128 Sixth Street, opp. Alvin

6225 Frankstown Avenue, E. E.  
10 doors from Penn Avenue

150 Carson Street, S. S.

PITTSBURGH

NEW GALLERIES

*Wunderly Bros.*

*Fine Art Dealers*

512 Wood St. 306-8-10 Oliver Ave.

PITTSBURGH

D. Rosser  
STUDIO

347 Fifth Avenue

PITTSBURGH

Work of this Studio Awarded Twenty  
Nine National and State Awards

White

Transfer & Storage Co.

Furniture Storage Only

Separate Apartments Low Prices

Motor Trucks, Vans or Wagons for  
Moving

Office 708 Duquesne Way and  
715 Seal Street

No North Side Branch

Bell Phone 1086 Fisk

Carriages

Automobiles

O. J. GOETZ, F. D.

Leichenbestatter

3509 Penn Avenue

PITTSBURGH

# D'YOUVILLE COLLEGE

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Under the Direction of the Grey Nuns

A College for Women, chartered by Act of Legislature of the State of New York. Registered with the University of the State of New York.

---

Courses leading to degrees in *Arts, Science, Pedagogy, Literature and Music*  
Special preparation for High School Teaching.  
Design and Painting, under Male Instructor.

RIGHT REV. DENIS J. DOUGHERTY, D. D., Chancellor.

SISTER ST. STANISLAUS,  
President.

WILLIAM A. MARTIN, M. A.  
Director of Studies.

FACULTY :

Members of the Grey Nuns' Community, Members of the Clergy,  
and Men and Women Lay Specialists.

---

## Holy Angels' Academy

In Connection with D'Youville College

College Preparatory and General Culture Courses. Music, Languages,  
Design and Painting. New York State Regents' Diplomas.

---

## BOLD'S HOME-MADE BREAD

BAKED FRESH EVERY DAY.

It is so manifestly good and fresh that it produces a light,  
flaky crust that melts deliciously in the mouth, and there  
is no soaking in of the filling, nor soginess, no indigestion.  
Every Loaf is of Uniform Excellence, the Standard by which  
others are judged.

AUGUST BOLD,

821-29 Industry St., Pittsburgh

---



Bell Phones: Hemlock 308 R

Hill 412 W

Commercial Photography

Photographer

Portraits in Crayon, Oil and Water Color Paintings

1207 Carson Street and Post Office Building, Mt. Oliver

---

## WAGNER BROS. SHOE CO.

WHOLESALE SHOES

429 LIBERTY AVENUE

PITTSBURGH

# Duquesne Monthly

A Literary Magazine

Vol. XXVI.

JANUARY, 1919

No. 4

---

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR  
BY THE STUDENTS OF DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY

---

TERMS : ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE  
ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

Address, Duquesne Monthly, Duquesne University, Pittsburgh, Pa.

---

Entered as second-class matter, at the Pittsburgh  
Postoffice, April 30, 1911

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103,  
Act of October 3, 1917, authorized October 22, 1918.

---

JUSTIN J. GALLAGHER, '19, Editor-in-Chief

JAMES J. McCLOSKEY, '19	CYRIL J. KRONZ, '20	Associate Editors
FRANCIS J. LIGDAY, '20	ANDREW J. KING, '22	Exchanges
M. NOON GLYNN, '20	.	Alumni
LEO J. MCINTYRE, '22	.	Chronicle
T. ROBERT SULLIVAN, '19 (H. S.)	.	Athletics



# Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXVI.

JANUARY, 1919

Number 4

## Year's End.

WITH stealthy, silent, measured stride  
Time creeps upon the longest year;  
Left on the strand by ocean's tide,  
Life's wreckage and debris appear.

Each year that passes is a page,  
An entry in the book of Time,  
Where faithful record, age on age,  
Is made of crisis and of crime.

'Tis thus we view the rounded course  
That enters realms of History—  
A year when mailed might's resource  
Has lost its baffling mystery.

To soldier's breast is brought relief  
And dried is anxious mother's tear;  
Ended is every pang and grief,  
Banished is every gnawing fear.

To solemn tones of midnight bells  
That sound the taps of the dying year  
Our grateful heart responsive swells,  
Our grateful voice gives answer clear :

All glory to the Prince of Peace  
Who came to raise and ransom men :  
May brutal strife forever cease  
And harmony e'er reign. Amen.

JOSEPH J. SABANIEC, '19.

## The Ghost That Would a Sculptor Be.

**W**HENEVER I am hungry I can stop at Mr. Psychlos's for mutton pie. Whenever I am tired and lonely I can talk with Mr. Psychlos. At least, that is what Mr. Psychlos says.

He is a marble-cutter, and growing incredibly old. I suspect he is undergoing a gradual ossification. He seems to have absorbed part of his product. His bearded face, his white hair, his hands, his clothes, all have a bloom that is anything but the bloom of youth. Even his blue eyes seem to have faded. But there was never a kindlier man; and his daughter will gaze at him with adoring eyes and tell you that he is greater than Phidias: the world, however, does not know his worth.

It was when I was reading law in the office of Brocaus, that I first saw him. I was often sent out to collect outstanding bills, and occasionally these took me to the shop and stoneyard of Mr. Psychlos, whose acquaintance I thus easily made,—and this in spite of the fact that a collector is seldom a welcome visitor. Perhaps it was because he was lonely that he sometimes took me into the back room of his shop, where to this day there are things that one can find nowhere else in all the world—horrible things for the most part. To go from the barren work-room with its calm, gray blocks of stone, into this tiny, kaleidoscopic art gallery, though attended with a curious, fascinating interest, is always more or less of a shock to the nerves. Along the wall is a broad shelf covered with the fine gray dust of the work-room. This shelf bears Mr. Psychlos's choicest objects of art,—a little horse in a latticed stable carved from one piece of wood by a sailor, an apparently perfect crystal from somewhere, a portrait of Bolivar done in porcupine quills, and a sliver of dogoak which Mr. Psychlos swears is part of the true cross, and which he keeps in a lacquered box with Fujiama painted on the cover. His taste as a connoisseur is catholic in the extreme.

One October morning I stepped quietly into Mr. Psychlos's shop and found him bent over a sheet of drawing paper, employed at the melancholy task, as I learned later, of designing his own tombstone. My heel grated against a flake of granite on the floor. He whirled about at the sound, his face preternaturally white. "Oh, I'm glad it's you," he jerked out, rubbing the back of his hand across his damp forehead. "What do I owe you now?"

"This is merely a social call," I assured him. "But why did

you jump so, when you heard me? You looked as if you had seen a ghost."

"Ghost!" he echoed, in a subdued tone. "Did you say ghost? Tell me just what put you in mind of a ghost. I'm curious to know; was it something about this place?"

"Why no," I laughed. "It simply happened to be the first thing I thought of,—that's all."

"Yes, yes, of course. But there are reasons for things, if a body stops to figure. Now tell me, what do you think it was put you in mind of a ghost?" His face wrinkled into a momentary smile, intended to be persuasive.

"Well," I answered quite promptly, "I guess it must have been yourself, Mr. Psychlos—the way you looked."

"Ah, I might have known it," he nodded sadly, "but I'm glad that you told me."

"Told you what?" I asked. Certainly he was deeply moved about something.

"Do you know, young man," and he pecked at my sleeve with his chalky fingers, "I am letting haunted?"

I burst into unrestrained laughter.

"My, I wish I could laugh like that," sighed Mr. Psychlos admiringly. "I dare say I haven't laughed for a fortnight. It's an awful feeling, and I expect it will get worse and worse. What would you do, sir, if there was to be an ungodly banging and clattering in your shop every night, and never a soul in sight? What would you say, now, if you were to find your tool-box toppled upside down, and the lock almost wrenched off, and not another thing touched?"

I didn't know what to say.

"Well," he affirmed, "that's what this ghost does, night after night. My neighbors are complaining, and I can't sleep for listening to noises all the time."

He looked more wizened and haggard than I had ever seen him. The shop is certainly an ideal place for ghostly visits, lined as it is with grim tablets,—some blank, others "sacred to the memory of so and so."

"Mr. Psychlos," I said, "There is quite evidently something wrong. Now, I've had enough experience with ghosts to know that they're very reasonable individuals. A few of them may go about howling, with their heads lopped off, but they merely aren't sure what they want. The average ghost is quiet and determined; when he has accomplished his purpose, he subsides, and is heard

of no more. So, what you and I will do, is to stay here to-night and find out just what does happen, and why."

Mr. Psychlos was not enthusiastic. "No, no, never. Its bad business. I think I'm haunted on account of something I've done, but I'm blest if I do recall what. No, sir, I believe I'll just stay away, if you don't mind. Fact is," he went on, "I've about decided to move out altogether; these parts aren't healthy, though they do say that once a body's haunted, land or sea makes no difference."

As Mr. Psychlos could not be prevailed upon to participate in the "laying of the ghost" more than to give me his keys, I began my vigil alone. Shortly before twelve that night, midnight being the witching hour, I decided that if nothing happened by one o'clock, I should give up and go home. I had brought with me a book of briefs, and settled down beside the lamp that stood on Mr. Psychlos's desk. But I had not turned half a dozen pages in my book before a gust of wind, from nowhere at all, whisked the lamp into blackness.

"This ghost," I thought, "is behaving in a truly proper manner." At first I could see nothing, but gradually, as my eyes became accustomed to the darkness, I distinguished the interior of the shop by the vague moonlight creeping through the dusty windows. Everything was still for a moment. Then came a noise in the vicinity of Mr. Psychlos's tool-box, which stood in a shadowed corner. As I glanced in that direction I saw a gray figure bending over the box. When I looked more intently, it vanished. A second later, I saw it again, but as soon as I looked directly at it, it was gone.

Like those bilious pin-wheels that so gaily foretell an attack of indigestion, it seemed always just outside the range of vision, but I found that by twisting my head about and staring out of the corner of my eye, I could keep it in sight.

It was a small, frosty figure of a man in an antiquated dress suit. A shock of wild white hair bobbed vigorously, as he tugged at the cover of the box, making a tremendous racket. He rather reminded me of a little terrier with a bone.

Suddenly he sat down on the box and stared at me. From the front he looked more than ever like a terrier; he had scant eyebrows raised to a height of perpetual astonishment, and bristling side-whiskers. I felt uncomfortable. I wanted to speak, but my voice failed me.

"Your name isn't Psychlos?" he barked. It was more an accusation than a question.



"No," I faltered.

"No, of course not," he agreed.

"Well, not exactly," I replied, "but I am here to find out the reason for all this racket, if there is any. What is the matter?"

"Matter? matter enough!" He kicked the box savagely. "The matter is that this box won't open."

"But why such excitement over this box?" I objected. "There's nothing in it but a few tools."

"That's it exactly! nothing but a few tools. Judging by the way old Psychlos has bolted and locked it, one would think it contained the wealth of Midas. I know there are tools in it; I can reach in and feel them, but I can't get 'em out. It's exasperating!"

And to show just how exasperating it was, he thumped his shadowy fist on the cover and flamed with rage. His form grew fairly radiant, and the heat that he generated was so scorching that I feared for my eyebrows. "If I keep this up," he shouted hopefully, "the bolts will eventually melt and run out of their sockets!"

The air in the shop was painful.

Desperately I reached for the keys and threw them at him. They were so hot that they scorched my fingers.

"Ah, this is better. Now I know you're not a Psychical Research Agent: you're too sensible!" he chuckled. As he fitted the smaller key into the padlock, "I thank you, and I'm sure Mr. Psychlos does too." The atmosphere cooled rapidly. Without the slightest hesitation he took a chisel and mallet from the box, and locked it again. Then bowing grandly, he handed me the keys, and glided away with the much desired tools.

He walked through the solid door as if it had been so much steam; the mallet and chisel, however, struck violently against the oaken panels and clattered to the floor. The ghost came back, muttering. "I might have known I couldn't get them through," he exclaimed pettishly, as he picked them up. "I'll have to trouble you for the door keys."

I felt that it was time to interfere. "Those tools belong to Mr. Psychlos," I said bravely. "Before I let them go, I want to know who you are and what you intend to do."

To tell the truth, I had fears for the safety of Mr. Psychlos himself. Such an excitable shade might do dastardly deeds with a chisel and a mallet.

"Well," said the ghost, considerably mollified. "I am the late Dr. Constantine Alexsuos, of Alexandria College. My wife hired this stonehacker, Psychlos, to carve a quotation from Pindar

on my monument. Well, sir, do you know what that fool did? He fairly flickered with anger. "He left the accent off the very first word! Think of it—disregarding Pindar entirely—no more respect for Pindar than for the man in the moon! Can I rest with a thing like that over my head? Can I have future generations blaming Alexsuos for the mistake of Psychlos? I cannot! I am going to put that accent on with my own hands. Unlock the door for me." He became suddenly humble. "Unlock the door, and I promise never to come back here again."

There was a note of ineffable sadness in the old man's misty voice, and I felt that the least I could do was to unlock the door.

On the threshold he turned and held out his hand. "Thank you," he said earnestly. I reached for the hand, but my fingers closed on thin air, and I saw the chisel glint in the moonlight as he darted down the street. That was the last of Dr. Constantine Alexsuos.

Leaving the key in the door, I went home.

It must have been a week before I had occasion to call on Mr. Psychlos again. When I did he was hard at work; he had a shining, new chisel in his hand, and a worried look on his face.

"Well, Mr. Psychlos," I said, "What's on your mind?"

"Mind?" he cried anxiously; "Now, how did you come to think of my mind, I wonder? Do you know, sir, I believe my mind is failing me? I put things in a place, and then I can't remember where the place is. See this chisel, this brand new chisel, and the mallet yonder. Both bought this week, sir. Can't find my old ones high or low. Most likely they're in this very room, but God only knows where. It's worrying to forget that way."

"But how's the ghost?"

"The ghost?" he laughed. "Hasn't been sight nor sound of any ghost since the night you watched. You scared him away, sir,—blest if you didn't. I feel better; I don't feel haunted."

He reflected a moment. "I did have a touch of the feeling the other night coming from Nicholas Opperusos's birthday party," he confided. "I went over the hill past the cemetery, and there, mind you, I heard a big bullfrog going 'plink-plink-plink,' loud and steady-like. 'Plink-plink-plink.' Now, never did I hear one in the cemetery before. A bullfrog on a big dry hill isn't natural, that's all. No, sir!"

WILLIAM HORBALY, Pre-Medical.



## TOBACCO.

[CONTINUED FROM THE DECEMBER ISSUE].

### Methods of Manufacture.

When the manufacturer gets his tobacco from the grower or middleman, it has to go through many processes in reaching the finished product stage. The first and most important is the process of fermentation, which all leaves must go through; however, the treatment may vary somewhat according to the ulterior disposition of the leaf for cigars, pipe, plug or snuff. The general treatment as carried out is about as follows: When the leaf is received, whether in cases, bales or hogsheads, it is opened and inspected in the casing room. It is now sorted, and the leaves suitable for each class of product are sent to different departments. The leaves are usually dry and brittle. The bundles are carefully loosened and sprinkled so as to prevent shattering or waste. When each kind reaches its department, it is spread out and again watered. When it is thoroughly soaked, it is fastened together in bundles, again sprinkled thoroughly, and sent to a sweating room, where it undergoes fermentation lasting perhaps for several weeks. The temperature is carefully regulated, and is usually kept at about 90 degrees F. The fermentation has for its object the following effects: removal of acrid matters, fixing of color, and the production of flavor. Fermentation is purely a chemical process during which certain organic compounds stored in the plant are separated and others formed; for instance, the starch in the plant is changed into sugar, which is slowly consumed. Briefly, it may be said that the process is an attempt by the plant to prolong its existence by feeding on its own substance, by drawing on its own reserve and on its own structure for the food which its cells no longer receive through its natural growth. When the struggle is over, fermentation is complete. When this stage is reached, the leaves are ready for the manufacturing process. In a properly constructed factory, the first work begins



in the upper story, to which the leaves are sent from the sweating room. If the leaves should not be fully moist, they are either steamed or sprinkled again so as to make easy the removing of the stems. The stemless leaves are sent by chutes to the first floor below or the second floor. The first floor below is usually reserved for the many vats of sauces, where the leaves are dipped to give the desired flavor. These sauces are compounded and cooked in immense kettles, their density being determined by hydrometers so as to keep them true to the formula adopted. These formulae are usually secrets of the manufacturer, and the popularity of the product depends on the flavor used. After the leaves have been thoroughly saturated, they pass on to rollers or wringers so as to press out the surplus liquid, which flows back into the vat. The leaves so treated are used in making plug, or used for cigar wrappers. They are dried by passing over heated rollers and packed away until needed. If the leaves are to be used for cigar fillers, they are often treated with wines, cider-rum and water, or alcohol and water, to give a highly flavored taste to the smoker.

#### **Cigars.**

As cigar-making is by far the most important tobacco industry, we shall discuss its manufacture first. There are nearly thirty thousand cigar factories in the United States, large and small, representing an investment of one hundred and sixty millions, the value of the product being two hundred and ten millions, although it costs the consumer over three hundred millions. This enormous output has grown from nine millions' product in 1860 to the present two hundred and ten millions'. The States of New York and Pennsylvania are the largest producers of cigars; in fact, these two produce about one-half of the cigars manufactured in the United States. Pennsylvania leads, producing more than two thousand millions annually. The entire country produces about ten thousand million dollars' worth.

Only about twelve per cent. of the cigars made are machine-made, and they are of the cheaper grades. All smokers cling to the idea that hand-made cigars are superior to the machine-made.

There is a knack of making cigars, which requires years of experience to attain. The selection of the quality of leaf for the different parts of the cigar, knowledge of taste, the cutting of wrapper, and getting the color are a few of the things that a good cigar-maker must know. Moreover, he must be economical. In order that the utmost amount of revenue from taxes imposed be



collected, the Government requires that so many cigars be made from so much tobacco, and every bit of leaves, stems and waste must be accounted for. A manufacturer is allowed only twenty-five pounds of wrapper, binder and filler, for one thousand cigars.

The workman sits at his table with a drawer for waste; on his table he has a rack for the cigars made, a rolling-board, a sharp knife for cutting, and a licorice gum for pasting the wrapper at the end; at his right a box of fillers, on his left a pad of wrappers covered with a damp cloth, and a pad of binders in front of him. He is now ready to go to work. He takes a wrapper, spreads it on his board and cuts it into one, two or three wrappers, as is required or directed. Next, he takes a binder and breaks it into large and small pieces; he begins with the larger, smoothing it out for the inside lining. He then gathers a handful of fillers of the right length and thickness. He now rolls the filler inside the binder, which, in turn, he rolls inside the wrapper. Gum is used to paste the wrapper at the mouth end, to prevent unwrapping. The cigar is then cut to the desired length. The rack, when filled, is taken to the packing room to be sorted and graded according to color, the cigar being stronger as the color grows darker. They are then placed in the box which usually contains what is called the scent. This is done to flavor the cigars and keep them moist. The lid is nailed and sealed with revenue stamps ready for shipment.

### **Plug.**

In the manufacture of chewing tobaccos, the maker must be careful in his selection of leaf and the flavoring, as this is the only kind of tobacco that depends so much on taste. How to combine the different qualities of tobacco, with what sauces to treat them, how to fashion the plugs or twists, and what markets are to be accommodated, require the most intelligent thought and the most skillful management. The tobacco leaf is exceedingly variable in its component elements. The manipulation differs with each variety of grade, and no two types or grades will produce precisely the same results under the same treatment.

The Burley or Kentucky and Ohio, and the sun, air and flue-cured of Virginia and the Carolinas, constitute the fillers for the greater part of the plug tobacco. The wrappers also come principally from the White Burley districts of Virginia and the Carolinas.

After the fillers have been thoroughly treated with sauces as

previously described, the tobacco is taken to the pressing room, where it is first weighed, so as to get the same amount in each plug, insuring uniformity in size. The filler is placed under high pressure in molds where the plugs are formed. The plugs from the molds then pass to benches or stands where skillful men wrap with carefully selected wrappers so as to insure a regular appearance. The plugs are then dried, packed in boxes, and placed in iron cases to be pressed and creased. Different brands require different hydraulic pressure. While under pressure, they are put in gums and allowed to ferment, some brands undergoing a longer process. After this process is completed, the plugs are taken out and inspected. They are next sent to the shipping room where they are branded with name, size of plug, and the gross and net weights of each box. They are now stamped with revenue stamps and strapped in packages of five or more for shipment.

Cut plug is carried through the same process, except it is not wrapped. After being pressed into plugs, it is cut into slices and put up in fancy tin boxes or pouches as the trade may demand.

#### **Pipe Tobacco.**

The manufacture of pipe tobacco involves the most experienced judgment and knowledge of market wants and consumers' tastes. The various kinds and qualities of leaves are carefully assorted and brought together in the desired quantities and proportions. The leaves are cut or ground by machinery, and strained through sieves to secure the required size. The tobacco for granulations should contain enough moisture to prevent its being ground into powder or snuff, as it would be drawn through the stem of the pipe, causing much discomfort to the smoker.

After being ground or cut, the best grades are dampened with spirits, and flavored according to special formulae, in order to keep them in proper condition when packed, as well as to add a distinct flavor. Most of the smoking tobacco is packed by machinery in small cotton sacks. The sacks are provided with a draw string, and the internal revenue stamp is put on the sack across the string, sealing it. In recent years, more and more of the smoking tobacco is being put up in tins and glass jars, as these seem to preserve the moisture and flavor.

**Cigarettes.**

The manufacture and consumption of cigarettes in the United States has increased amazingly during the past thirty years. In 1875 the production was 41,000,000; in 1915 close to 6,000,000,000 were made. The best quality cigarettes are made from tobacco at least three or four years old. The leaves are carefully selected, steamed and dried, and then brought into order and cut into shreds, of which the finer qualities of cigarettes are made. It requires about three pounds of stemmed tobacco to make one thousand cigarettes. The wrappers are of either tobacco or paper. Very little tobacco is used for wrapping now, as it can be used only when the cigarettes are made by hand. Nearly all of the cigarettes are made by machinery. There are some twenty-five different kinds. These are wrapped with paper, which is manufactured principally in France.

Although a wonderful piece of mechanism, the machine is easy to operate. One of these machines can take the tobacco and paper and convert them into cigarettes at the rate of one hundred to two hundred thousand per day of ten hours. Formerly, girls did most of the work by hand at the rate of two thousand per day. However, a large number of girls are required now to pack into boxes and stamp the product turned out by the machine. The packages are usually put up in a highly artistic and attractive way, so as to catch the eye of the consumer.

**Snuff.**

There are five kinds of snuff manufactured in the United States: the Scotch, or eating snuff; the inhaling snuff, the sweet snuff and salting snuff, the last two being used for dipping. The value of snuff manufactured in the United States per year is valued at six million dollars.

The Scotch snuff is made from the heavy, dark tobacco of medium grade and good lugs. The stock is kept at least two years in hogsheads before being used. It is taken out of the hogshead and run through a cutting machine. It is then put back into the hogshead and passed through three successive fermentations. After this process continued through six weeks, the tobacco is thoroughly dried in gib pans exposed to a high degree of heat. It is then carried from the pans to the pulverizers (a series of mills or heavy iron rollers rubbing against the concave of a heavy iron vessel), and the pulverized tobacco is discharged through an opening in the bottom. It is now packed by machinery into bottles and tins, stamped and put up in wooden

boxes of about eighteen pounds to the box, ready for shipment.

The inhaling snuff is made in a similar manner to the Scotch. It is highly perfumed, the attar of roses being the chief ingredient, mixed with licorice and other sauces. The sweet and salty snuffs are also made in a similar manner, but treated with sauces, as they are also chewed.

#### **By-products.**

Tobacco is used for other purposes than for chewing and smoking. Both nicotine and its derivative, pyridine, as well as the tarry oils, resulting from tobacco distillation, are strong and effective disinfectants, and formaldehyde, one of the most powerful germicides known, is so formed. It is used considerably in the middle-west and western states against vermin on domestic animals, as well as in greenhouses against insects. No application to fruit trees is so effective in destroying grubs and other pests as tobacco. Tobacco stalks or the stems may be used. They are piled up around the roots, and not only destroy the pests but act as an excellent fertilizer, as tobacco is rich in nitrogen. Tobacco stems serve as top dressing for young grass. They conserve moisture and add fertility to the soil. In a pulverized condition it makes one of the best applications for seed beds and especially for flowers. Only a few years ago the manufacturers gladly gave away the stems and stalks to anyone who would haul them away. To-day they are ground and sold as a fertilizer at a very high price.

P. E. CURRY, School of Commerce.



## **First Impressions of the S. A. T. C.**

**O**NE of the first impressions that force themselves into the mind of the S. A. T. C. student is the perfect order existing in all the activities of army life.

In the early part of November, 1918, the recruit upon his first visit to the campus at Duquesne University, would observe



squads of partly uniformed workers busily engaged in all sorts of occupations—transporting supplies, distributing equipment, cleaning and scrubbing about the buildings, policing the grounds, and so on. The place teemed with noise and excitement. Beyond the campus scurrying figures dashed here and there amid clouds of dirt and cinders, breaking ground, and carrying materials for a roadway. The clatter of tins and dishes announced intense activity in the mess hall. But in all the apparent confusion there is perfect order; all has been carefully planned and organized, according to a prearranged schedule.

The recruit soon learns that order and uniformity are to be found governing almost every action he performs, and the disposition of every minute of time, and of every item of equipment. Every article and every man has a designated place, and must be there at the regular, specified time. The microscopic and all-seeing eye of the officer seems to possess an unearthly power of observation with respect to this. Everything moves like clock-work; morning exercise, mess, school, study, drill, etc., follow one another in regular order in an endless chain on schedule time with but a few minutes' interval between.

This regularity and precision is the dominant note of the organization; it is drilled into the recruit until it seems to fill his whole being and becomes an integral part of his military life.

In securing this order there is enforced on all a rigid discipline, the man being rigorously trained to strict obedience until it also becomes a natural element in his life.

This sinking of one's individuality and subjection of his will to that of another, is quite a strange and unusual experience for the average young American, to whom it is frequently incomprehensible for some time. His rights are curtailed, his feelings disregarded, his pride trampled upon, and his will shackled by this grim and disagreeable "thing," this army discipline. It is an iron will that asks no questions, offers no explanations, and accepts no excuses, but firmly commands, and exacts entire obedience.

Early in the morning, when the last hour of rest is untold joy, he is compelled to rise smartly at the blow of a whistle; sleepy arms must fly with utmost haste, for in but a few minutes a second blow sends him, with a hundred others, scampering out into the dark, chilly air, where he finds his allotted place in the quickly formed ranks. The commanding will forces him to bend, stretch and jerk his muscles, and throw his body into all sorts of

grotesque positions, as he shivers in the cold, damp breeze of the early morning.

This power is at his heels throughout the day. It sends him marching in column to school, and releases him from lessons at the stroke of the clock. When he would turn his head to gaze about, he must look straight to the front; when he would speak, he must be silent; when he would rest, he must stand rigidly at attention. He must steadily execute with precision the prescribed movements of an endless drill in silence, with the ever-increasing weight of the rifle bearing down on his weary shoulder. His tired and stiffening muscles move in pain, while his temper is worn to disgust and resentment at the very monotony of the exercise. But the iron will holds him and drives him on, to the last minute of the scheduled period. Then it relaxes its grip for a brief and precious time, only to clutch him again in a different activity.

Such is the recruit's first gloomy impression of army discipline.

As the weeks fly past the "rookie" gradually adjusts himself to the new environment, and in a spirit of resignation accepts, with little concern, the inevitable. The mutterings of discontent over the iron system soon die out, and as he views with ever-increasing wonder the tremendous results so speedily achieved through its functioning, admiration at the power and perfection of the military machine fills him, and infuses a new character into his actions.

The uniformed civilian is gone; the recruit is now a soldier.

PRIVATE JOHN L. DOBBINS, S. A. T. C.



## Self-Determination For Ireland.

**I**T is reported that an Irish alderman in Boston speaking at a public dinner on the duty of patriotism, declared: "Every man should love his native land whether he was born there or not." If he did not correctly express, he correctly interpreted, the sentiment of every Irish-American heart—none of us can be indifferent to the vital interests of the home of our forefathers. It is then with the utmost satisfaction that we see the time has come when her cause will be championed by the advocates of freedom soon to assemble in the historic halls of the palace of Versailles. Self-Determination has been Ireland's ambition since the conquering Saxon set his foot upon her soil. By appeal, by protest, by parliamentary action, and by recourse to arms, she has asserted her undying love of freedom and her willingness to die rather than be absorbed by an alien and hostile race. She has ever maintained the principle that no nation has the right to govern except by the consent of the governed. This was America's slogan in 1776, and to-day it is President Wilson's. It was for the inviolable rights of all nations, the inherent rights in every nation to Self-Determination, that America entered the World War. And if these ends are to be attained, then Ireland will issue from this crisis, triumphant through the coöperation of her sons in America and of America's freedom-loving President. Nothing less than complete independence can satisfy her longings or develop the country to the limit of its possibilities. And why? Under English misrule, Ireland was plundered and her industries were crushed; the totally inadequate measure of Home Rule passed by Parliament, but pigeon-holed during the war, withholds from Ireland rights that are essential to her vigorous economic growth; and Ireland has demonstrated, by the genius of her statesmen proved in every land, that she can govern herself more successfully and more advantageously to the world at large, than England has done during seven centuries of fatal experiments:

According to an English Commission, England has robbed Ireland since the Union of \$3,000,000,000 in excess taxation alone. Under English domination Irish industries were absolutely crippled so that they might not compete with English trade, and England draws from Ireland the annual sum of \$300,000,000 for manufactures that rightfully should be produced at home; for these Ireland has to pay with farm products. The wealth of Ireland has been drained to pay absentee landlords, and English bankers have refused, even if English laws permitted, to loan money for the development of deep sea fishing and harbors, of electric power, railways, and iron, copper and coal mines. Lastly,



and not least, England, in three successive confiscations, turned over 11,697,629 acres of land to her lordlings and henchmen. Even to touch upon the persecutions Ireland endured at the hands of her hereditary enemy would make the blood boil with indignation, and therefore we shall pass over them in silence.

The Home Rule Bill, passed when the continuance of English power on land and sea was threatened by the might of Germany, was of a character to meet with little favor from a people who valued freedom above all other earthly possessions. Its provisions restrained Ireland from exercising any control over trade, trade-marks, patent rights, navigation, merchant shipping, quarantine, light-houses, banks, treason, aliens, coinage, legal tender, and the pillars of English domination next to the redcoat bayonets, the metropolitan and constabulary police. In short, Ireland would enjoy less self-governing power than any self-governing colony in the British empire. If England has any desire to satisfy Ireland, she should bear in mind and carry into effect the advice Edmund Burke thundered into her ears when she was exasperating the American colonists by half measures and temporizing expedients. If you would conciliate them, give them what they ask, and not what you think equally good or substantially better for them.

As a proof that Ireland is capable of self-government, I may quote the words of an eminent authority, Lord Dufferin, Governor-General of Canada, speaking at Quebec in 1878. He said: "There is no doubt that the world is best administered by Irishmen. Things never went better with us, either at home or abroad, than when Lord Palmerston ruled Great Britain, Lord Mayo governed India, Lord Monck directed the destinies of Canada, and the Robinsons, the Kennedys, the Laffens, the Callaghans, the Gores, the Hennessys administered the affairs of our Australian colonies and West India possessions." To which we may add a paragraph culled from that flower bed of fragrant thought, "Why God Loves the Irish." "So the whole world and all nineteenth century history are dotted with distinguished names of this expatriate people. O'Higgins commands the Chilean army, Plunkett is governor of New Zealand, Duffy is an Australian premier, O'Donnell is bishop of Manila, Hennessy is governor of Hong Kong, O'Donnell is premier of Spain, Taaffe is premier of Austria, MacMahon is president of the French Republic, O'Connor is British ambassador to Turkey, Lord Russell of Killowen is chief justice of England, Fitzpatrick is chief justice of Canada, Walsh is governor of Massachusetts, Glynn is governor of New York,

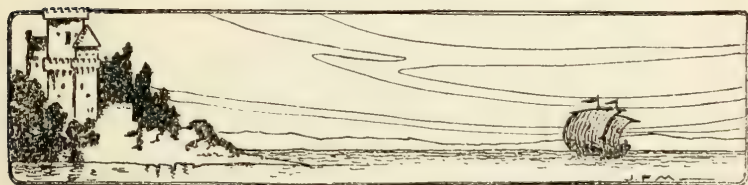


Sheridan is commander-in-chief of the American army, and Irish grandsires have furnished five presidents of the United States."

England's most successful generals in the last century were all Irishmen—Wellington, Gough, Roberts, and Kitchener; to-day we see Sir David Beatty, the worthy successor of Lord Beresford, in command of England's navy, and presiding at the surrender of the German fleet.

Had all this talent been devoted to Ireland's untrammelled development, the world would be the better for it; the stain of centuries on England's escutcheon would be dimmed with the reflected light from the neighboring isle; "the first flower of the earth and the first gem of the sea" would be the pride of European nations, and the millions of Ireland's exiled sons throughout the world would gratefully repay the country that was instrumental in procuring for her the revival of her glorious traditions. Now is America's opportunity. Let her, in the person of her President, insist emphatically and unyieldingly on Ireland's right to Self-Determination, and win for herself the eternal gratitude of an appreciative people.

JOSEPH A. O'DONNELL, '20.



### The Volunteer.

UNCLE SAM from every bill-board  
Strongly bade me volunteer :  
So I tried it; and the mem'ry  
Makes me shed a bitter tear.

First I sought to join the Navy,  
For I dearly loved the brine;  
But they brutally informed me  
I had weakness of the spine.

Next the Infantry refused me  
For my feet were flat, they found.  
The Intelligence department  
Proved me mentally unsound.

Then the K. of C. were sorry  
I had palsy of the knees,  
And the Motor Truck Detachment  
Threw me out for Bright's disease.

The Machine Gun section dropped me  
When my chest was overhauled;  
And the Aviators downed me—  
I was prematurely bald.

My poor heart, the Tank Corps told me  
Was as jerky as a flivver,  
And the "Devil Dogs" refused me  
For cirrhosis of the liver.

The Red Cross could never take me;  
I was color-blind, they said;  
And the Chemical Department  
Saw my face, and shook its head.

So I dropped my volunteering,  
And was well-nigh in despair  
When the Draft Board uninvited  
Sent along my Questionnaire.

Now, my physical condition  
I described in language plain:  
I had everything, from measles  
Up to water on the brain.

But the Draftboarddoctor viewed me  
And inscribed upon my sheet,  
"Subject physically perfect—  
Somewhat cold about the feet."

PETREL STORM, '19.

## Early Christmas Swopping.

I MUST confess at the outset of this veracious narrative that hitherto I have enjoyed a reputation for getting into all manner of mixups in the most casual and unaccountable ways. However, I always maintained that they were merely the result of the luck running against me, and I am setting down the facts you read below in support of this contention.

On the twenty-second of December, just past, I received the following note from my uncle:

Dear Desmond:—

Inclosed you will find a check for fifty dollars made out to you. I hereby present the fifty to you, to use in buying Christmas presents for your own family. I'll admit that I expect to enjoy a hearty laugh as a result of this donation; for I am sure that you will (as usual) get into some kind of a "fix."

Your fond uncle,

FORSYTHE.

For a minute I was too excited to think; but when I calmed down I resolved to make only the most judicious purchases with my relative's kind gift, and thus get myself a brand new and creditable reputation. Already I thought I overheard my elders in the next room saying, just above their breath, "What a level-headed chap Desmond is developing into," or "After all, we were mistaken about the blunders of that boy; he's not a dunce by any means."

That night I heard the clock strike two as I lay awake trying to think of suitable presents for our numerous family, but arriving at no definite conclusion. All through the next day the same preoccupation haunted me. Late in the afternoon, as I was returning from some errands, a brilliant display in the window of a Victrola shop only three blocks from home brought me to a sudden halt. Why not give the *whole* family one of those fifty dollar machines? All the family enjoyed music, and nothing had ever stood between us and a Victrola except the price. With my mind fully made up, I returned home, and that night slept the sleep of the just. On the following morning, I got my friend, Fred, and together we went down to the store and listened to some records on the aforementioned Victrola. Being perfectly satisfied, I purchased it, (and also a record, with some money of my own,) and had it delivered to the house next door, whence

my friend and I smuggled it into the house and hid it under a pile of old clothes in my press.

It was the evening meal on the night before Christmas, and every one was as happy as a lark. But I noticed that father would sometimes appear to be thinking of something far off, and then would crack a sudden happy smile and act as nervous and fidgety as a two year old colt. I wondered what was the cause of these sudden eruptions, but the others were apparently too hilarious to remark them. At about half after seven, as we were sitting upstairs in the living-room, the doorbell rang. Father, who had been twitching around and rustling his paper for some time past, immediately jumped up and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, if you will kindly follow me, I will show you something which will prove of interest to you all, and which, from now on, will form both a useful and an ornamental adjunct to our humble abode." Thunderstruck by this remarkable speech, we followed him down to the hall, where an expressman was just prying the side off a box, in which stood a two hundred dollar Victrola! On the instant everybody nearly went into hysterics, except father, the expressman, and myself. We three stood grinning: father, pleasedly; the expressman, kindly; and myself, disconsolately. Mother noticed my expression and asked me if I wasn't well, and I said that probably I had eaten too much for supper.

Quickly, I formed a plan, and going to the 'phone I again called upon my friend. He didn't want to come, but I begged so hard that at last he consented. Before he came I looked at the four records that had come with the machine, and made note of their names, for I had my fears. Immediately on my friend's arrival, I took him to my room and explained my plight along with my plan. We resurrected the cumbersome instrument from its bed of clothes and wrapped it in newspapers. Taking it between us, we carried it to the stairs and started down, when through the hall and up the stairs, started my younger brother. There was nothing to do but go on. To his querulous whisper, "Oh gee, what yu got there? Lemme see it, will yu?" my truthful friend responded, "Oh,—er—it's nothing but a box full of stuff. It's—er—a sort of a surprise." Satisfied, my brother passed on. With a sigh of relief, I closed the front door, and we began our struggle of carrying that "box full of stuff" to the store, three blocks away. If you think that was fun, just try it sometime. When we arrived at the store, I found my fears realized. You could exchange articles at the store but you could



*not* have your money refunded! There was only one thing to do. We did it. For three solid hours we sat there and listened to the music being ground out. At twelve o'clock the man told us it was closing time, even on Christmas Eve. So we spent the last five dollars in a hurry and started home. Before going up to bed, I stole into the parlor and deposited my pile of twenty-eight records beside the new instrument.

That night I dreamed that I was being chased down a long, long hill by thousands and thousands of records, with the store salesman leading, axe in hand.

Of course, when the family saw that enormous bundle of records, they had to scratch around until they had the whole story unearthed; and when Uncle Forsythe "happened" in for dinner—whew! Not only Uncle Forsythe, but every relative down to a forty-second cousin, and every friend down to the man that lent Grandpa five dollars the time he lost his pocket-book out in Chicago, has had a laugh out of that fifty dollars. May it never happen again!

VINCENT B. SMITH, 3rd H.



## From Training Camp and Battle Front.

### XIII.

**Wounded in Action. Thoughts on Returning to the Front. With an Aviator  
in the Advance Zone. A Medical Doctor Under Fire. Death Traps.**

**"Stunts" and Risks in a Hydroplane.**

**Additional Stars.**

Lieutenant Michael J. Shortley writes, as follows, to Rev.  
Edward A. Heinrich, Sutersville, Pa.:—

Dear Ed,

Your very pleasant, long letter arrived and found me last night after a chase of over three months. Many things have happened since then, and I can now order French fried potatoes like a native. This is a hospital, Ed. I'm here because, instead of running the end as your letter read, I elected to make a line plunge into a boche machine-gun nest, and got clipped in the left

shoulder. The bullet went through the fleshy part, and now, after six weeks, I am ready to go back into the game. Several times during the past week I have had mixed feelings about returning to the front lines. You know, Ed, when one gets "beaned" in a baseball game, he is a trifle shy when he steps up to the plate the next time. On the other hand, a man can get a lot of bumps in a football game, and go right back the following Saturday and play a good game. I can see you, now, as you trot around the cinder path, on the Bluff, after the Indiana game and try to get ready for the Westminster game.

My regiment is still up there, and going forward; soon I'll be with them again. I talked with a French officer here, and he mentioned the fact that returning for the first time was a man's job, and a hard one. I'll get back though, and even if I have a funny sensation when I hear a boche machine-gun with its steady pop-pop-pop-pop, no one will ever know it.

Our training period over here was short, and we managed to get in an important sector for the big drive that may soon put an end to the fighting.

I met Johnny Kane over here and we had a few parties; later we managed to get about 8,000 feet above the terra firma in Johnny's A. R. I like it a lot, and the few turns and twists he made gave me quite a sensation.

You may expect a visitor, Ed, when the bad un from Berlin quits you know. I might get back that way and will surely find Sutersville when I do. Just now, with Bulgaria, Turkey and Austria blowing up, that time doesn't seem to be far away. Of course the Germans can dig in and fight on for a few months, but as they would gain nothing by that, I think they will take the only alternative.

I thank you a lot for the remembrance in your Masses—I need it a lot, Ed. With every good wish for success and happiness in your work, I remain, etc.

---

We are pleased to reproduce the following letter from France, written by Lieutenant John P. Egan, Ordnance, U. S. A.:—

Dear Father Hehir,

After another course on this side I managed to get into the advance zone, but shortly after my arrival, the end came. With thirty Americans and about two hundred French I have charge of a large ammunition park. While the war was on, we had plenty

to do and a little excitement, but now we have only plenty to do.

Our location is ideal; in a virgin field with headquarters fifty miles back, we have erected a comfortable little camp. Though I slept in a dug-out while hostilities were on, I am now settled in a cozy little cabin with all the comforts of home, including a stove and a lamp. The inside of the hut is lined with tar paper, held in place by rocket-sticks and mahogany strips rescued from a canal boat which the Germans succeeded in shelling to pieces.

My health has been good, and if the mail service were better, I'd have no fault to find with the world.

On Monday last, I had the unusual opportunity afforded me of confessing to a French priest. He knew no English and I knew no French, but with the aid of a card containing the common faults and a few words like "day," "month," "times," etc., we managed to understand each other.

For a time I was located near Metz, but now I am on the other front, which is more beautiful and interesting. The truck ride of fifty miles to this place is one that will always remain as the feature of all my travels. I passed along the beautiful canals shaded on each side with tall trees. The hills were a mass of colors, and the little villages gave no sign of the struggle that was waging. After crossing a repaired bridge, which had been blown up by the Germans, our truck was disabled; and while standing by the road, we had the honor of springing to salute the greatest of all American soldiers, as he swept by in his car, returning from the front.

In a little while we passed out of the civilized state and began to see signs of the work that will always go down as a blot upon the name of Germany. We stopped for a few moments in the little town that was made famous by our boys, and the signs of the terrific struggle were evidenced by the condition of the buildings. Here we saw one lone woman standing in the door of what had once been a prosperous shop. The roof was gone and the front was simply a broken door and a few loose stones.

Our destination was on further with the Meuse at our back door. The work was interesting, though done at night without the aid of even a lantern.

But now it is all changed. There is nothing interesting, and as I censor the mail, I find the universal thought of the homeward voyage appearing in every letter.

A letter from the office surprised me with the news of the drastic Health Regulations which had caused the Law School to

close. When this is lifted, I hope the end of the war will bring increased prosperity to the College and Law School.

My regards I send to all the Fathers, along with best wishes for a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.

---

We cordially congratulate Lieutenant Cyril W. Lauer, M. D., promoted on October 9th to the rank of Captain. In a letter just received he told us the good news and continues as follows: "Since my last letter I have been in many battles, and have moved about very much. Lately I have been doing advanced area work, being in charge of the dressing station and collecting post close to the firing line. A short time before, I was in charge of gas cases at a corps dressing station. You will be pleased to hear that my superior officers compliment me on the thoroughness of my work.

"History is being made here daily, and I am delighted to be in the very midst of the things going on and taking an active share in them. There is a tremendous difference between this year's and last year's fighting and conditions. The days of formal trench warfare are over, and now it is open fighting on the hills and plains. All the time we are pushing the enemy backwards, obliging him to vacate towns and villages without giving him the opportunity to destroy them as he retires, though it not infrequently happens that he carries off or drives away the civilian population. Of course, we are shelled and bombarded just as before, and so we can not safely go far from the cellars where we find protection: there is a great scramble for them when the shells begin to explode in our vicinity.

"The guns we captured in battle bear the following inscription, '*Ultima ratio regis*,' 'the King's final argument.' We feel confident that we have the concluding and convincing answer in rebuttal.

"The weather has been unusually fine for some days past. The bright, clear days full of sunshine are ideal for fighting and advancing.

"Our mess, at present, is in a grand old house completely furnished; it escaped all the ravages of war. All the officers have rooms and beds to sleep in—a welcome change from lying on the ground, in huts or tents or dug-outs and trench shelters. I find it a luxury to sleep in a comfortable room in a white-enameled bed with a good stove replenished from a plentiful supply of coal and wood,



"I have seen many death-traps since my entrance into the war, but I have been on my guard against them, having resolved never to touch anything on the march, how innocent soever it looked. My motto has been, "Safety First". The enemy seem to be exceedingly clever in devising schemes that appeal to the best sentiments of our men, but diabolically contrived to deal destruction and death to the unwary soldier kindly disposed. Just here recently in one of the churches one of our men noticed a cat suspended from a rope and uttering cries of distress. His better sentiments were touched, and at once he attempted to release the little animal, but no sooner had he endeavored to open the knot with which the cat was tied than the movement of the rope set off a fuse connected with a bomb and the unfortunate man was blown to pieces.

"The news that the war will soon be over is in the air. You may imagine how happy we feel at the prospect of soon being home again, safe and sane, after the dangers and horrors to which we were daily exposed. Thank God, we have survived them. I attribute my safety to the prayers offered up for my protection, and to the fact that I have been able, even under the most adverse circumstances, to go very frequently to confession and to holy communion. In your prayers, remember, as I do, the poor soldiers, who, for others, laid down their lives in the war."

---

The following characteristic letter was written by Joseph A. Burns from the Naval Air Station, Miami, Fla., to Father Heinrich:—

You have given up long ago all hope of ever receiving an answer to your letter, or of being thanked for a box of cigars which I assure you I appreciated very much. About a dozen of the fellows here tendered you a rising vote of thanks for those same cigars. In return, if the opportunity ever presents itself, I will give you a ride in a plane, for I am now a licensed pilot, and if Uncle Sam has made no mistake you should be safe.

Before obtaining a license to carry passengers, we must climb up to about 8,000 feet, then spin down to 6, do loops and Immelman turns for a change, flipper spiral down to 3,000 feet, do figure 8 spirals to 1,500 after cutting off the motor, and from there glide down and land within 200 feet of a boat anchored in the bay. It is some test.

I passed that test some time ago, and also finished my training in H boats. These boats weigh 3 tons, and travel at the rate

of 80 miles an hour without a wind. They carry two pilots and an observer, are driven by a twelve-cylinder liberty motor, developing 385 horse power, and have a general tendency to nose into the ocean and defeat the ambitions of young aviators. I qualified as an expert in those pestiferous machines, and have since been piloting patrols out to sea, looking for subs which never appear. I will finish here next week, and will be transferred to Pensacola, where I should, barring accidents, receive my commission in about a month. I will then be sent to Nova Scotia to spend the winter, and Panama to spend the summer if my luck holds out.

I may be fortunate enough to eat dinner at home on Christmas. If I do, I will be up to see my illustrious and revered friend at Sutersville. You might have an extra cigar handy in case I do.

This is a wonderful life, Ed. It would certainly appeal to you. Up at four in the morning, I work hard until dark.

Anyone who ever tries to tell you that it is dry work driving a plane did not have to steer a three-ton elephant through a tropical storm with the compass running wildly about, due to the electricity in the atmosphere, and land some 100 miles behind with 2,000 feet between you and the water. Cold sweat trickles from pores you never realized you had, and the misdeeds of your past life stand out with glaring distinctness. I have wished several times I had a priest in the cock-pit instead of a heathen who did not even know how to drive. The rain cuts like the edge of a razor, and you would swear your face was streaming with blood. Your right leg invariably goes to sleep from pressing on the rudder, to keep the machine from turning to the left, due to the pull of the propellor. As a rule, the engine decides that now is the acceptable time to balk, and you have to "land" with the waves running 10 feet high. You are never really seasick until you have to land in the open sea with an animal they call a H boat. Your Christmas dinner of five years ago comes up with the rest. After you have been out about twelve or fifteen hours, they decide at the station that you are disabled, and send out a boat to look for you. If you are lucky, you don't have to do without water longer than twenty-four hours, but if you would like to know what that feels like you might do without a drink for awhile and every five minutes splash your face with salt water. Then you can tell the chap who says we have a soft job that he is,—well, a romancer, if you object to the use of the conventional word.

However, I like the life. There is a punch in it which cannot be approached by anything else in the service. There are days when the earth is spread out beneath you for miles and miles, and the air is calm and inviting. One such day makes up for a week of storms, and makes one forget that such a thing as danger exists in the air.

I am considered the Ace of the Station. Owing to the fact that I have sundry relatives and friends praying for my protection, I have fallen three times into the Atlantic without damaging either the machine or myself. It gives one quite a thrill to see the water reach up and grab you.

I also fell from 5,400 feet to 4,300 feet, but was lucky enough to catch myself. They had called the doctor and told him to bring along a pulmotor, but thanks to St. Christopher, whose image hangs from my neck at all times, I did not need the Doc.

This is a game in which no man is ever safe though, so I try to keep prepared. It is mighty hard at times, but most of the time death has no terrors. Better to go by a long fall than die in a bed of some disease. We all have to go when the call comes, so, why worry?

I feel fine. This country is wonderful now. The flowers are just beginning to bloom. Can you beat that? Sea-bathing all the time. Blue skies from now on are the rule, and storms the exception. I sincerely hope I run into no more storms. It is bad enough to have one a week without having one a day.

Well, I won't bore you with any more of this trash. If any body ever praises the hospitality of the South, tell him from me that such a thing does not exist at the present time. They overcharge for everything, then waylay you, and rob you of what little you have left.

Give my regards to all your folks. Take good care of your parishioners, and don't get the Flu.

---

Jacob Mosti was all smiles when he returned from France in the middle of December. He was proud of his overseas' cap and his golden stripe representing six months' service across the Atlantic. He was pilot's assistant in a flying machine, his duty being to keep one eye on a map, the other on the country beneath, and to inform the pilot through a horn what section of the country they were passing over, so that they might not miss their objective. "Jake" got to Chateau-Thierry just after the Americans put in practice their policy of th Utterly Unexpected

and cast to the winds the Rules of Hoyle, as known to the Germans in the game of war.

---

Francis M. Hoffmann has just been released from service. When the armistice was signed, he was taking a course in the Officers' Training School, Camp Taylor, Ky. He has resumed his duties at the Pennala Farms, Gadsden, Ala. We regret that we have not had in time for our Honor List his name and the name of his brother, Richard J. Hoffmann, Corporal, 306th Engineers, A. E. F.

---

The Sunny South agrees with Corporal Martin F. O'Connor, 16th Co., 156th Depot Brigade, Camp Savier, S. C. It has added many pounds to his weight, and he now tips the scales at 172. He had been acting as Supply Sergeant, and was picked to go to the Officers' Training School at Freemont, Cal., when the War Department issued orders that, as a result of the armistice, no more candidates were to be sent to such schools. He was flattered previously by the action of his lieutenant in having his name erased from a list of sixty chosen to form a Personnel in Camp Gordon, Ga.; the lieutenant found him a good worker and practically indispensable. He expects that he will soon be sent to Camp Upton, L. I., there to be mustered out.

---

Captain McCullough favored us with a visit on his return from the Engineers' Training School in Camp Meade. He is glad that peace is restored, and that he can get back to his desk, which alone is privileged to be the custodian of his projected inventions that will make life more worth living, and give the poor man new employment in building up fortunes for men of wealth willing to experiment. That desk is the property of the Luna Co., Oliver Building.

---

We acknowledge with due appreciation the receipt of Christmas cards from the Rev. Lieutenant Joseph D. Hagan, Chaplain, 8th Infantry, A. E. F., Bernard McDermott and George P. Spinnenweber with a regiment of Engineers in France.

H. J.





# SANCTUM

## EDITORIAL

### *For Ireland's Freedom.*

**I**T is to be hoped that the day dreams of every truly patriotic son of Erin will soon be realized. Through the centuries she has been an entity apart, a nation enjoying freedom or aspiring to regain it, a country with its own traditions, its own language, its own literature, its own history, music and distinctive characteristics. She has never been absorbed by conquering Britain. From the day that she received from the hands of St. Patrick the divine gift of faith, she has treasured that sacred deposit, and we believe it is largely because she has remained perseveringly and uncompromisingly Catholic in spite of blandishment and bribe, scaffold and sword, that she has had no friend to give her what she has freely given to others. Though she never turned a deaf ear to prayers for help, and though her sons went forth to battle for oppressed peoples on the plains of Europe and in the misgoverned colonies of America, she has been compelled to wear the badge of slavery and the shackles of bondage despite her protests and her uprisings through the agonies of seven hundred years.

Ireland's statesmen have helped to rule practically every civilized country under the sun, but they have been denied the right to shape the destinies of their own. Her enemies declare that the Irish people are not united in their demands. But what people is? When, in history, was absolute unanimity to be found? Here in our own blessed land when our forefathers rose up in their might against the unjust laws and the iniquitous taxation imposed by a foreign power, there was found a Tory party neither inconsiderable in numbers nor uninfluential in wealth, that aligned themselves against the will of the majority

and offered what opposition they could to that separation from England which was the beginning of our liberties and the dawn of our growth. Following their ignoble example, a handful of Ulster Orangemen, petted and coddled by the British Parliament into that ungrateful insubordination characteristic of spoiled children, determined to fight with England rather than be severed from it. They have had their day. Why should not the original rulers of the country and owners of the land come into their own at length, having their claims acknowledged and conceded, more particularly as they contemplate no injustice to Cromwellian adventurers and Scottish planters, who have enjoyed the spoils of office and the practical encouragement of the Government altogether out of proportion to their numbers and their deserts?

Now that the dove of peace has alighted on the war-wrecked cities of western Europe, and that the diplomats of England, France, America and Italy are to assemble at the fateful Conference to be held in Paris, Ireland has a long-standing claim to be favorably heard.

England's official spokesman, Lloyd George, has publicly and frequently proclaimed that his country entered the world war in defense of small nationalities. President Wilson has emphatically declared that no people must be forced to submit to a sovereignty under which it does not wish to live—that no nation should be governed by another nation against its will; he exercises a preponderating influence and will occupy a commanding position through his representatives, for Cardinal Mercier in union with impartial observers all the world over unhesitatingly and gratefully acknowledged that America saved the world from a tyranny worse than death. The population of Ireland reduced by more than one-half by a famine that the British Parliament would not relieve or even recognize, and by the unjust laws that forced her freedom-loving sons to find an asylum as exiles in a foreign land, is still greater than that of Greece, or Switzerland, Servia, Norway, Bulgaria or Denmark; the claims of such a nation can not be overlooked or disregarded. If Lloyd George was sincere, which we greatly doubt, and if President Wilson formulated his principles with a view to their enforcement, and does not allow himself to be cajoled by the honeyed words of English statesmen who are flattering him now that they may make a tool of him later,—then we may rest assured that the freedom which Ireland was instrumental in winning for others will be procured for herself, and the green banner which was so often trailed in the mire and

stained with blood in '98, and other years we are proud to recall, will wave over the four provinces from blackest Antrim to "rebel" Cork, and from the classic city of the Pale to the remotest wilds of western Connemara.

Peace, to be enduring, must be founded on justice. Deny it to the Irish race, and Ireland's sons at home and abroad in every land that the sun shines on, will cherish and transmit to generations yet to be an embittered and resentful spirit inimical to British interests and destructive of British prestige, that will never be appeased until the longings of centuries shall have been gratified.

To promote the cause that every loyal son of Ireland has at heart next to the duties he owes to the Stars and Stripes, delegates from every State in the Union assembled in Washington, D. C., on the 12th and 13th of December, to impress on the Foreign Relations' Committee the importance of a satisfactory settlement of the long-vexed Irish question. Our own Professor, Patrick Cronin, Ph. D., was there to represent Duquesne University, and he was able to assure us on his return that the delegates had been favored with a most satisfactory, prolonged and sympathetic hearing justifying the firm hope that the Committee would recommend action by the Senate urging the President to voice in no equivocal terms his set purpose to see that justice will be at length meted out to a land that has deserved well and generously from the down-trodden nations of the earth now no longer trampled in the dust, but upright in the glory of their acknowledged freedom.

As an additional means to further the noble cause in which we are all interested, the following communication was forwarded to the President of the Senate, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, Chairman Flood, Foreign Relations' Committee; Senators Porter, Knox and Penrose, and Congressmen Morin, Campbell and Kelly:—

"The President and Faculty of Duquesne University, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, rejoice in the practically world-wide acceptance of President Wilson's Fourteen Points making for universal peace and the happiness of smaller nations. Amongst these nations none more than Ireland has so freely given of its brains and its blood to secure independence for this country of ours, and to maintain it united. We believe that the time has come when her own oft-repeated plea for self-government should command a favorable hearing. We therefore respectfully and earnestly urge



that Congress should include Ireland amongst the small nations whose rights to self-determination are to be asserted at the approaching Peace Conference, and we pray the President to champion her cause."



### *The Late Right Reverend Monsignor Lambing.*

**R**T. REVEREND MONSIGNOR ANDREW A. LAMBING, LL. D., is dead. Venerable by his years, respected for his virtues, honored for his talents, and memorable for his writings, he has left a void in our midst that will not soon be filled. He was one of the best known priests of the diocese, and yet he was rarely seen at social events and gatherings; but were it the funeral of a priest, the dedication of a church, the closing of the Forty Hours', or an exceptional meeting of the Historical Society, he was conspicuous by his presence, by his childlike simplicity, and by the sympathetic interest that drew him away from his literary labors. Long after his venerated remains have crumbled into dust, he will be remembered and extolled as an apostle of frequent Communion and the first historian of the diocese. He was also a generous benefactor of Duquesne University.

He loved our Divine Saviour in the tabernacle of the altar and was never happier than when he was distributing the Bread of Life to his parishioners. Those who visited his church on a Saturday afternoon were edified to see the numbers assembled around his confessional, waiting their turn to tell their simple tale to Christ's gentle representative, and to hear, before the blessed formula of absolution was pronounced over them, words of encouragement to persevere faithfully in the good fight notwithstanding the trials, disappointments, and temptations that might assail them during the trying time of their earthly pilgrimage. But this was not all. They learned from his lips that their souls' most vital interests are inseparably bound up with the reception of their Eucharistic God, and they were urged most convincingly and most perseveringly to sacrifice their leisure and their pleasure in order to approach the altar rail, not only on Sundays and holy-days, but several times and, if possible, daily throughout the week. His advice was given with a holy unction and a simple eloquence that went straight to the heart, and, as a result, frequent communion was most extensively practised in St. James's parish. What a consolation for any priest, what a source of



justifiable pride for the simple, zealous "Father" Lambing to know that through his humble ministrations God was becoming daily more loved and more appreciated! When the twilight of his long life was waning amidst the gathering clouds of the night that knows no waking, this thought must have filled him with joy and comforted him in the prospect of the momentous judgment soon to be passed upon his entire life.

As an historian he has rendered inestimable service to this diocese. Whoever undertakes to write upon the subject in the future must inevitably use Monsignor Lambing's history as foundation for the superstructure. He had a most tenacious memory for persons, places, and events; this served him well in compiling the records of the many churches of Western Pennsylvania. His information was drawn from reliable sources: he consulted the oldest inhabitants, he conversed with the clergy on their personal achievements, he assisted at dedications whenever it was possible, and he accumulated the largest and most varied library dealing with happenings in which he was interested. Pittsburgh and Allegheny County received a due share of his attention. For the instruction and edification of Catholics at large, he published several volumes inculcating devotion to the Holy Ghost and to the Blessed Mother, and conveying helpful directions for youth and Sunday school teachers. Much as he was interested in literary labors, he never allowed them to interfere with the discharge of his priestly duties. He employed his pen exclusively for imparting useful information and conveying salutary instruction; thus his learned addresses from the platform and his plain but forceful sermons from the pulpit will be perpetuated in books that will be treasured long after his death. He is the author of the following works: *The Orphan's Friend*, *The Sunday School Teacher's Manual*, *A History of the Catholic Church in the Diocese of Pittsburgh and Allegheny*, *The Sacramentals of the Holy Catholic Church*, *Come, Holy Ghost*, *The Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin*, and *The Fountain of Living Waters*. He was the first associate editor of *Pennsylvania, Historical and Biographical*. He published the first numbers of what is now the monthly magazine, *American Catholic Historical Researches*. Moreover, he contributed extensively to *The History of Allegheny County, Pennsylvania*, *The Centennial History of Allegheny County*, and *The Standard History of Pittsburgh*. He also wrote articles for the *Ave Maria*. At the time of his death he was engaged on *Foundation Stones of a Great Diocese*.

Throughout his sacerdotal life, Monsignor Lambing was deeply interested in Catholic higher education. In February, 1877, at the request of the Right Reverend Bishop Tuigg, he assumed control of the Catholic Institute. This educational venture had a precarious existence. As an academy founded in 1843, "oft doomed to death though fated not to die," it languished through a series of years, and even Father Lambing, with all his energy and enthusiasm, realized that its only hope of success lay in turning it over to a religious community. Providentially, when resources were at their lowest ebb and prospects of clearing off the debt incurred appeared gloomy in the extreme, Rev. Joseph Graff, C. S. Sp., called on him early in 1878, and was assured that the work, notwithstanding its many lapses from high hope to anxious fear, was bound to succeed in the end. Thus encouraged and with the approval of the Right Reverend Bishop, the Holy Ghost Fathers assumed the burden. Father Lambing continued to take an active interest in its maintenance and development. For many years he offered a gold medal for competition in the history classes; he donated to the library numerous volumes of exceptional merit, and he showed his zeal for foreign missionary effort by founding a scholarship for the education of a clergyman who would devote his life to the evangelization of the pagan. He has thus ensured to himself the lasting gratitude of the Fathers and the suffrage of their prayers.

Honors unsought came to him in abundance. For many years he was president of the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania; he was one of the original trustees of the Carnegie Institute, and trustee of the Carnegie Institute of Technology; he was, moreover, a parish priest consultor, censor of books, president of the parochial school board, and diocesan director of the Priests' Eucharistic League. In 1886 the University of Notre Dame conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws, and in March, 1915, he was appointed Domestic Prelate by the Holy Father, with the title of Monsignor.

On Christmas eve he was called to his reward. Simplicity marked his life; earnestness, his work; and zeal, his ministrations. May he rest in peace!

H. J.



# CHRONICLE

## College and High School.

### Demobilization.

After two short but intensely interesting months of military experience, the members of the Students' Army Training Corps were mustered out of the service on December 9.

The matter of returning uniforms and equipment and of settling up accounts were attended to with Uncle Sam's customary thoroughness. Each man was supplied with a new uniform which he is entitled to wear for four months after being discharged.

Some days before the demobilization, each member of the Corps was presented with a copy of the New Testament by the Catholic Women's League through the Secretary, Mrs. T. M. Molamphy. We take pleasure in acknowledging the welcome gift and expressing our appreciation.

At the last formal dinner of the unit the Reverend President and the teaching staff including Rev. J. A. Dewe, Rev. J. F. Malloy, Messrs. W. M. Deviny, H. P. Shearman, William H. Lacey, Major John D. Meyer and Dr. I. J. Moyer were present.

After the meal was over there was quite a number of "gas attacks," patriotic, humorous, and otherwise appropriate. Mr. Deviny, the toastmaster, called upon Dr. Moyer, who complimented the young men on the excellent physical condition prevalent during their stay in camp.

Private Harry Topping described the good feeling and friendly intercourse that existed among the members of the unit, its officers and its faculty; his expression of regret at the premature demobilization was heartily endorsed by the student-body. Mr. Lacey expressed the hope that the study of international law would be continued by every one present. Lieutenant Welch declared that it was regrettable that he would not be in a position to assign any more of his friends in the unit to the delightful tasks known as K-P. Lieutenant Winslow gave the young men some friendly advice on the continuance of their studies, and stated that he intended to do as he was advising them. Lieutenant Lutz expressed regret that the men did not have an opportunity of completing their training in the use of the rifle.

Dr. Shearman told several very interesting stories in his usual happy manner, counselled his hearers to continue their school work, and make good in the business world as they would have succeeded in the military sphere if the S. A. T. C. were continued.

Private John Dobbins in his characteristic humorous mood, told the gathering of how he had endeavored to keep quiet during the short existence of the S. A. T. C., so that he would not be selected as the commanding officer; he spoke feelingly of the comradeship that the short term of probation had engendered, and expressed the wish that it would be continued long after demobilization was over.

When Major Meyer was called upon, he stirred the patriotic impulses of



every man present. He showed that the flag is a symbol of all that is dear and near to every true American citizen; he told how "Retreat" always impressed him and made him fully realize everything that an American citizen should be.

The Rev. Father Malloy delivered a pleasing talk on France, the characteristics of the French people, and America's debt to the land of Lafayette. He hoped that in view of the close relations now established between our land and France, the study of the French language, so well begun, would be continued.

Lieutenant Warren R. Canright, Commanding Officer, was greeted with applause that amounted to an ovation. Now that the men were about to be mustered out, he could express the sincere appreciation he felt for the excellent work done by them. He praised their manly bearing, their good conduct, their military discipline; he regretted sincerely the demobilization, as a bond of good fellowship had sprung up, which he did not desire to see so quickly destroyed.

The Reverend President in closing remarks counselled the members of the unit to continue the good work that was started at the University, and hoped that they would be real men, well developed, well educated, clean, moral individuals. Wherever their paths should lead them, he wished them God-speed.

The quintet consisting of Pellegrini, Lynam, Kelly, Gannon and Fischer, rendered several selections during the dinner. The gathering as a finale sang the Star-Spangled Banner.

The last function before disbanding was a brilliant one—a military ball at the Fort Pitt Hotel. The sparkling gayety of youth, the lilting charm of music, the lure of the dance, made it an occasion that will be long remembered. Nirella's orchestra furnished the music; there were favors for the ladies, smokes for the men, and punch for all.

More than half of the members of the S. A. T. C. will return to the University as students in various departments.

### **The R. O. T. C.**

When the S. A. T. C. was demobilized, the War Department proposed to the Duquesne University to continue military training in a modified form amongst the students, and offered to send an officer to take charge, if at least one hundred over fourteen years of age would undertake to drill for three hours a week. Over two hundred with their parents' approval expressed their desire. The War Department was communicated with, and the following telegram, in reply, was received on December 14th: "You may proceed with organization of Reserve Officers' Training Corps, pending official notification from the Adjutant General of the army. A professor of military science and tactics will be assigned to your institution in the near future."

The Government will supply uniforms. Students are required to wear them only during drill periods. Wearing of uniforms, at other times, will be at the option of the University.

We rejoice that Lieutenant Warren R. Canright, Commanding Officer of the S. A. T. C., has been appointed in charge by the War Department.



**Boarders' Banquet.**

The Christmas holidays extended from December 20 to January 6. The boarders enjoyed a "Christmas spread" on the eve of their departure. When the succulent viands were disposed of a "feast of reason and flow of soul" was inaugurated by Father Malloy, acting as toastmaster. Edward Quinn, senior Senior, touched on "the Boarders' Debts"; Father McGuigan dilated on "Future Achievements"; Lieutenant Canright spoke of the "Homelike Spirit" among the boarders; Professor Campbell said a word about "the Christmas Season", and Father Hehir wound up with congratulations on the progress made in the last three months and a right merry holiday send-off.

**Reception, Euchre.**

For the Students' Reception and Euchre in the William Penn ball-room on February 12, the following chairmen have been nominated: T. C. Brown, Reception; J. J. Gallagher, Door; P. A. Diranna, Euchre, and E. J. Quinn, Prize.

**Sympathy.**

We sympathize deeply with the parents of Joseph T. Garner, graduate of the Sacred Heart High School and member of the Pre-Medical class. He died on December 11 after a brief illness. *R. I. P.*

**School of Accounts.**

The following gentlemen who completed the course in the School of Accounts, presented themselves for Certified Public Accountants' Examination and passed successfully: T. J. Cook, T. R. Corbin, F. H. Ottman, Dr. P. S. Smith, J. E. Smunk and W. A. Wood. This is the fourth year that Duquesne has entered students for this most difficult examination, and already more than one-half the P. A. men in Western Pennsylvania are from Duquesne.

O. L. MCINTYRE

## READ THE PARACLETE

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Honor of the Holy Ghost

Published by the Holy Ghost Fathers

And Containing Contributions by Leading Authors  
of the Day

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50

Address—Holy Ghost Fathers,  
Cornwells Heights, Pa.

Established 1875

**Thomas E. Wall**

**DRUGGIST**

643 FIFTH AVENUE

PITTSBURGH

Let Us Do Your

**PRINTING**

and be satisfied

**FAHEY & CO.**

25 SHINGISS ST.

PITTSBURGH

Bell Phone 540 Hemlock.

**F. W. IMMEKUS**

Window Shades

Paints

Linoleum and Wall Paper

1317-19 Carson Street, S. S.

Bell, 1856 Court

Plate Glass

Window Glass

Rough and Ribbed Skylight

Bent Glass

Ornamental Glass

**GEO. A. KIM & CO.**

318-320 FIRST AVE.

PITTSBURGH

Bet. Wood and Smithfield Streets

A famous New York hatter makes

*Oetting's Hats*

**OTTO OETTING,**

643 SMITHFIELD STREET

PITTSBURGH



Wants a Plumber, Quick

**BUERKLE PLUMBING CO.**

245 THIRD AVENUE, PITTSBURGH

Established 1865

F. J. TOT, President  
T. W. FRIEND, Vice President

GEORGE C. SCHMIDT, Cashier  
H. J. C. BREKER, Asst Cashier

# National Bank of America

709-711 East Ohio Street, Pittsburgh

CAPITAL \$200,000.00

SURPLUS \$350,000.00

---

**A. KLEIN**

3705 Butler St., Pittsburgh

HOLIDAY SPECIALTIES

in Church Goods

Bell Phone, Fisk 1572

---



PITTSBURGH

Invites the Accounts of Individuals, Firms and Corporations  
Every courtesy extended Depositors  
without reference to size of their accounts.

Capital and Surplus, \$2,100,000.00

FIFTH AND LIBERTY AVENUES

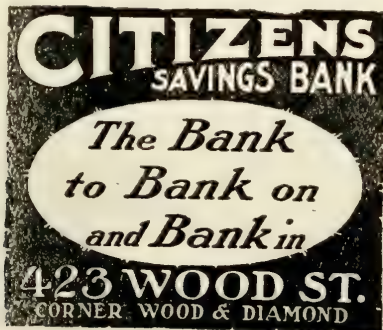
---

## The Pittsburg Observer

\$1.50 a Year

AMERICA'S FOREMOST WEEKLY

---



WHEN YOU'RE IN A HURRY



**Phone  
Hemlock 700**

THE KEYSTONE LUMBER CO., PITTSBURGH

---

**Let the 7 BAKER BROS. Do Your Baking**

**AND PROMOTE PITTSBURGH**

None but the best and purest of materials  
are used exclusively in our

**"HOLSUM"** Bakery Products

Your Grocer Has Them

---

**THE J. H. MACKALL CO.**

Manufacturers of

**CAKES, CRACKERS, CANDY**

Successors to  
E. Maginn

**OYSTER CRACKERS**

OUR SPECIALTY

---



**WM. WUERTHELE**

Manufacturer and Dealer in  
New and Second Hand

**BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES**

Bowling Alley Supplies, Repairing of Tables  
our Specialty. Turning of Billiard, Pool  
and Bowling Balls and Cues to Order.

412 Diamond Street PITTSBURGH



**INKS**

Library  
Paste  
Mucilage  
and  
Glue

**J. C. SWEARINGEN INK CO**

**Pittsburgh**



Bell, 80 L Hemlock  
A. Rausch John Rausch Jos. Rausch  
Graining and Glazing  
Orders Attended to Promptly

## AUGUST RAUSCH & BROS.

House, Sign and Fresco

### PAINTERS

Estimates furnished on Cleaning all kinds of Paints. All kinds of Paints, mixed ready for use. Sole distributors of E-Z Paint and Varnish Cleaner.

94 Pius Street, S. S., Pittsburgh

---

## F. X. MANSMANN CO.

### MANX UNION SUITS a Specialty

Medium and Heavy Weights

\$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50, Up

Every Garment Guaranteed

FIFTH AVENUE ARCADE

PITTSBURGH, PA.

---

Established 1890

## LATSHAW-FEERST CO.

RECEIVERS AND SHIPPERS

### BUTTER and EGGS

202 FERRY STREET

PITTSBURGH

Bell, 9040 Court P. & A. 1369 Main

## JAS. W. FISHER

Wholesale  
and Retail

## FISH AND OYSTERS

66 Diamond Market

33 Diamond Square

PITTSBURGH

---

TELEPHONE GRANT 15

Fort Pitt

## Lithographing Co.

Engravers

Printers

Lithographers

Bank Stationers

701-703 Forbes Street

PITTSBURGH

---

## THE PARK BANK

6106 Penn Avenue

East End PITTSBURGH

Deals with Its Customers  
in a Human Way.

---

# G. B. HURT

INCORPORATED

## Wholesale Grocers

HOTEL, BAKERS AND CONFECTIONERS SUPPLIES

PENN AVENUE and WATER STREET

PITTSBURGH

# GRAFNER BROS.

## Wholesale JEWELERS

IMPORTERS OF DIAMONDS

811 Liberty Avenue  
Pittsburgh

---

Bell, 9424 Grant P. & A. 5491 M Pitt

## SNIGO'S

Ice Cream and Ices  
Have No Equal

Brick Cream a Specialty  
Any Flavor Desired at Short Notice  
Wholesale and Retail

607 FIFTH AVE., PITTSBURGH

---

## Eugene S. Reilly & Co.

REAL ESTATE  
Mortgages Insurance

432-432 Fourth Avenue  
PITTSBURGH

Private Exchange Court No. 1

---

## GROGAN COMPANY

Direct your attention to  
their stock of

Jewelry Silverware  
Watches and Clocks

At all times complete and of the  
highest quality

Wood Street and Sixth Avenue  
PITTSBURGH

Edward S. Bily H. G. Stratman  
E. A. Williams

## CHARLES BILY CO. TAILORS

Suite 219-21-23 Union Arcade  
Pittsburgh

Bell Tel. 2568 Grant

---

## Bailey-Farrell Manufacturing Co.

Plumbing Supplies  
Heating Supplies

---

Oldest House in the line  
in Western Penn'a.

Office and Warehouse  
Third and Ross

EXHIBIT ROOMS  
UNION ARCADE  
PITTSBURGH

---



"Her Favorite"  
Chocolates

BELL PHONE 688 GRANT

## BURNS, FLEMING & CO.

ENGINEERS and CONTRACTORS

Steam and Hot Water Heating and Ventilating Apparatus.

General Steam Fitting and Power Plants.

815 FORBES STREET,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

---

## PAINTS, VARNISHES AND BRUSHES

are like medicine. They are only cheap when you  
get the right kind for the right purpose

To be sure of your painting material be sure of your dealer

In business 68 years

## C. A. MICHEL & CO.

949 Liberty Avenue,

Pittsburgh

(OPPOSITE SMITHFIELD STREET)

JOHN DIMLING

President.

H. B. DEMMLEE

V. Prest.

C. A. MUEHLBRONNER, V. Pres.

CHARLES E. SCHUETZ, Cashier

JOHN H. DEMMLEE, Asst. Cashier

COMPLIMENTS

OF

## Western Savings and Deposit Bank

OLIVER BUILDING, 533 Smithfield St

PITTSBURGH

Accounts of Individuals and Corpora-  
tions Solicited.

4 per cent. paid on Time Deposits.

2 per cent. paid on Checking Accounts

## M. LETZELTER

4614-4616

LIBERTY AVENUE

—  
Fisk 156

PHONE GRANT OR MAIN 100

## ORDER

# HERMES' OHIO & PITTSBURGH MILK CO.

## Pure Milk and Cream

Delivered to your home at a saving of 10 per cent.

Quality guaranteed best put out in Pittsburgh

---

## THE BEST IN ROLLING MILL MACHINERY

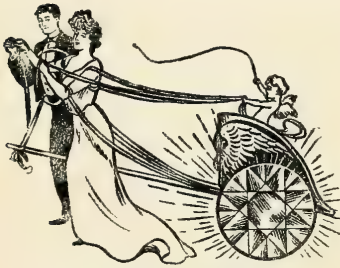
# Mackintosh-Hemphill & Co.

MANGANITE

ROLLS

STEEL

---



**GILLESPIE BROS.**

Diamond Importers      Jewelers  
Second Floor Jenkins Arcade

---

Phone Hemlock 147

## Mrs. S. Kersting

Religious Articles,  
School Books and Candles  
Wholesale and Retail

The Right Goods at the Right Place

104 PIUS STREET  
S. S., PITTSBURGH, PA.





Phone 1107 Court.

**STALL 74**

**Some people eat good meat  
some of the time, but those  
who deal at Schlelein's eat  
good meat all the time.**

**Positively the one best quality of Home-  
dressed and Government-inspected Meats**

**J. & W. SCHLELEIN**

**PITTSBURGH MARKET**

---

**Our Sausage and Bologna have no equal**

---

**MANSMANN'S**  
UPTOWN DAYLIGHT STORE

**5911-5915 PENN AVENUE**

**East End**

**PITTSBURGH**

---

**What Eichenlaub's Sell You is Good**

**EICHENLAUB'S**  
**FURNITURE, RUGS, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES**  
**3501-3503 Butler Street, Pittsburgh**

---

**TERHEYDEN CO.**

**DIAMONDS**

**530 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh**

ESTABLISHED 1884

The Oldest Popular Price Tailor in  
Greater Pittsburgh

Suits Made to Your Order

\$15, 18, 20, 22, 25

Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed or Money Refunded

**LEEDS COMPANY**

**PROGRESSIVE TAILORS**

128 Sixth Street, opp. Alvin

6225 Frankstown Avenue, E. E.  
10 doors from Penn Avenue

150 Carson Street, S. S.

**PITTSBURGH**

---

NEW GALLERIES

**Wunderly Bros.**

*Fine Art Dealers*

512 Wood St. 306-8-10 Oliver Ave.

**PITTSBURGH**

---

**D. Rosser**  
**STUDIO**

347 Fifth Avenue

**PITTSBURGH**

Work of this Studio Awarded Twenty  
Nine National and State Awards

---

**White**

**Transfer & Storage Co.**

Furniture Storage Only

Separate Apartments Low Prices

Motor Trucks, Vans or Wagons for  
Moving

Office 708 Duquesne Way and  
715 Seal Street

No North Side Branch

---

Bell Phone 1086 Fisk

Carriages

Automobiles

**O. J. GOETZ, F. D.**

**Leichenbestatter**

**3509 Penn Avenue**

**PITTSBURGH**

# D'YOUVILLE COLLEGE

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Under the Direction of the Grey Nuns

A College for Women, chartered by Act of Legislature of the State of New York. Registered with the University of the State of New York.

---

Courses leading to degrees in *Arts, Science, Pedagogy, Literature and Music*  
Special preparation for High School Teaching.  
Design and Painting, under Male Instructor.

RIGHT REV. DENIS J. DOUGHERTY, D. D., Chancellor.

SISTER ST. STANISLAUS,  
President.

WILLIAM A. MARTIN, M. A.  
Director of Studies.

FACULTY :

Members of the Grey Nuns' Community, Members of the Clergy,  
and Men and Women Lay Specialists.

---

## Holy Angels' Academy

In Connection with D'Youville College

College Preparatory and General Culture Courses. Music, Languages,  
Design and Painting. New York State Regents' Diplomas.

---

## BOLD'S HOME-MADE BREAD

BAKED FRESH EVERY DAY.

It is so manifestly good and fresh that it produces a light,  
flaky crust that melts deliciously in the mouth, and there  
is no soaking in of the filling, nor sogginess, no indigestion.

Every Loaf is of Uniform Excellence, the Standard by which  
others are judged.

AUGUST BOLD,

821-29 Industry St., Pittsburgh

---



Bell Phones: Hemlock 308 R

Hill 412 W

Commercial Photography

Photographer

Portraits in Crayon, Oil and Water Color Paintings

1207 Carson Street and Post Office Building, Mt. Oliver

---

## WAGNER BROS. SHOE CO.

WHOLESALE SHOES

429 LIBERTY AVENUE

PITTSBURGH

# Duquesne Monthly

A Literary Magazine

Vol. XXVI.

FEBRUARY, 1919

No. 5

---

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR  
BY THE STUDENTS OF DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY

---

TERMS : ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE  
ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

Address, Duquesne Monthly, Duquesne University, Pittsburgh, Pa.

---

Entered as second-class matter, at the Pittsburgh  
Postoffice, April 30, 1911

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103,  
Act of October 3, 1917, authorized October 22, 1918.

---

JUSTIN J. GALLAGHER, '19, Editor-in-Chief

JAMES J. McCLOSKEY, '19	CYRIL J. KRONZ, '20	Associate Editors
FRANCIS J. LIGDAY, '20	ANDREW J. KING, '22	Exchanges
M. NOON GLYNN, '20	.	Alumni
LEO J. MCINTYRE, '22	.	Chronicle
T. ROBERT SULLIVAN, '19 (H. S.)	.	Athletics



# Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXVI.

FEBRUARY, 1919.

Number 5

## The Man In The Moon.

**T**RADITION asserts there's a man in the moon,  
And tradition is surely correct.  
His countenance ever is decked with a smile,  
Which no one can fail to detect.

Now, that seems to me a remarkable fact,  
For he 's been at his post looking down  
Since man can remember, and longer than that,  
Yet has never indulged in a frown.

He 's seen all our misery, hatred, and strife,  
And never grew angry the while;  
He knows the perennial folly of man,  
And still he continues to smile.

But the man in the moon is proverbially wise,  
And here 's why he 's never distressed—  
He 's sure there 's a Providence ruling events,  
So they always work out for the best.

If we would have faith in that Providence too,  
Our worries would cease very soon;  
No matter how cheerless our prospects might be,  
We'd smile like the man in the moon.

PETREL STORM, '19.



## Catherine The Great.

**I**T chanced that the January number of a monthly magazine with which I was not familiar, fell into my hands some days ago.

As I curiously glanced over the table of contents, one title caught my eye. It read "More Super-Women", and was apparently the second of a series written by a lady of literary pretensions. For some years the term Super-Men has been familiarly connected with a nation that prided itself on its manifold gifts of nature and grace, cultivated to a degree which prompted its people to look down upon the rest of mankind as belonging to a race of utterly inferior beings; we know that their claims failed to stand the crucial test of war, and that the boastful scions of a bloated autocracy have lately occasioned the downfall of an empire great in word and work. But Super-Women was to me a new term, and my interest was aroused. A cursory perusal proved the article to be a tissue of irregularities and turpitudes on the part of Catherine II. deserving of unsparing condemnation. That the writer should have passed over achievements which entitled her subject to the name of Great, and that she should pander to the depraved taste of a corrupt coterie of readers, are evidence that her comprehension is narrow, her judgment warped, and her literary taste vitiated.

The following pages undertake to show that Catherine was not wholly bad, and that history did not err egregiously in classifying her amongst the world's distinguished rulers.

Catherine II., of Russia, is generally regarded as the ablest female sovereign since Semiramis, with the possible exception of Maria Theresa, of Germany, and Elizabeth, of England. Since Ivan the Terrible, no monarch had extended the limits of the Russian empire by such vast conquests. She subordinated all personal feelings and considerations to the interests of the State, and, as a result, she had the satisfaction of seeing it make rapid strides in the path of prosperity, glory, and civilization. And yet, though her own people spoke of her with admiration and devotion, foreigners heaped abuse upon her as cruel, heartless.

and unscrupulous. She may be likened to the two-faced god of antiquity, Janus Bifrons: towards the former she turned a visage full of majesty and mildness; towards the latter, a countenance at once stern and forbidding.

As Sophia Augusta, daughter of the Prince of Anhalt-Zerbst, she was born at Stettin on May 2, 1729. At an early age she was chosen by the Empress Elizabeth for the wife of her nephew, Peter of Holstein-Gottorp, heir to the Russian throne. Naturally ambitious, such a union appealed to her. Her mother had given her a severe education which strengthened her masculine character. She soon mastered the Russian language, familiarized herself with the history, manners, and institutions of the country, and speedily became a thorough Russian in her affections and her sympathies. Though reared a Lutheran, she sought admission into the Greek Church, and in baptism took the name of Catherine.

The first sight of her future husband was far from prepossessing. His face was repulsive with its hideous traces of smallpox. His manners were rude and vulgar, and his understanding weak. Further acquaintance did not enhance her opinion of him; but she had resolved to accept him as a means to power and prominence in the empire. Neither seemed to have for the other the respect and admiration from which conjugal love might be engendered. He had soon his favorites, and so had she. The breach between them widened fast, and yet he was not wholly bad. He recalled the exiled, pardoned his personal enemies, bestowed signal favors upon the deserving, gave more freedom to the nobility, and proved himself the friend of the poor. But he also made enemies. He favored Lutheranism, ordered images to be removed from the churches, and attempted to subject ecclesiastical power to that of the State. Finally, he incurred wide-spread hostility by the introduction of rigid Prussian discipline into the army, and by showing preference for German over native troops.

Catherine watched with satisfaction his waning popularity. Through her tact and matchless influence she had attached to herself a strong party and no small portion of the army. A rumor reached her ears that Peter had expressed the intention to divorce her and exclude her son from the succession. At once, assisted by officers of the army, she headed a revolt of the troops, and declared herself empress. Peter, slow to realize his danger, and too weak to adopt strong measures, was seized and cast into



prison. There he was done to death by the self-confessed murderer, Alexis Orlov. Without waiting for the announcement of his death, she had herself proclaimed empress, and had the oath of allegiance administered to the people in her capital city.

In the very beginning of her reign, she began to manifest those masculine traits which enabled her to give her name to the age in which she lived. Her first problem was to discover a procurator general to superintend the finances of the empire, to direct the Senate, and to govern all the interior affairs of the nation. Her keen and correct judgment of men enabled her to select Prince Viamsemski for this responsible office. She instructed him to "favor no party, but to be courteous and dispassionate towards all, having only the good of the country and justice in view, and walking with firm steps in the shortest road to truth." With regard to her own sovereign powers, she instructed him as follows: "You will find that I have no other aims than the highest welfare and glory of the fatherland, and desire nothing but the happiness of my subjects. I love truth above all things, and you may speak it, fearing nothing; I shall encourage discussion if good can be accomplished by it. I hear that all esteem you as an honest man: I hope to show you by experience that persons of such qualities can live happily at court. I will add that I require no flattery from you, but solely frankness and sincerity in your dealings, and firmness in the affairs of state." These instructions are evidence that she desired ardently the welfare and happiness of her people, and adopted measures to secure these beneficent results.

During the first twelve years of her reign her activities were of the most progressive character. She assembled representatives of all the provinces at Moscow, to discuss plans for reforming the administration of justice, and, as a result, completely reorganized the laws of the empire. She encouraged immigration, introduced sanitary measures, founded schools and colleges, endowed hospitals, built canals and fortresses, sent Russian scholars and artists abroad to profit by travel, encouraged the translation of works into the language of the country, and invited to the court some of the leading lights of the French literary world.

Whilst she improved the condition of her own people, she fostered the ambition to extend, to the utmost, the limits of her empire. To this end, she planned and plotted. She wisely bided her time, knowing that the opportunity would come, and she was



not disappointed. In a discussion in Poland over religious toleration, the country was divided. Catherine sided with the liberal party, favoring it, the confederation of Radom, against that of Bar. The members of the latter being defeated, fled to Turkey and Austria. The Turks became alarmed at the proximity of the Russians, and rashly rushed into war without adequate preparation; as a result, they were badly beaten. Elated with this success and believing that the time was ripe for appropriating Polish territory just then in a state of anarchy, she invited Prussia and Austria to join her in her scheme. The three nations subscribed a sum sufficiently large to bribe the Polish diet. Catherine profited by the deal to the extent of incorporating what was known as White Russia (1772). She further increased her territory by defeating the Turks in a war she had provoked (1787-92).

A confederation of dissatisfied Polish nobles opposed to the changes introduced by the Prussia nminister Hertzberg, invoked the aid of Catherine. Profiting of the misgivings engendered by the French Revolution, she restored the old abuses, seized upon additional territory, and, as a sop to Prussia, allowed it a share in this second partition (1793). The Poles under Kosciusko rose in indignation; Russians swept through the country and laid siege to Warsaw; force triumphed over right, and one of the greatest crimes in the history of Europe was consummated by the final dismemberment of this unfortunate land, Russia, Austria and Prussia receiving, each, a share (1795). She rounded out her acquisition of territory by inducing the last Duke of Courland, Peter Bison, to renounce his domain in return for a yearly income.

One other of Catherine's wars remains to be mentioned, that with Sweden (1788-90). King Gustavus III., irritated at her schemes to undermine his authority in his own country, determined to have revenge. Knowing, however, that his nobles would oppose an offensive war, he had recourse to a subterfuge. There had been a long-standing dispute between the two countries as to whether a bridge over the small boundary river Kimmene should be painted in Swedish or Russian colors. He provoked the Russians to maintain this disputed right by force of arms, and thus justified his aggressiveness before the states. The war, however, was barren of favorable results to both nations, and is introduced here only to chronicle the fact that Catherine had accepted the services of Paul Jones and had given him command of a ship, but withdrew the commission owing to the protests of the English officers in her fleet.

Before we pass on to review her character, we feel that this notice would be incomplete without a reference to the favorites who played a most important role in her life. During her entire reign she showered favors upon them, one after another, discarding them in turn, but enriching them with place and titles after they had been relegated to a distance from her court.

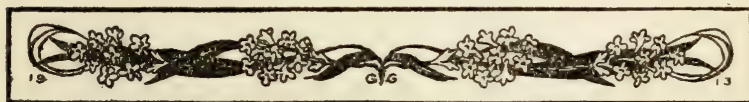
To Gregory Orlov she owed in large measure her accession to the throne. His influence with the army won it over to her support in the crucial time that preceded and followed the violent death of her husband. It was, however, General Gregory Alexandrovitch Potemkin that swayed her most by his influence, and exercised it effectively to his dying day. She found in him a pillar to support her empire, an executor to carry into effect her vast projects. A summary of his character, as portrayed by Count Ségur, French ambassador at St. Petersburg (Petrograd), may prove interesting.

Potemkin was the living image of the Russian empire. He was colossal like Russia. In his mind, as in it, there were cultivated districts and desert plains. He combined the rudeness of the eleventh century with the corruption of the eighteenth; its veneer of civilization scarcely concealed its underlying barbarism. He was a great man, but he was an extraordinary man. He was avaricious and ostentatious, lavish of bounties, regardless of creditors, haughty and obliging, polite and confiding, licentious and superstitious, bold and timid, ambitious and discreet, active of mind, indolent of body, appalled by no danger, yet disgusted with success, and generous of promise, but niggardly of performance. Rest was not grateful to him, nor occupation pleasing. In his youth, he had impressed Catherine by the ardor of his devotion, his valor, and masculine beauty; in his maturity, he preserved his influence over her by flattering her pride, calming her apprehensions, consolidating her power, and waking in her dreams of further conquests; in his death, caused by malignant fever during which he laughed at his physicians and ate salt meat and raw turnips, he elicited an overwhelming proof of her affection for him, for, when the sad news was broken to her, three times she fell in a fainting fit. Others succeeded him, but none influenced her to an equal extent or for long.

Catherine the Great was born to rule. She possessed an unusually attractive personality; she hedged herself round with a dignity that commanded respect, and she won all hearts by an amiability free from all condescension or affectation. Before she

came to the throne she knew how to dissemble, to play the hypocrite, and to feign humility and modesty. Freed from the surveillance and suspicions that preceded her recognition as empress, she had the courage to act openly and nobly. She astonished her contemporaries by the mildness of her behaviour to those around her, and the absence of stiff formalities with her subordinates. She sought to avoid occasions of giving offense, and was considerate of the feelings even of her servants. "I like to praise and reward loudly, to blame quietly," was one of her principles of action. Not to disturb her household, on arising at six in the morning, she dressed herself, lit the fire, and sat down to her books and papers. When irritated by serious negligence or oversight, she turned up her sleeves, walked about the room, drank a glass of water, and deferred judgment. Gaiety, good humor, and an inclination for fun and amusement characterized her life. Yet she could be obstinate, self-willed, arrogant, and unscrupulous in attaining her ends. She had no love for the Lutheran religion, which she abjured. She adopted the orthodox faith as a means of strengthening her position; and, favorably to impress her subjects, if for no nobler reason, she regularly discharged her external religious duties. The errors of her life, to call them by no worse name, were numerous, and though she lived to the age of sixty-seven, the opportunity of atonement by a long illness was denied her; she died of a stroke of apoplexy on the 17th day of November, 1796. Thus passed away Catherine II., great in her administration and in her conquests, noble in her sympathies for her own people, but guilty of monstrous crimes towards neighboring states, and contemptible for the disorders of her private life.

HISTORICUS JUSTUS.



## Henryk Sienkiewicz.

**T**HE name of Henryk Sienkiewicz is known throughout the literary world, and his works perhaps are more popular to-day than those of any other foreign writer.

Son of a Polish country squire, he was born in 1846. Whilst still at the University of Warsaw, where he completed his educa-



tion, he gave evidence of literary talent in a monograph on the distinguished poet, Szaryzynski, and attracted the attention of his professors. This initial success encouraged him to write short stories, which he published under the assumed name of Litwos.

On leaving the university at the age of twenty-two, he began a gypsy life, visiting every corner of Poland, and travelling extensively through Africa and America.

In 1880 he began his great historical novels: *With Fire and Sword*, *The Deluge*, and *Pan Michael*, the first dealing with the invasion of the Commonwealth under Chmielnicki; the second, with the invasion of Poland by the Swedes, and the third, with the invasion of Poland by the Turks.

*Without Dogma*, a psychological novel of modern thought, soon appeared, and was followed with a study of contemporary social life in Poland, entitled, *The Children of the Soil*. In 1896 was published *Quo Vadis*, a novel depicting Roman life and manners under Nero. Of his other works two volumes deserve particular mention: *Through the Desert*, the story of two children kidnapped by the Arabs and exposed to all the terrors of the African desert, and *Knights of the Cross*, an historical novel portraying the relations of the Poles and Lithuanians with the Knights of the Cross, the original founders of the Prussian caste.

Sienkiewicz introduces a great number of characters into his novels. They are most varied in their disposition, their education, their manners, their moral worth. There is no indistinctness about them. They are clearly differentiated; they are real, vivid, life-like, each one speaking and acting consistently to the end. They are, moreover, perfectly true to nature. His heroes are resourceful, ever determined to extricate themselves from the most difficult situations, and indefatigable in their efforts to attain their ends. At the same time they are animated by a spirit of faith and place their trust in God; they seem to be actuated by the principle laid down for our guidance by St. Ignatius: "Work, toil, strive, as if everything depended upon yourself; pray with such confidence and fervor as if everything depended on God."

The great model that Sienkiewicz proposes for imitation is no other than Christ Himself. In Him and in His Church, Sienkiewicz sees the transformation, not only of individuals, but of society, and especially of his own country.

In his *Quo Vadis* the author portrays, with a masterly hand, such transformation, wrought by the doctrine of Christ. The two



principal characters are Petronius and Vinicius. Petronius is the embodiment of pagan culture and refinement. He was called the *arbiter elegantiarum*. Well versed in all the systems of philosophy of ancient Rome, a man of wealth and education, his society was eagerly sought. Even Nero had the highest regard for him, and enjoyed his company, because he alone could successfully flatter Nero's vanity without demeaning his own patrician dignity. Though a profligate, Petronius was able to maintain a certain balance in corruption; he knew how to keep within the limits of profligacy. On this account he was highly praised by those with whom he associated. Having drunk the cup of earth's happiness and having partaken of a sumptuous banquet, Petronius cuts open his veins; his lady love seeing the blood oozing from them, follows his example. They both pass to Hades amid the soothing strains of music. Such is the end of the *arbiter elegantiarum*; such is the effect of pagan Rome's wisdom and philosophy.

Vinicius was a relative of Petronius. Seeing that Pagan philosophy does not satisfy the mind, and that the pleasures of sense leave the soul empty, Vinicius is influenced by the gentle persuasion of Ligia, and embraces the Christian religion. The transformation that gradually takes place in his mind, his heart, his soul, his entire behavior, is portrayed by Sienkiewicz in a way that baffles imitation. Vinicius finds genuine happiness in his new religion, by the side of his virtuous wife, and surrounded by his children.

There is one chapter in *Quo Vadis* to which an objection is often raised—that which too graphically describes the banquet scene. It may be justified, inasmuch as Sienkiewicz wishes to draw a contrast between the pagan customs and manners, and the transformation effected by the doctrine of Christ and the power of His grace. That is the end he has in view. He does not intend to make vice lovable; he produces a disgust and contempt for the excesses of the Romans; he ennobles the life of the Christians, and shows that real happiness and greatness is possessed by the men and women who follow Christ, mortify their passions, and are imbued with His spirit. It was in a measure necessary to portray the excesses of the Romans, in order to bring Christian virtue more into relief. Looking at *Quo Vadis* from this angle, we shall be disposed to criticize Sienkiewicz with less severity.

The chief character in *The Deluge* is Kmicic. He was a daring,

bold, hot-headed Lithuanian-Pole. At that time Poland and Lithuania were united and considered as one republic. Kmicic belonged to a noble family; his youth and early manhood had been spent in war with the Tartars. In that unholy occupation, his finer sensibilities had been blunted. Numerous lawsuits for glaring excesses were hanging over his head. Yet he was noble-minded, and had a good, generous heart. He loved his country dearly in spite of his excesses. The band of soldiers with whom he made his expeditions were worse profligates than he himself. This young man, Sienkiewicz makes the hero of the story and the saviour of his country. But how? Through the gentle but firm influence of the lady who had been betrothed to him, and through the influence of Catholic principles. Every time he met her, he was forced to make an open confession of his excesses, and she gave him to understand that either he must change his life or renounce her. Every interview resulted in his being a better man. For a time he joins the party of Count Radziwill, who, under the guise of patriotism, was betraying the country into the hands of the Swedes. Kmicic was very loyal to this count, for whom he sacrificed his intended, his friends, even his good name; he was branded as a traitor, an imputation which he dreaded and hated more than death. When, however, he extorted from Radziwill the confession of his nefarious and treacherous intentions, Kmicic took his revenge, abandoned him and went on a pilgrimage to the sacred shrine Czestochowa—the Lourdes of Poland. On his way he gleaned all the information he could about the enemies who had inundated the land. When he came to the Shrine of Our Lady, he called the Abbot, the historic Kordecki—the great Priest-patriot. To him he made a confession of his whole life and communicated everything he had heard on the way. He said that the sacred place would soon be invaded by the Swede. He had great difficulty in persuading the monks of the intentions of the enemy, because nobody would believe that the Swede would be so bold and so wicked as to attack the holy shrine, which was in the hearts of all the people. They accused him of various sinister intentions, even of a desire to get possession of the riches of that holy place. Then he threw a sack full of jewels and precious stones on the table; and said: "It is not for riches that I have come here. I have enough of them. I came to serve my Lady, the Blessed Virgin; I came to defend this holy shrine, to do penance for my sins, and to wash from my name the infamy with which I am branded." The

Fathers believed. They prepared for the attack. Every one, even the monks were posted on the walls, in all about 400. The few cannon that were in their possession they placed to the best advantage. In a few days the enemy approached 9,000 strong, provided with the best weapons and heaviest artillery then known. The little band defended themselves heroically. Kmicic took the lead in the defence, and exposed himself to the greatest danger. After many months of unsuccessful siege the enemy departed in disgrace.

The news of this victory flashed through the country and inspired every one with new hope. The Blessed Virgin did not abandon her people; they rushed to the defence of her shrine and country. The Swede was driven out, and Poland was free again.

The hero in the novel entitled the *Knights of the Cross* is Jurand. He suffered immeasurably from his enemies, the Knights. They had killed his young wife, and repeatedly had devastated his lands. They treacherously kidnapped his daughter, in order to get him into their possession. He surrendered himself into their hands on condition that his child should be restored. He was deceived and treated with shocking cruelty. His daughter, he was told, had been disgraced. On hearing this, a terrible passion mastered him, and giant as he was, he seized a sword that was hanging on the wall and caused terrible havoc in the court-room. At length, he was overpowered and cast into prison. There, blind of one eye, he was deprived of the other. One of his hands was amputated, and his tongue was cut out.

In the midst of his misfortunes, he sanctified himself—he lived by faith. By degrees he became a supernatural man, he lived in another world, and saw in spirit the wonders of the spiritual order. After some years, the enemy who had cut out his tongue, deprived him of his hand, burned out his only eye, stood before him bound with cords, brought with the express purpose for him to wreak his vengeance. He took a huge knife that was lying on the table, felt for the body of the man, and when the bystanders breathlessly expected that the next stroke would prostrate the wretch at their feet, Jurand, to their great astonishment, cut in twain the cords with which his enemy was bound. Then, by signs he gave orders to lead his enemy to the border line and set him free. Such was his revenge, the revenge of a Christian. It is thus Sienkiewicz inculcates the great Christian principles. In this way he portrayed quite vividly the transformation that takes place in a man, if he allows himself to be



influenced by high ideals. He would have his countrymen actuated by love which builds up, and not by hatred which destroys.

There is nothing more beautiful, more angelic, more lovable than Sienkiewicz's female characters. As his men are strong with the sword, so his women are strong by their natural charms, their virtue, their love, their fidelity, their counsel. Almost every one of his great characters is ennobled through the influence exerted on him by the lady of his heart. By her charms, her virtue, her love, her fidelity, her patience, her moral courage, Alexandria can bring to her knees even such an erratic, self-willed and passionate character as Kmicic, a man who feared no one, not even the very devil. In her presence, he is gentle as a lamb; he is ready to make any concession that does not conflict with his duty to his country.

In Sienkiewicz the Socialists, and all those who would destroy the old order of things based on authority and the right to private property, have a most powerful opponent. In his psychological novel, *Without Dogma*, the author claims that they destroy and do not build up. According to him, the only agency that can do real, constructive work, after the socialistic propaganda has shaken society to its very foundation, is the Catholic Church. She will do this in the future as she has done it in the past. She has the strength and vitality necessary to cope with every great social problem. To him the uplift and transformation of society can be accomplished only in and through the Church.

There is nothing more refreshing than the friendship existing between such men as Skrzetuski, Pan Michael, Zagloba and others, who belonged to their company. They reveal to one another the secrets of their inmost hearts, yet there is no betrayal. The frankness with which they speak and act is striking. In rendering assistance to one another, especially in trouble, they seem to know no bounds; in sorrow they manifest sincerest sympathy. In their loves, though passionate, they are pure. They are faithful in their love affairs even unto death.

There is scarcely a writer who has done so much for his country as Sienkiewicz. Poland had been dismembered. She was buried alive. She was not known to the world at large, at least not as a living organism; her enemies insisted that she was dead beyond all possibility of resurrection. Suddenly, under the magic pen of Sienkiewicz, she begins to manifest signs of life; she is spoken of far and wide; her history is studied; her name



resounds throughout the world. Her people live, act and develop culture; great men arise, of whom he is the foremost. No wonder, then, that his countrymen feel proud of him. He inspired them with new hopes, and showed them the way towards regeneration, political and moral uplift. Having analyzed the Polish character perhaps more thoroughly than any other writer, he sees its faults and is unsparing of criticism, but he criticizes with a mother's gentleness, in order to correct, to elevate, to ennoble and ultimately to liberate. Repeatedly he defended his country against her powerful enemies; with what success is well known. When the tyrannic law of expropriation was enacted; when children were flogged for refusing to say their prayers in a hated language, his mighty voice was lifted in defence of his countrymen, in defence of their natural rights to their land and their language. When the great war broke out, he devoted the remaining days of his life to organizing a committee which was to render material aid to his war-stricken countrymen. He addressed many appeals to the different governments to secure their coöperation in this great movement. As a result, millions were collected, and millions of poor people were taken care of who otherwise would have perished. He is said to have died of a broken heart over his country's devastation and suffering. His death was a severe blow to his people. They mourned him as if in him they had lost a father.

At his funeral there were archbishops, bishops, hundreds of priests, and tens of thousands of people representing every walk of life. The preacher, in his funeral oration, compared him to Moses, who had led his people from the bondage of the Egyptians; even so, said he, Sienkiewicz is leading his people to freedom. He is the pillar of light that illumines their dark path; he is their national prophet. Though he did not live to see them enter the promised land of freedom, beyond the grave he rejoices that all he labored for will soon be attained by his long suffering country.

M. S. RETKA.



## A Flying Surprise.

"WELL, Joe, I guess we won't get home this Christmas," said Bill Price to his bunk-mate, Joe Garson, "we spent the last of our pay the other day."

"It's hard on us when all the others are going," replied Joe, "but it's our own fault. Queer we didn't think of saving train fare; I'm homesick for the old burg, too."

"It's Camp Lee sure for us on Christmas if my aviator brother don't forward enough money for our trip," said Bill dejectedly.

"I was just thinking of him," returned Joe, "wondering whether he would have time to send it to-day."

At the aviation field, far to the west, Bill's brother, John, was working on his big bombing-plane sheltered from the weather by a huge canvas hangar. He took his machine for a spin in the clouds, performed all the tricks he had learned, so that he might dodge enemy planes and the "Archies" of the anti-craft guns, did the loop-the-loop, flew up-side-down, and ended with a spiral nose dive which held even the every-day spectators spellbound. After chasing clouds for hours he came down to earth again with a jolt, and put his machine away. There was mail for him at the post exchange; glad to receive news from anyone, he opened the letters quickly, and reading Bill's, decided to send funds to him that evening by special delivery. The officer of the camp gave orders to the ablest fliers to try out the larger machines on long distance flights. John Price was chosen to take one of the machines on a trip of 150 miles or more. He was given a De Haviland bombing-plane, and told to be ready to start out the next morning, although he did not know his destination. In the excitement of his trip he forgot about mailing the money for his brother and his chum.

In the meantime Joe and Bill were feeling down-hearted, performing their daily work and drills in a half-hearted way. They had not yet received any word from John, and it was already the evening of December 23. They made their way into the K. of C. reading-room, trying to rid themselves of this melancholy feeling, but it still remained. They came out of the reading-room, and went in to see the moving-pictures; but even these could not take their mind off the lonesome Christmas that they had to look forward to. The other soldiers were getting their things ready to depart for their homes as soon as they were given permission. Joe and Bill looked moodily on, while their mates laughed and joked about what they would do to the turkey and the goodies.

"Hey, Joe, aren't you going home for Christmas?" said one.

"Out of funds," Joe replied, laconically.

"I have the same luck, too," Bill said.

"That's too bad," said the other, "I haven't any more than what I can use myself or I'd help you out, and I know the others haven't any to spare."

They turned in for the night with heavy hearts, knowing that if something didn't turn up early next day they would be two unhappy soldier boys on Christmas morning.

At the same moment in one of the aeroplane hangars of an Ohio aero camp, Bill's brother was getting ready for the morrow's trip. With the aid of a lantern he packed his provisions in his machine before retiring for the night. He made his way to his tent, and soon was in his bunk. Lying there, he was musing over the events of the day. All at once it came to him that he had forgotten to forward the money he meant to send. He felt very sorry, for he knew how much his brother wanted to be home for Christmas. Then if anyone had been near he would have seen the worried look give place to a satisfied smile as Jack Price, aviator, dropped off to sleep.

Morning found Jack reporting early for orders. He left the commanding officer's quarters with a hop, step and jump, and whistled gaily as he made ready to start. He filled the gas tank, for it was a long journey he proposed to make. Pulling the giant bird out of the hangar, he climbed into the pilot's seat. The engine started merrily, and the propellers hummed with a loud noise, lifting the dust high in the air. Then, waving good-bye to his mechanic, he skimmed the ground for several hundred yards, and rose gracefully from the field. Every second he mounted higher until the machine became like a speck and passed out of sight.

At Camp Lee, Joe and Bill were up with the rest of the soldiers, and after breakfast watched their comrades getting ready to depart. All aimed at taking the 10 A. M. train from the camp station. Football filled in the interval. By and by many of the soldiers got ready to go to the station, and the games stopped. It lacked but half an hour of train time, when the droning of a huge bumble-bee was heard in the distance. One of the soldiers spied a black speck moving in the sky just above the horizon. As they watched, it drew nearer and nearer with great rapidity. The soldiers soon made out that it was a large type of aeroplane, and craned their necks to watch its movements. It

circled around the camp as if looking for a place to alight, coming down lower at every throb of the motor.

"I wish that was your brother in that bus," Joe said, "He could take us home in style."

"You're not the only one who wishes that," replied Bill, "All we would have to say would be 'home, James!' and home we'd go."

The aeroplane swooped down with a sudden dive, and came to rest on the drill field. All the soldiers, forgetting that they were going to make a train, ran over to where the huge bird lay, but on account of the large number of them, Joe and Bill could not get near the machine. The aviator's features were not discernible because he had not yet taken off his goggles and helmet. Climbing out of his seat, he took these off and spoke to the nearest man. "Private Bill Price is wanted," shouted the latter, and Bill came over so fast he would have won a hundred yard dash easily.

"Why, Jack!" he cried, "this is a surprise. I thought I wouldn't see you for Christmas."

"That was some ride you had," chimed in Joe. "How did you do it? Start this morning?"

"I'll tell you," he said, "but I'll have to report to your commanding officer, and I will tell you as I go over. Come on!"

Then he related to them how he had received permission to fly to the camp. He had made the trip in about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours from starting time, being delayed only once, when he stopped to replenish his gasoline. "I had the novel experience of going through clouds of mist, of sleet, and of snow," he said.

"Well, Bill," he ended, "I guess you and Joe will spend Christmas at home after all."

"Oh, then you didn't forget our train fare, Jack, did you?"

"Train fare?" echoed Jack, puzzled for a minute. "Oh! I have still to tell you something that may interest you. I have permission to *bring* you back with me in my private car that has wings. It's a little faster than the train, don't you think so?"

WILLIAM E. BOGGS, 4 H.







## From Training Camp and Battle Front.

### XIV.

**On Board the Aquitania. Drilling Aboard. Under Fire. Burying the Dead.  
Seeing Paris. Celebrating the Armistice. In Notre Dame. The Big  
Parade. The Dead Honored. Musicians Take to Gun and  
Bayonet. Visits. New Explosives. Providential  
Escape. Insignia Explained. Recent  
Promotions.**

WE have read with interest two letters from France written by Private Ellsworth Locke, and we present them to our readers practically in their entirety.

We marched out of Camp Upton at 3 A. M., Monday morning, May 6, and took a train for Long Island City. There we got a ferry boat, and the next thing I knew that ferry boat was backed up alongside the Aquitania, the second largest boat in the world. We got on that boat at 8 A. M., Monday morning, and at 8:10 A. M., Tuesday morning, we backed away from the Cunard pier, New York. We had no convoy whatsoever. Everything went fine for the first three days; suddenly, one day about noon, while we were eating, our guns started to roar, and of course we all said she was shooting at submarines with her six 6-inch guns. We got out on deck to hear it was only target practice. The next day a smoke screen was laid around the boat by putting out torches that raised an awful smoke to hide the boat. They did not tell us what that was for, but we drew our own conclusions.

The last three days we wore life belts all the time, even while eating and sleeping, and we were not allowed to take them off under any conditions. The day before we landed, three torpedo destroyers met us and maybe they didn't look good. The day before we just zig-zagged and ran around in circles all day. We landed in Liverpool at 4 P. M., on Tuesday, after just seven days on the water. We marched about three miles through Liverpool to a train, and then rode all night to a place called Folkstone, the prettiest place I have ever seen except Paris. We were there a day when we took another train and went to Dover. From Dover we crossed the English channel, a distance of about 25 miles, and landed at Calais.

We went to a camp in Calais, and darned if old Fritz didn't pull off an air raid over the camp that night. As far as I know, no one was killed except eleven Chinese laborers. We stayed in Calais about three days, and here we gave up everything except what a soldier really needs. All we had when we left was what we carried on our backs, and believe me it felt like a ton, but I soon got used to it, and didn't mind the load one bit. We took a train from Calais to a camp where we trained under the English about three weeks; it was here we first heard the big guns in the distance. After three weeks' training we packed up and moved to a French sector for two weeks' training under them. To get there, we hiked three days, in heavy marching order, rode on box cars for twenty-four hours, and then hiked another day to our destination.

From there we were taken in trucks up to the lines about July 1st. The night of July 3rd we went into the lines, and I was there till I got burned on the night of August 6th at Fismes. We got to the outskirts of the town when Fritz discovered us, and we surely did get some shelling. The first real war we saw was on the night of July 15th when Fritz started his first big drive. It was at Chateau-Thierry, and we were there about 300,000 strong. At midnight the Germans started a barrage that is claimed to have been the heaviest barrage of the war. For eight hours we wore gas masks. The shells fell around us like rain, and were hitting anywhere from ten to one hundred feet from where we were. Bradley Burk and myself were in a tent under a tree when it started, and we crawled on our hands and knees about 200 yards to a building where part of the company was. Had we got up to run we would have been killed with shrapnel.

We lay in that farmhouse all night with gas masks on, expecting every minute to be killed, and I never prayed harder in my life than I did that night. About 3 A. M. a French ammunition wagon was bringing up shells, and just in front of our door a shell hit it and killed the horses, driver and one of our boys. It was not ten feet from us, and for a minute we were blinded by the flash; I thought we were hit and had to feel myself all over to make sure I was not hit, for I did not think it possible to escape injury. About 5 A. M. one took the roof off the building, and you should have seen us getting out of that place. It was now daylight, and we discovered a cave under the house, with about ten feet of stone above us for a roof. At 8 A. M. the shelling eased up a little, and they started to carry in the injured.

Our company had about twenty casualties that night, among them five killed and the rest badly injured.

The night of July 16th I was on detail to bury our boys and some from the other companies of the 112th. We had to take them about a mile; the shelling was still going on and made it a pretty ticklish job. I did nothing but pray that night and I know that is what got me through all the tight places I was in. From that on until I left for the hospital, things happened so fast I could not begin to write them all, but will tell you when I get home in a few more months.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have just got back from a three days' trip to Paris, and have so much to tell that I don't know where to begin. I left here Saturday morning early and got into Paris about 9 A. M. We walked all through the downtown business section in the morning, and then visited the Knights of Columbus Club. We had dinner in the Soldiers and Sailors' Club. We paid three francs apiece (sixty cents) for the meal, and had soup, roast beef, potatoes, bread, hot chocolate, and French toast. The club is on the Rue de Rivoli. After dinner we walked to the Place de la Concorde, where there are thousands of German cannon, rifles, aeroplanes, helmets, and in fact every kind of article used in the war, on exhibition.

We walked to the Eiffel tower and I nearly broke my neck trying to look to the top of it. It surely was the highest thing I ever saw. There we also saw the largest ferris-wheel in the world. We went to the theater. The play was partly American, a big musical comedy such as we used to see at home at the Alvin or Nixon. The place was packed; the audience consisted of English, French and American soldiers, and lots of French civilians. Between acts the American doughboys started singing songs. They sang one song in particular that made a hit, "Hail, Hail the Gang's All Here." Towards the end of the show, the chorus formed a big French flag, and the applause was great. Next came a big English flag, and of course the Tommies tried to make a big fuss. The curtain went down for a minute, then went up again, and an American actress sang a song about the American flag. The chorus formed a large American flag of ribbons. You should have heard the racket then. They nearly raised the roof with their yelling, and it made a fellow feel good to be an American.

We got up about 9 A. M., Sunday morning, and took a taxi to



the Notre Dame Cathedral. We got there about 10 o'clock; the streets were just packed, and all one could see was people and taxicabs. There were lines of people for blocks at all the doors, and I thought it was impossible for us to get in, for the people had invitations for a Solemn High Mass to celebrate the allied victory. There were four cardinals on the altar. Well, we finally located a door where all soldiers were admitted, and after pushing and getting squeezed nearly to death, we finally got in. I never saw such a beautiful church in my life. Thousands of allied flags were hanging from the walls, and the American flags were well represented among the collection. We had to stand, but it was away up front, and we didn't mind it a bit. Two Y. M. C. A. men were beside us, and one of them remarked how lucky we were to be able to be in Paris and for this particular Mass.

At ten-thirty every light in the church was turned on, the priests started to come out on the altar and the big pipe-organ began to play. The music was wonderful and I never heard anything to equal it. It fairly made the chills run up and down my back to hear that organ. The Cathedral is immense, but the music seemed to reach every corner of it. You never could imagine how a fellow felt standing there listening to that music. I could not help thinking how lucky I was to be burned at the front and get back here only to see this one Mass. If I live to be a hundred I will never forget that sight. I had read about the Notre Dame Cathedral at school, but never dreamed of being in it, and especially at a time like this.

We got out about noon and then started back for the Place de la Concorde where there was to be a big parade that afternoon. We hopped on the first car that came along, and in our wonderful French we tried to explain where we wanted to go; it must have sounded mighty funny, for every one in the car started to laugh at us. Nevertheless, after transferring once, we got back down town. When we got to the place where we were going to eat, it was just black with people, so we decided to do without dinner and get a place along the curb to see the parade. We succeeded in getting a position before the reviewing stand. Some of the big guns on the stand, and whom we saw, were Marshal Joffre, Clemenceau, Marshal Foch, and a lot more that we didn't know.

About 2 o'clock several thousand white pigeons were let out, and about a hundred planes started doing fancy stunts above our



heads. Those planes flew upside down, turned flipflops, dove, and it seemed as if each was trying to do something more daring than the other. At one time I thought one was falling on the crowd. He came down end over end about six times, but suddenly he straightened up and flew away. The crowd soon became so big the police could not handle it, and it turned into a mob. Women and children started to faint and scream, and I never was more scared at the front than I was then. They pulled the children out of the mob and pushed them up on top of the automobiles to keep them from being crushed to death. The streets were packed from building to building and men were crawling up the buildings to get out. If a person had lost his footing he surely would have been killed.

It was now getting dark. The planes had silver lights and it was a pretty sight to see them. All the German articles on exhibition before that mob got there were carried off as souvenirs. We had supper at the club and then started for the Boulevard des Italiens where the mob was celebrating that night. About the only way I could describe it would be for you to imagine you see about half a million people with a happy jag on, for that is just what it reminded me of.

The streets were packed from curb to curb. Everyone was throwing confetti or brandishing ticklers. Even dames of ancient days joined in the fun. Staid K. of C. and Y. M. C. A. secretaries forgot their years and the sedateness that usually characterizes their movements; they joined hands and danced in a ring, all the time singing patriotic songs and dodging young ladies on the watch for American caps and handkerchiefs sought as souvenirs.

I got away about 1 A. M. and thought what a lucky person I was to be seeing Europe as I have been seeing it. My feet are pretty sore after all this walking, but I will have a good chance to rest up again.

---

Rev. Lieutenant James R. Cox has secured a beautiful spot in France as a cemetery for American dead. When a soldier dies, he is buried with military honors; a band leads the procession, an escort accompanies his body to the grave, a salute is fired and taps are sounded. Tributes of flowers subsequently keep his memory green. We are delighted to hear that Father Cox has fifty-two adult baptisms to his credit. God is blessing his work.

---

George J. Weis, son of our Director of Music, entered the army to strike a blow for civilization, but, when it was discovered that he could blow a cornet, he was assigned to the 147th Infantry Band, 37th Division, Ohio. The fighting in Flanders was so keen that cornets, cornet players, and other instrumentalists were at a discount; musical instruments were discarded for rifle and bayonet. Such good work did the musicians and their comrades do that King Albert decorated a number with the Belgian Cross, Major General Farnsworth complimented them on capturing apparently impregnable positions, and General Degoutte, in his order of the day bestowed upon the 37th a glowing encomium, from which we reproduce the following extracts: "The enemy was to hold 'to the death' the heights between the Lys and the Escaut. American troops in concert with the French broke through the enemy and, after severe fighting, threw him over the Escaut. Then attempting an operation of unheard of audacity, the American units crossed the overflowed Escaut, under fire of the enemy, and maintained themselves on the opposite bank in spite of his counter-attacks. Glory to such troops and their chiefs!"

---

On January 6, Ensign Joseph A. Burns, resplendent in a new uniform brilliant with gold braid, paid us a visit, the first since he left in May for the Naval Aerial Training Station, Cambridge, Mass. He looked even better than in his palmiest football days. The new life appeals to him. He enjoys careering over the clouds, looking into the very eye of the sun like an eagle, or swooping down into the ocean like an immense sea-gull, or gliding along its surface as if in search of submarine prey. Not only has he secured his commission, indicated by the gold wings on his left breast, but he has inspired such confidence that he has been chosen instructor. Usually he is in the air an hour or two a day; once he was up seven hours—a tornado burst with terrific violence, and, on its approach, he was forced to climb the heavens to get away from its destructive range. Riding in an airship, he says, feels much like riding in a train. What depresses one most is the sense of utter loneliness away above the clouds. Once he tried for the station's record for altitude, but at 12,000 feet he was forced to descend by the unbearable pressure of blood upon his ears. He expects at least six months' more service.

---

After being mustered out of the Aviation Service in the

St. Paul school, James Garahan meandered back to the Bluff, his left sleeve glittering with insignia which he proudly interpreted. His red stripe indicated honorable discharge; two silver stripes, over twelve months' service; one large embroidered star, his position as instructor for at least half a year, and a small star, voluntary enlistment. On leaving the aeroplane school here last June, he was transferred to St. Paul, and, two weeks after his arrival, he was appointed instructor in rigging; each class of ten men remained under his charge for about two weeks. Before being discharged each man was allowed the privilege of a ride in an aeroplane. At Camp Sherman where he spent ten days, our visitor saw two hundred German prisoners employed in working about the camp; they had been taken off submarines and captured boats. Each man seemed well satisfied; in addition to his maintenance, he received twenty-five cents a day.

---

To complete the list of insignia mentioned in the preceding paragraph, we may add the following: A blue stripe on the left arm stands for three months' overseas service; each gold stripe on the left arm, six months' overseas service; a keystone on the left shoulder distinguishes the Pennsylvania soldier, and a gold stripe on the right arm indicates that the wearer was wounded abroad.

---

Captain Herbert H. Sullivan has been promoted since last we heard from him. At present he is with the 40th Field Artillery, Camp Custer, Mich. Had the armistice been delayed a week, he would have crossed to France. He has requested a transfer to the Reserve Corps, Artillery Section, as he is anxious to make headway to his M. D. Through the columns of the *Pittsburgh Observer*, he keeps in touch with the doings of D. U. We heartily congratulate him on his promotion.

---

John T. Little had the misfortune to know chemistry to a degree that impressed the War Department to segregate him behind barbed wire fences and entanglements in the vicinity of Cleveland, there, sworn to secrecy under the most high and mighty oaths, to develop explosives sufficiently powerful to blow a hole through the earth down to the antipodes, and to evolve gases so far-reaching and effective as to blister the face of the man in the moon, and draw torrents of tears to his blinking eyes. On



being released from incarceration protracted through twelve seemingly never-ending weeks until the armistice fortunately was signed, John was *little* in a mood to prolong his stay, and dropped in on us to elicit felicitations on his way home to Omaha. If another war breaks out, John will profess to know nothing of more value to the War Department than the scientific use of a spade and pickaxe.

---

We heard with grateful thanks to Almighty God that Father Coakley, Chaplain, A. E. F., escaped death in what seems to be and must be a providential inspiration. He had been out with his men on the battlefield when the enemy began a violent bombardment. In obedience to military orders, all sought cover, Father Coakley included. But no sooner had he arrived in the shelter than it occurred to him that some of his men might have been caught in the iron hail and might be in need of his ministrations; he immediately set out to make a thorough search, but he had scarcely covered a hundred yards when a shell burst in the midst of the men he had just left and killed them all. Obedience to the whisperings of duty may be the occasion of many a heroic death, but we shall not know until Judgment Day how often in the dispensations of Providence it may have saved God's faithful ones from an untimely end.

---

Former Professor Robert Liehr has been, he says, in many a bloody battle. At Nanteloise on September 26 and at Summanthe on November 3, he saw his companions torn to pieces by his side, but he came unscathed through all the dangers to which he was exposed. On the signing of the armistice he was allowed a seven-day furlough to Aix-les-Bains, a famed health resort of American millionaires. Professor Liehr is attached to the 320th Ambulance Co., 305th Sanitary Train.

---

Theophanes E. Manos, Law, '18, fought with the infantry all through the Bulgarian war. After passing his State Board Finals last July, a flaming poster caught his eye. It put to him the very personal question, "Why walk to Berlin when you can ride in a tank?" He thought of the leg-weary, bone-racking marches of years ago, and he decided at once to accept the hospitality of the tank. He is now far advanced on his way, but peace has cut short his ride.

---



Aloysius G. Gloeckler spent twenty-four hours at home at Christmas-tide and one cent a mile on the road to and from Camp Meade. Though in Co. C, 11th Supply Train, he has no truck, and is busy at drill waiting to be mustered out.

---

Private Verner J. Lawler, M. R. S. 301, M. T. C., U. S. A. P. O. 772, A. E. F., looks forward to the pleasure of a speedy return to Munhall. He has but one regret—that he has shed no blood for the cause he loves so well; he envies those who have been wounded, and would gladly exchange places with any of them. Frank Lawson and Floyd Mitchell are associated with him.

---

William M. Hock, Commercial '17, was advanced to the grade of Second Lieutenant in the cavalry regiment to which he belonged. He is home to stay, and was welcomed back to the position he occupied before he enlisted.

---

Charles S. Lang and William H. Sehn sent Christmas greetings from Camp Forrest.

---

W. J. Linnerman sends us a picture from France; it represents the Château de Moulines, par Baugé, and reminded him of the College on the Bluff. He says he met quite a number of D. U. boys overseas.

---

Rev. Lieutenant Anthony J. Muszynski, chaplain at Camp Gordon, Camp Lee and Camp Dix, is so fascinated with the duties associated with a commission that he has asked, on being discharged from camp, to be transferred to the navy. He ministered to 1200 Poles in Camp Dix.

---

Andrew Wehrheim is still in France with Co. D, 305th Ammunition Train.

---

We acknowledge greetings from Private James Anton, Co. 174, 14th Regiment, Quantico, Va.

H. J.



# SANCTUM

## EDITORIAL

### *The League of Nations.*

ONE of the most important problems before the peace parley will be the formation of a League of Nations. There are a few—and included among this number a famous statesman—who can not see the why or the wherefore of such a league. M. Clemenceau, of France, for example, steadfastly maintains that such a world-wide organization is impossible, that it never will receive any support from the allied peace representatives, and that it will be flatly rejected as a worthless international issue. The premier is so positive that the project will be voted down that he has gone so far as to declare that "nothing will ever come out of such a plan." However, many do not agree with the Tiger nor with what he says.

The League of Nations will be no continuance of secret diplomacy, nor will it be a league supporting the ridiculous "balance of power" theory. It will be a league whose principles and ideals are based upon the very essence of fullest democracy. It will be a league established to crush injustice and to uphold right as opposed to might. It will be a league built upon the privations, sufferings, wrongs and horrors of the present war. It will be a league uniting the Old World with the New World, cementing the already growing friendship between their peoples. It will be a league insuring a wonderful future for America and for Europe and for the whole world. It will be a league of peace, of right, of understanding.

All mankind wants just such a League of Nations.

JUSTIN J. GALLAGHER, '19.

## ***"Hats Off to the Reserves!"***

**A**LREADY the olive-drab stream is flowing homeward from the various cantonments. The hundreds of thousands of these men endured the restraints of military life, their spirits upheld by the thought that eventually they would enter the trenches. They underwent rigorous drills, prepared themselves for the final test and then the war had ended. Theirs was a disappointment indeed; they only had the hard work of preparing. What these men did was essential. The fight could not have been won without them—they were the greater part of the reserve forces that broke the morale of the enemy.

There is great danger that the valuable work of these men may be ignored when our fighting heroes come home. Our reserves should be regarded with as much approval as those who were so fortunate as to go overseas to meet the enemy. They have not had a glimpse of war's reality. Yet they were ready in spirit when the word was flashed that the foe had yielded.

We must do justice to our reserves as well as to our fighting boys. Respect and cheer them all, but don't permit the reserves to be consigned to oblivion. They don't deserve it.

C. J. KRONZ, '20.



## ***The Truth About the Reception and Euchre.***

**W**ITH the announcement by the officials of the Students' Athletic Association that plans have been completed for their annual Reception and Dansant to be held in the William Penn Hotel ball-room on the evening of February 12, the students and alumni of the University are assured of an affair which bids fair to eclipse in brilliancy and pomp all social functions hitherto undertaken by this body. The fact that the Association has secured the most accessible, most spacious and most beautiful ball-room in the city, shows that they will spare no effort or expense in making this affair a huge success.

Notwithstanding all these preparations success is not as yet assured. There is an obligation resting upon the students themselves. The success of the reception and euchre depends not upon the energies of a few men, but upon the combined efforts of the student-body at large. It is strictly a student activity, arranged, participated in, and controlled by the students. None

but them share in its proceeds, for these go towards the support of athletics exclusively.

Students, are we going to succeed or fail? Are we going to set a mark that future generations of the University will strive to reach? If so, let us get busy; let us put our shoulders to the wheel; let us "carry on"—on to the highest pinnacle of success.

JAMES J. MCCLOSKEY, '19.

## Obituary.

REV. ALOYSIUS SCHMITT, C. S. Sp.

REV. FRANCIS X. ROEHRIG, C. S. Sp.

**D**URING the month of January the Holy Ghost Fathers suffered a double bereavement. REV. A. SCHMITT passed away in Mercy Hospital on the twentieth; death was due to blood poisoning following an operation on his tonsils. REV. F. X. ROEHRIG died of pneumonia on the twenty-first in St. John's Hospital, North Side. On Wednesday morning, in the University chapel, Rev. Bernard Carey assisted by Rev. H. J. McDermott and Rev. J. J. Fitzpatrick, chanted a High Mass of Requiem for the repose of the soul of Father Schmitt; in the afternoon, his remains were taken to St. Mary's Church, Sharpsburg, and there, in the presence of a large congregation which filled that spacious edifice, his casket was placed beside that of Father Roehrig; those present respectfully and mournfully viewed the bodies of the deceased priests robed in violet vestments. On the following day, Right Rev. Bishop Canevin testified his respect for the dead by canceling an engagement and presided at the obsequies. After the office for the dead had been chanted, Rev. J. P. Danner and Rev. J. F. Malloy leading, Rev. J. Otten, assisted by Rev. J. J. Ruehl and Rev. L. Alachniewicz, with Rev. T. Maniecki as master of ceremonies, sang the Solemn High Mass. Coincidentally, at the side altars, Rev. L. Spannagel and Rev. L. J. Zindler offered up the holy sacrifice for the repose of their souls.

The sermon was delivered by the V. Rev. M. A. Hehir, President of Duquesne University. He commented on the unique character of the solemnity which had brought together so many clergymen and so numerous a congregation—the funerals of two priests of the same religious society laid side by side in the same church. At any time their death would be a great loss, but now



they can be spared less than ever owing to the draughts on the diocese by disease and chaplaincies. Death, he went on to say, is both certain and uncertain—certain, because none can escape it; uncertain, because its summons may come at any moment. The two Fathers had realized this truth, and had made their whole lives a preparation for the inevitable hour. Whilst sanctifying themselves by the observance of their holy rule, they increased their merits in the eyes of God by promoting the salvation of others, offering sacrifice, reconciling sinners, instructing the faithful, and leading them to the haven of eternal rest. In conclusion, he voiced the sympathy of all present, with the surviving relatives of the deceased and with the Rt. Rev. Bishop, who feels keenly the death of every priest. His last words were an earnest appeal to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins.

When the *Libera* had been chanted, the Rt. Rev. Bishop pronounced the final absolution. The body of Father Schmitt was then conveyed to its last resting place in St. Mary's Cemetery, and that of Father Roehrig to Detroit, Michigan.

Father Schmitt was born in Strasburg, Alsace, in 1870. On the conclusion of his theological course, he was ordained at Paris in November, 1895; the following year, after making his religious profession, he was assigned to the African Missions in Southern Nigeria. His zeal in the ministry and in the school room undermined his health, and he was transferred to the Holy Ghost College in Guadaloupe, West Indies; here he taught mathematics and classics for seven years. A change was then deemed advisable, and he was temporarily put in charge of the mission church of Atkins, Arkansas. From 1905 to 1918 he taught classics and mathematics in the Holy Ghost Apostolic College, Cornwells, Pa. Since last September he was stationed in the University, teaching mathematics up to his final illness.

The great charm of Father Schmitt's character arose from his consistent good humor, habitual gentleness, simplicity of manners, and unostentatious zeal in the discharge of all his duties. The members of his community and the people amongst whom he worked will long mourn his loss. *R. I. P.*

---

Father Roehrig was born in Detroit on March 9, 1885. He joined the Holy Ghost Order as a student in Duquesne University in September, 1899. Having graduated in June, 1907, he entered the novitiate in Ferndale, Conn., and there made his religious profession in the following year. He then went to Paris for his theological studies. After his ordination there in 1912, he

returned to Duquesne University in the capacity of professor of mathematics and vice-prefect of discipline. After two years of efficient work in the University, he was transferred to St. Mary's Church, Sharpsburg, as assistant pastor.

During the four years and a half of his parochial duties, he edified by his well-directed energies, ministering in the church, comforting the sick, encouraging manly sports in the Lyceum, and improving the school children by his instruction in the class-room. Of a winning disposition and sympathetic character, he numbered his friends by the circle of his acquaintance, and bound them to him more closely as years rolled on by the continued interest he manifested in their welfare and progress. *R. I. P.*

---

#### CHARLES E. MITCHELL.

CHARLES E. MITCHELL, graduate of the Commercial Department in the Class of '85, died on January 10, at his home, 252 Fisk Street, after a protracted illness of six months. For several years he had been superintendent of the Lock Box Department in the Pittsburgh Post Office, and a member of the Lawrenceville Board of Trade.

Always interested in church matters, for several years he was bass soloist and director in St. Mary's choir, Lawrenceville, and later assumed the directorship of music in St. John the Baptist's. Conscientious in the discharge of his post office obligations, and zealous in the performance of his religious duties, he was well prepared for the momentous final reckoning. To his wife and daughter we convey the expression of our most sincere sympathy. *R. I. P.*

---

#### EDMUND E. NUGENT.

Another of our earliest graduates, EDMUND E. NUGENT, died at his home in Braddock on January 22 after a long illness.

Mr. Nugent graduated from the Commercial Department in 1886. From that time he manifested his business ability in several capacities—as an employe of the Pennsylvania Railroad, as chief clerk of the Edgar Thompson Steel Works, as a successful insurance agent, and finally as a member of the Braddock Council. He was also one of the most prominent parishioners of St. Brendan's Church, a member of the Braddock Chapter of the Knights of Columbus, and of the Board of Underwriters of Allegheny County. He was respected for his staunch Catholicity and business probity. With his surviving relatives we heartily sympathize. *R. I. P.*

## Anent the K. of C.

WE rejoice to hear from a variety of sources of the good work being done at home and abroad by the Knights of Columbus. Unstinted praise is lavished upon them by returning soldiers, and no other organization can be compared with them in their beneficent activities except the Salvation Army. This is praise indeed.

Just before the re-opening of school, we lost one of our most efficient and experienced teachers, Professor M. J. Connolly. After twelve years of conscientious work in the class-room, of which the major portion was spent in preparing young men in the day and evening schools for the Preliminary State Board Law Examinations, he yielded to the promptings of his generous impulses and decided to tender his services to the K. of C. for use in France. His offer was accepted. In company with two other Pittsburghers, "Bob" Egan, formerly managing editor of the *Dispatch*, and Mr. John P. Murphy, to whom we are profoundly grateful for favoring us for years with stage settings for our plays, he sailed for France about the middle of January.

Professor Connolly has many friends in Pittsburgh and in other cities where the English game of cricket is in favor. He was a consistent hitter and reliable fielder. When the Australians visited Pittsburgh three years ago, Professor Connolly had the distinction of "carrying his bat" for the highest score made by the locals.

The following letter was received from him before he sailed :

New York, January 11, 1919.

My dear Father McDermott,

The delays have been many, but at last we are about to say *au revoir* to the United States.

Twenty-eight field secretaries, men of sterling, physical and moral qualities, are going overseas on this occasion to perform their allotted tasks. All seem imbued with that spirit which has already done so much to alleviate the trials of the soldier, and to bring honor to the K. of C. The spirit of kindness is prevalent. These men do not serve Mammon. Their hand is extended, not to receive gifts, but rather to give aid and succor, and I feel sure Almighty God will bless their efforts.

The farthest limits of the United States have furnished men for this cause, and Pennsylvania is very well represented, while Duquesne Council, Pittsburgh, has four representatives.

We go to Holy Communion in a body to-morrow morning. After breakfast we entrain for Boston, where a stay of about four hours makes us the guests of the Boston Councils. We continue our journey to Portland, Me. from which port we sail on Monday morning, proceeding to Southampton London, and thence to Paris. The Paris address is 16 Place de la Madeleine where we are given our assignments.



Please extend to Father Hehir, the Faculty and students my good wishes. The severing of my connection with Duquesne University was not lightly taken, and I have felt the breaking up of such long ties of friendship, kindness, and guidance keenly. Pray for me.

Yours respectfully,

M. J. CONNOLLY.

Extract of a letter from Rev. John J. Mitty, Chaplain, 101st Infantry, A. E. F.

November 22, 1918.

Before leaving Lomans, things were working satisfactorily and supplies were coming in to the boys from the Knights of Columbus regularly. I had twenty-four hours at Paris on my way East, and Mr Hearn, K. of C. Secretary, was more than kind and cordial. He entertained me as his guest in his own home. He made it a real home to me, and that was the last time I saw a bed till the other night. Mr. Hearn is making a wonderful success of the work. He gets everything from the French officials, and is a live wire on the job every minute, never missing a cue or an opportunity.

The K. of C. is exceedingly popular with the soldiers. "Everybody Welcome and Everything Free" is literally lived up to, and the Protestant and Jewish boys look to the Knights of Columbus just like our own; those who have been at the front are especially loud in their appreciation. The war has been the opportunity for the Knights of Columbus, and they have risen to it fully.

## CHRONICLE.

### College and High School.

#### Classes Resumed.

Classes were resumed on January 6th, the feast of the Epiphany. A High Mass was sung by Rev. Leo A. McCrory, '15.

#### R. O. T. C.

On January 14 the Reserve Officers' Training Corps was organized under the personal direction of Lieutenant Warren R. Canright, previously Commanding Officer of the S. A. T. C. Four companies were formed, and drills are conducted three times a week from 12:30 to 1:30, so that class hours may not be encroached on.

#### Mission Day.

On Wednesday morning, January 15th, the usual weekly Mass for the students was offered up by the Rev. Vincent S. Burke, '15, now stationed at St. Paul's Cathedral. After the Mass, an address was delivered on the needs of foreign missions by the Rev. Edward J. Knaebel, C. S. Sp., director of the Holy Childhood Association in the United States. A collection was taken up in aid of the work, and of the Propagation of the Faith; members of the Child Jesus and the Holy Angels' Sodalties contributed to the former, and those of the Holy Ghost, the Blessed Sacrament, and the Immaculate Heart contributed to the latter.



**Sunday Entertainments.**

With the entertainment given by the Fourth High Class on Sunday evening, January 12, began the concert season for this year. The affair was very successful, and a record crowd turned out to witness the first appearance of this class in public. The chief features of the evening were instrumental solos by Leo P. Dooley and John M. Brown, vocal solos by the McCaffrey trio, music by the orchestra, and a debate on the League of Nations, in which Strobel, Caye and Mahony distinguished themselves. The negative side won.

On Sunday evening, January 19, the Third High made their first public appearance. The debate was perhaps the most interesting part of the evening's programme. Both sides handled the question on the feasibility of a League of Nations remarkably well. Other features were a vocal solo by J. F. McCaffrey, and a recitation by Richard Ackerman.

**Honored.**

The Very Reverend President was honored with an invitation to the inauguration, at Harrisburg, of our new Governor.

**For Father Hawks.**

On Wednesday morning, January 22, Rev. H. J. Gilbert, assisted by Rev. J. R. McKavney and Rev. C. B. Hannigan offered up a High Mass of Requiem, at the request of the Duquesne University Club, for the repose of the soul of the late Rev. James J. Hawks, pastor, St. Mary's Church, Red Lake Falls, Minn.

**Lecture on Vocal Music.**

During the noon-day recreation on January 21, Mr. Bellingham, of the Committee on Camp Activities, lectured on vocal music, instructing and amusing with apt illustrations drawn from negro camp life and other sources. "Sing, and help to make the nation happy," was the burden of his address.

**Sympathy.**

We heartily sympathize with Professor M. J. Braunigau, C. S. Sp., bereaved of his father. At the suggestion of Leonard Snyder and James Doyle, the resident students showed their practical and much appreciated sympathy by having a Requiem High Mass offered up for the deceased on January 24; the members of his Third High Class did likewise on January 28th. This action taken by the students shows a most commendable spirit of harmony, faith and practical piety.

George and Kenneth Stewart mourn the death of their mother after a lingering illness of ten years. Fathers McDermott and Fitzpatrick called at their home to condole with them on the loss they have sustained.

L. J. MCINTYRE, '22.

**School of Law.**

The Honorable Judge Joseph M. Swearingen, dean of the school, who had been somewhat indisposed during the early part of the school year, has now fully recovered, and is as enthusiastic as ever in his supervision of the classes and in his lectures on Corporations, Equity and Real Property.

Honorable William A. Magee will begin his course of lectures on Public Service Regulation the first week of the second semester.

John Schott and Howard Cassidy, members of last year's Junior class, are now located in Washington, D. C. Mr. Schott has been taken into the Judge Advocate General's Department, and Mr. Cassidy, who secured a position in the Naval Intelligence Section, is completing his law studies at Georgetown University.

Howard E. Pilgrim, one of our serious Seniors, is now the proud father of a young lady, who, Howard says, fills the home with silence during the family hours of repose.

J. A. D.

## School of Accounts.

The following new courses are being organized: Business Mathematics, Geography of Commerce, Office Management and Practice, and on Saturday mornings, Filing and the History of Commercial Education. Carl S. Breitenstein, chief accountant of the City of Pittsburgh, is about to begin on February 3, a class in Fundamental Accounting. Dr. Deviny will inaugurate February 6 a course in Public Utility Accounting.

Debates, as indicated below, were held on January 24 and 31, respectively: (1) Resolved, that the U. S. should own, operate and control the railroads for a period of five years. Chairman, Mr. Hohman; affirmative—Messrs. Monheim, Joseph and Kwiatowski; negative—Messrs. Burkley, Malone and Posluszny. (2) Resolved, that the National Prohibition Amendment which has been ratified by the States is desirable by the people, and in time will prove beneficial to the country. Chairman, Mr. Finerty; affirmative—Messrs. Gorski, Ruffenach and Wagner; negative—Messrs. McGrath, Carl and Powers.

The Evening School Association, with an enrollment of about 800 members, elected the following officers for the coming year: C. P. Maloney, President; S. P. Maloney, Vice-President; E. J. Rectenwald, Secretary, and J. R. O'Connell, Treasurer. The Executive Committee is composed of Dean Walker, Miss Louise Huemmerick, E. L. Miller, Ben I. Davis and G. A. McGovern. The first affair on the programme for the year, "Get Acquainted Night," was held on Wednesday evening, January fifteenth. Professor Weis's orchestra supplied the music.

S. W. WAGNER, JR.

---

## ATHLETICS.

\* It was only when the S. A. T. C. was demobilized that the cage was turned over to teams for practice. The consequent lack of practice accounts for their inferior form shown to date.—ED.

### BASKETBALL.\*

#### 'VARSITY.

With the passing of the holidays and the demobilizing of the S. A. T. C., athletics are once again assuming their natural stride at the University. Practice was begun with the reopening of school, and was well attended by many of last year's veterans—Flanagan, Ligday, Kronz, Finnerty and Posluszny.

The new men on the squad, in whom the Coach hopes to find 'Vartity material of real value, are Davies, Powers and Hayes, all of last year's University High team.

The schedule includes some of the very best teams in the tri-State district: W. & J., Buffalo University, Niagara, St. Canisius, Detroit University, Capitol University, Waynesburg, Grove City, Muskingum, St. John's and St. Ignatius', and others will be on the schedule.

Rev. E. N. McGuigan is faculty manager and coach; J. J. McCloskey is student manager.

So far two games have been played, one with Tech, and one with W. & J. Tech won, 41-21; the first half was very close, but lack of practice told on the Dukes in the second. Davies scored 15 points; Kronz, 4, and Ligday, 2.

With a fair-minded, competent official on a neutral floor, D. U. could have bested W. & J. Under the adverse circumstances under which the game was played, W. & J. won, 40-23. Davies netted 3 goals, Flanagan, 2; Hayes, 2; Ligday, 1. Davies shot 7 goals out of 10 attempts.

### UNIVERSITY HIGH.

The University High is composed of Kettl and Finn, centres, Caye, Carl, Cingolani and Reagan, guards; Cassidy, Doyle and Walsh, forwards.

The University High came to grief in the two games they played. Monaca H. S. winning, 24-19, and Tech Freshmen, 37-14. In the game with Monaca; Captain Reagan made 2 field goals, Walsh 2, Cassidy 1, Doyle 1. Walsh made 7 foul goals out of 12 tries.

Carnegie Tech outclassed our men in age, weight and accuracy. However, our lads played a plucky game. Walsh scored 2 field goals and 8 fouls, and Reagan got the only other field goal.

The schedule calls for games with the following high school teams: South High, Johnstown, Monaca, Casino Tech, Steubenville (2), Freedom (2), and Connellsville.

Rev. J. A. Rossenbach is faculty manager, and T. R. Sullivan, student manager.

### JUNIOR HIGH.

The Junior High is at present the most promising team of the four. It carries 7 excellent players. The Ferguson "twins" are guards of remarkable ability; Cherdini and Egan were stars in last year's Minim aggregation. Hurley and O'Neil are speedy on their feet, and accurate in their tossing; Hall may develop into a rugged defensive player.

The Juniors have had so far only one game to demonstrate their calibre. In that they defeated the strong Rex Club 30 to 9. Hurley made 5 goals, Cherdini 5, Egan 2, and J. Ferguson 2; R. Ferguson made 2 foul goals out of 6 attempts.

Rev. P. A. Connolly is faculty manager, and W. Titz, student manager.

### MINIMS.

After a fortnight of intensive daily practice, Mr. Brannigan picked 11 players out of 35 candidates. Joe Nee was chosen captain with Joe Ritter as his associate. It is unusual to have two captains on a club, but the Minims have a tradition that every man is a regular. By working them all in every game, each player has a chance to develop.

In the last three years, the Minim club has lost only three games. Though there is no veteran on the roster this year, the Minims have won two games already. The guards are Baier, Nee, Ritter, Witt and Dunn. Savage and McQuade are playing the pivotal position. "Chick" Egau and "Toots" Sweeney are well-paired at forward. Szabo and Ebitz also are forwards.

Professor M. J. Brannigan is faculty manager, and John Witt student manager.

The Minims defeated the Washington Club, 33-20, and St. Peter's Club, 40-27. In the two games Sweeney and Szabo scored 16 points, each; Savage, 10; Ibitz and McQuade, 8, each; Egan and Nee, 4, each; and Dunn, 3.

In the next issue of the MONTHLY we shall note the standing of the clubs in the noon-day league.

J. J. McCloskey, '19.

## Duquesnicula.

Quinn is sometimes sententious. The other day, enlarging on the theme that brains and money aren't always combined, he said: "You know people who have the Dollars haven't always got sense." Then we heard the familiar warble.

Someone from First Scientific confounded McGee with the Ancient Mariner and recited:

"God save the Ancient Mariner from the fiends that scare thee green,  
Why look'st so glum?" "With my depth bomb, I missed the  
submarine!"

Second Hi A sometimes produce translations Caesar might well be jealous of, as for instance: *Vadis repertis flumen transivit*. "Having found some foirds he crossed the river." Then was heard Friday's treble, "Gee, whiz! Even Caesar used a flivver."

In the same class, the Prof. announced that the exercise was for Friday. Vic stood up with an aggrieved countenance. "Does'nt anyone else have to do it?"

"Well, Murph," says Pat Diranna. "*Bon Jour*. Say, listen. If the inhabitants of Poland are called Poles, should'nt the inhabitants of Holland be called Holes?"

BOGGS.—Sully in that class prophecy made Doyle say some cutting things.  
SULLY.—Well, he was supposed to be a Barber, you know.

DOYLE.—Ho, Connecticut, what do you think of Pittsburgh?  
WARD.—Soots me all right.



Composed and put to music by Kettl. (The hero (?) is supposed to be Mc-Fall, but we won't tell him):

"For hours and hours that weary night  
He sawed a log with all his might,  
But when towards morn he struck a knot  
I rose and brained him on the spot."

HABERL.—"A man of the greatest influence; Er—*Homo summae*—er—*influenzae*."

BROWN.—What were you saying?"

FLANAGAN.—"Oh, nothing! I was just talking to myself."

BROWN.—"Why don't you talk to a sensible person?"

#### A FIFTY DOLLAR CHECK.

An enemy could easily revenge himself on me by sending me a Fifty Dollar Check as a Xmas Gift. I will enumerate some of the tortures its possession would occasion. First, a trip to the hospital, to recover from the shock: I know of better places of recreation than a hospital. Secondly, a money panic in my home town. I reside mostly in Knoxville, and there is not fifty dollars in the whole town, much less in the bank, so my presentation of the check might have fatal results. Supposing, however, I safely survived the shock and had the check cashed—well, I would be under the necessity of buying a new outfit, the money having burned holes in the pockets of my only suit. Next, to clear my conscience, I would pay off my United War Fund pledge and buy another Thrift Stamp. By this time, not having enough left to buy a yacht or a steamer, I would present sufficient to some worthy itinerant to buy a schooner. A little more would go for a ford as a means of having a better excuse for being late to school in the morning. Then, the real generosity of my nature would exhibit itself, for, with the remainder, I would take all the students (as also Cherdini and McMullen) of 2 B to Snigo's, where, at my expense, they might imbibe hot chocolate till the police removed them.

J. A. COLLINS, H. S., '21.

## READ THE PARACLETE

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Honor of the Holy Ghost

Published by the Holy Ghost Fathers

And Containing Contributions by Leading Authors  
of the Day

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50

Address—Holy Ghost Fathers,  
Cornwells Heights, Pa.

Established 1875

Thomas E. Wall

**DRUGGIST**

643 FIFTH AVENUE

PITTSBURGH

Let Us Do Your

**PRINTING**

and be satisfied

**FAHEY & CO.**

25 SHINGISS ST.

PITTSBURGH

Bell Phone 540 Hemlock.

**F. W. IMMEKUS**

Window Shades]

Paints'

Linoleum and Wall Paper

1317-19 Carson Street, S. S.

Bell, 1856 Court

Plate Glass

Window Glass

Rough and Ribbed Skylight

Bent Glass

Ornamental Glass

**GEO. A. KIM & CO.**

318-320 FIRST AVE.

PITTSBURGH

Bet. Wood and Smithfield Streets

A famous New York hatter makes

*Oetting's Hats*

**OTTO OETTING,**

643 SMITHFIELD STREET

PITTSBURGH



Wants a Plumber, Quick

**BUERKLE PLUMBING CO.**

245 THIRD AVENUE, PITTSBURGH

Established 1865

BELL PHONE 683 GRANT

## BURNS, FLEMING & CO.

### ENGINEERS and CONTRACTORS

Steam and Hot Water Heating and Ventilating Apparatus.  
General Steam Fitting and Power Plants.

815 FORBES STREET, PITTSBURGH, PA.

---

## PAINTS, VARNISHES AND BRUSHES

are like medicine. They are only cheap when you  
get the right kind for the right purpose  
To be sure of your painting material be sure of your dealer  
In business 68 years

## C. A. MICHEL & CO.

949 Liberty Avenue, Pittsburgh  
(OPPOSITE SMITHFIELD STREET)

---

JOHN DIMLING      H. B. DEMMLER  
President.      V. Pres.  
C. A. MUEHLBRONNER, V. Pres.  
CHARLES E. SCHUETZ, Cashier  
JOHN H. DEMMLER, Asst. Cashier

## Western Savings and Deposit Bank

OLIVER BUILDING, 533 Smithfield St  
PITTSBURGH

Accounts of Individuals and Corpora-  
tions Solicited.

4 per cent. paid on Time Deposits.

2 per cent. paid on Checking Accounts

COMPLIMENTS  
OF

## M. LETZELTER

4614-4616

LIBERTY AVENUE

---

Fisk 156

PHONE GRANT OR MAIN 100

## ORDER

# HERMES' OHIO & PITTSBURGH MILK CO.

## Pure Milk and Cream

Delivered to your home at a saving of 10 per cent.

Quality guaranteed best put out in Pittsburgh

---

## THE BEST IN ROLLING MILL MACHINERY

# Mackintosh-Hemphill & Co.

MANGANITE

ROLLS

STEEL

---



GILLESPIE BROS.

Diamond Importers      Jewelers  
Second Floor Jenkins Arcade

---

Phone Hemlock 147

## Mrs. S. Kersting

Religious Articles,  
School Books and Candles  
Wholesale and Retail

The Right Goods at the Right Place

104 PIUS STREET

S. S., PITTSBURGH, PA.





WHEN YOU'RE IN A HURRY



Phone  
**Hemlock 700**

THE KEYSTONE LUMBER CO., PITTSBURGH

---

**Let the 7 BAKER BROS. Do Your Baking**

**AND PROMOTE PITTSBURGH**

None but the best and purest of materials  
are used exclusively in our

**"HOLSUM"** Bakery Products

Your Grocer Has Them

---

**THE J. H. MACKALL CO.**

Manufacturers of

**CAKES, CRACKERS, CANDY**

Successors to  
E. Maginn

**OYSTER CRACKERS**

OUR SPECIALTY

---



**WM. WUERTHELE**

Manufacturer and Dealer in  
New and Second Hand

**BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES**

Bowling Alley Supplies, Repairing of Tables  
our Specialty. Turning of Billiard, Pool  
and Bowling Balls and Cues to Order.

412 Diamond Street PITTSBURGH



**INKS**

Library  
Paste  
Mucilage  
and  
Glue

**J. C. SWEARINGEN INK CO**

Pittsburgh

F. N. HOFSTOT, President  
T. W. FRIEND, Vice President

GEORGE C. SCHMIDT, Cashier  
H. J. C. BREKER, Asst Cashier

# National Bank of America

709-711 East Ohio Street, Pittsburgh

CAPITAL \$200,000.00

SURPLUS \$350,000.00

---

**A. KLEIN**  
**3705 Butler St., Pittsburg**

**HOLIDAY SPECIALTIES**  
in Church Goods

Bell Phone, Fisk 1572

---



PITTSBURGH

Invites the Accounts of Individuals, Firms and Corporations  
Every courtesy extended Depositors  
without reference to size of their accounts.

Capital and Surplus, \$2,100,000.00

FIFTH AND LIBERTY AVENUES

---

## The Pittsburg Observer

\$1.50 a Year

AMERICA'S FOREMOST WEEKLY

---



Bell, 80 L Hemlock  
A. Rausch John Rausch Jos. Rausch  
Graining and Glazing  
Orders Attended to Promptly

## AUGUST RAUSCH & BROS.

House, Sign and Fresco

### PAINTERS

Estimates furnished on Cleaning all  
kinds of Paints. All kinds of Paints,  
mixed ready for use. Sole distributors  
of E-Z Paint and Varnish Cleaner.

94 Pius Street, S. E. Pittsburgh

---

## F. X. MANSMANN CO.

### MANX UNION SUITS a Specialty

Medium and Heavy Weights

\$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50, Up

Every Garment Guaranteed

FIFTH AVENUE ARCADE

PITTSBURGH, PA.

---

Established 1890

## LATSHAW-FEERST CO.

RECEIVERS AND SHIPPERS

### BUTTER and EGGS

202 FERRY STREET

PITTSBURGH

Bell, 9040 Court P. & A. 1369 Main

## JAS. W. FISHER

Wholesale  
and Retail

## FISH AND OYSTERS

66 Diamond Market

33 Diamond Square

PITTSBURGH

---

TELEPHONE GRANT 15

Fort Pitt

## Lithographing Co.

Engravers Printers

Lithographers Bank Stationers

701-703 Forbes Street

PITTSBURGH

---

## THE PARK BANK

6106 Penn Avenue

East End PITTSBURGH

Deals with Its Customers  
in a Human Way.

---

# G. B. HURT

INCORPORATED

## Wholesale Grocers

HOTEL, BAKERS AND CONFECTIONERS SUPPLIES

PENN AVENUE and WATER STREET

PITTSBURGH

# GRAFNER BROS.

## Wholesale JEWELERS

IMPORTERS OF DIAMONDS

811 Liberty Avenue  
Pittsburgh

---

Bell, 9424 Grant P. & A. 5491 M Pitt

## SNIGO'S

Ice Cream and Ices  
Have No Equal

Brick Cream a Specialty  
Any Flavor Desired at Short Notice  
Wholesale and Retail

607 FIFTH AVE., PITTSBURGH

---

## Eugene S. Reilly & Co.

### REAL ESTATE

Mortgages Insurance

430-432 Fourth Avenue  
PITTSBURGH

Private Exchange Court No. 1

---

## GROGAN COMPANY

Direct your attention to  
their stock of

Jewelry Silverware  
Watches and Clocks

At all times complete and of the  
highest quality

Wood Street and Sixth Avenue  
PITTSBURGH

Edward S. Bily H. G. Stratman  
E. A. Williams

## CHARLES BILY CO. TAILORS

Suite 219-21-23 Union Arcade  
Pittsburgh

Bell Tel. 2568 Grant

---

## Bailey-Farrell Manufacturing Co.

Plumbing Supplies  
Heating Supplies

---

Oldest House in the line  
in Western Penn'a.

---

Office and Warehouse  
Third and Ross  
EXHIBIT ROOMS  
UNION ARCADE  
PITTSBURGH

---



"Her Favorite"  
Chocolates



**Some people eat good meat  
some of the time, but those  
who deal at Schlelein's eat  
good meat all the time.**

**Positively the one best quality of Home-  
dressed and Government-inspected Meats**

**J. & W. SCHLELEIN**

**PITTSBURGH MARKET**

---

**Our Sausage and Bologna have no equal**

---

**MANSMANN'S**  
UPTOWN DAYLIGHT STORE

**5911-5915 PENN AVENUE**

**East End**

**PITTSBURGH**

---

**What Eichenlaub's Sell You is Good**

**EICHENLAUB'S**  
**FURNITURE, RUGS, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES**  
**3501-3503 Butler Street, Pittsburgh**

---

**TERHEYDEN CO.**

**DIAMONDS**

**530 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh**

ESTABLISHED 1884

The Oldest Popular Price Tailor in  
Greater Pittsburgh

Suits Made to Your Order

\$15, 18, 20, 22, 25

Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed or Money Refunded

**LEEDS COMPANY**

**PROGRESSIVE TAILORS**

128 Sixth Street, opp. Alvin

6225 Frankstown Avenue, E. E.  
10 doors from Penn Avenue

150 Carson Street, S. S.

**PITTSBURGH**

---

NEW GALLERIES

**Wunderly Bros.**

*Fine Art Dealers*

512 Wood St. 306-8-10 Oliver Ave.

**PITTSBURGH**

---

**White**

**Transfer & Storage Co.**

Furniture Storage Only

Separate Apartments Low Prices

Motor Trucks, Vans or Wagons for  
Moving

Office 708 Duquesne Way and  
715 Seal Street

No North Side Branch

---

**D. Rosser**  
**STUDIO**

347 Fifth Avenue

**PITTSBURGH**

Work of this Studio Awarded Twenty  
Nine National and State Awards

---

Bell Phone 1086 Fisk

Carriages

Automobiles

**O. J. GOETZ, F. D**

**Leichenbestatter**

**3509 Penn Avenue**

**PITTSBURGH**

# D'YOUVILLE COLLEGE

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Under the Direction of the Grey Nuns

A College for Women, chartered by Act of Legislature of the State of New York. Registered with the University of the State of New York.

---

Courses leading to degrees in *Arts, Science, Pedagogy, Literature and Music*  
Special preparation for High School Teaching.  
Design and Painting, under Male Instructor.

RIGHT REV. DENIS J. DOUGHERTY, D. D., Chancellor.

SISTER ST. STANISLAUS,  
President.

WILLIAM A. MARTIN, M. A.  
Director of Studies.

FACULTY :

Members of the Grey Nuns' Community, Members of the Clergy,  
and Men and Women Lay Specialists.

---

## Holy Angels' Academy

In Connection with D'Youville College

College Preparatory and General Culture Courses. Music, Languages,  
Design and Painting. New York State Regents' Diplomas.

---

## BOLD'S HOME-MADE BREAD

BAKED FRESH EVERY DAY.

It is so manifestly good and fresh that it produces a light,  
flaky crust that melts deliciously in the mouth, and there  
is no soaking in of the filling, nor soginess, no indigestion.

Every Loaf is of Uniform Excellence, the Standard by which  
others are judged.

AUGUST BOLD,

821-29 Industry St., Pittsburgh

---



Bell Phones: Hemlock 308 R

Hill 412 W

Commercial Photography

Photographer

Portraits in Crayon, Oil and Water Color Paintings

1207 Carson Street and Post Office Building, Mt. Oliver

---

## WAGNER BROS. SHOE CO.

WHOLESALE SHOES

429 LIBERTY AVENUE

PITTSBURGH

# Duquesne Monthly

A Literary Magazine

Vol. XXVI.

MARCH, 1919

No. 6

---

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR  
BY THE STUDENTS OF DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY

---

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE  
ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

Address, Duquesne Monthly, Duquesne University, Pittsburgh, Pa.

---

Entered as second-class matter, at the Pittsburgh  
Postoffice, April 30, 1911

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103,  
Act of October 3, 1917, authorized October 22, 1918.

---

JUSTIN J. GALLAGHER, '19, Editor-in-Chief

JAMES J. MCCLOSKEY, '19	CYRIL J. KRONZ, '20	Associate Editors
FRANCIS J. LIGDAY, '20	ANDREW J. KING, '22	Exchanges
M. NOON GLYNN, '20	.	Alumni
LEO J. MCINTYRE, '22	.	Chronicle
T. ROBERT SULLIVAN, '19 (H. S.)	.	Athletics



# Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXVI.

MARCH, 1919.

Number 6

## St. Patrick's Day.

**E**VER in hope of a brighter to-morrow,  
Duly we've honored despite every sorrow

Our Festival Day.

Cheering our grief-stricken hearts, it has blessed us  
Lest we should fail in the gloom that oppressed us  
And faint in the way.

Now through the night of oppression are sifting  
Freedom's bright sunbeams, our spirits uplifting,

And therefore we pray

That, with the faith we displayed in our sadness,  
Loyal we'll keep in our era of gladness

Our Festival Day.

PETREL STORM, '19.



## America and Ireland.

**A**MERICA owes to Ireland a debt of gratitude that may now be liquidated to the advantage of both countries. I may pass over in silence the prominent part played by the Irish in building up the Church in these United States; their all-important contribution of teachers to the cause of education in pre-Revolutionary days; and their directive and loyal coöperation in laying the foundations of many of our leading universities especially in the East. It is even interesting to delve into the chronicles of western states and note the development effected by pioneer Irishmen; to study the history of our navy and realize how largely Ireland contributed to its foundation and its up-building; and to scan the pages of history commemorative of the War of Independence to find Irish names stand out in bold relief and in letters of gold. In connection with this latter point, the temptation to summarize at some little length the illuminative essay of M. J. O'Donoghue in the *America* of February first, is irresistible.

Patrick Carr was the first man killed in the Boston Massacre. Thompson and Hugh Maxwell were amongst the "Indians" who pitched the tea into Boston Harbor. Majors John Sullivan (subsequently Brigadier-General) and John Lydon have to their credit the first fort, New Castle, taken in the Revolution. John Stark headed the New Hampshire men at Bunker Hill. Colonels Wayne, Stuart, Irwin and Butler led the famous Irish Brigade of Pennsylvania, the crack corps of the Continental Army. William Gregg commanded the vanguard at Bennington. The Gibson brothers gave their name to the distinguished sharpshooters, the "Gibson Lambs". Captain Jasper presided over the destinies of Fort Moultrie. John Kelly covered Washington's retreat from Trenton. Colonel Alexander Martin was distinguished in the Brandywine action. Generals Lewis, Roche, Hand, Clinton, Rutherford, Thompson and Butler, shed lustre on the land from which they sprang and on the cause for which they fought. George Washington relied upon General Knox as his most trusted adviser; upon Joseph Reed as his private secretary, and Colonel Fitzgerald as his favorite aide-de-camp.

Speaker Galloway, of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, testified in 1779 before a committee of the House of Commons that one-half the number in the service of Congress were Irish, one-quarter native Americans, and the other quarter English and Scotch; he based his information on reliable lists indicating names and places of nativity. The historian Plowden writes: "It is a fact beyond question that most of the early successes in

America were due to the vigorous exertions and prowess of the Irish emigrants who bore arms in the cause." And Lord Mountjoy declared in the House of Lords that England lost America by Ireland.

What the sons of Ireland have accomplished for America in the great war just waged can not yet be seen in its proper perspective, but when, in the course of years, the details of heroism, suffering and achievement shall have passed into history, we feel confident that no small share of the glory that accrues to our nation for its part in bringing the tremendous issues at stake to a deathless decision, will be ascribed in a generous degree to native-Americans of Irish descent.

We cherish a grateful memory of the services rendered us by the French nation in bringing the Revolutionary War to a successful and speedy conclusion, but how few of us realize that the initiative of her friendly action and cordial assistance was due to an Irishman! It was Count Arthur Dillon that broached the subject to the French War Office. He addressed an earnest petition to that department, craving for the Irish soldiers in France the favor of being permitted to fight for American freedom. Favorable action was taken on his petition, and France decided to strike a blow at England through America. The first four regiments that sailed from France were composed of Irish soldiers, and with them were nineteen officers, scions of the old Irish nobility. It has been asserted on unquestionable authority that half of the entire French expeditionary force was actually made up of Irishmen animated by a hatred of their traditionary foe, and a love for the land where so many of their compatriots had found an asylum and an opportunity for the exercise of their talents. Had it not been for France, had it not been for Ireland, what would have been the outcome of our struggle to sever the bonds that bound us hand and foot to England! We tremble to contemplate the possibilities that would have confronted our ancestors.

Ireland has then the right to call upon America for assistance in this her hour of need. What her own ambitions are have been unequivocally and emphatically expressed in the December elections. Though the Irish leaders and their active supporters had been cast into prison; though public meetings to instruct voters had been ruthlessly "proclaimed;" though friendly newspapers had been systematically suppressed; though the whole election machinery was in the hands of the unscrupulous British

government, and though the country was groaning under the rigid application of harsh military law, yet the people went to the polls and registered one million out of one million and a quarter votes for national independence. The Sinn Fein party captured seventy-five seats, the remaining thirty-two being divided amongst the Unionists, Nationalists and Independents. Years ago John Mitchel, grandfather of the late Mayor of New York, was elected member of Parliament for County Tipperary, but he never sat in the representative chamber of Westminster, his contempt for which is recorded in the following words: "That Parliament is a lie, an imposition, an outrage—a game in which our part and lot is a disgrace and defeat forever—to Ireland it is nothing but a conduit of corruption, a workshop of coercion, a storehouse of starvation, a machinery of cheating, and a perpetual memento of slavery." The Sinn Fein party regard it in the same light, and have determined, with the generous championship of magnanimous nations, to rule their own country and shape its destinies.

The moment is opportune for America to express its will. A correspondent of the London *Daily News* warns the English people that they are now called upon to choose between using coercion in Ireland and retaining the good will of America. Ireland coerced would alienate whatever sympathies the Irish in America may entertain for England, and would turn the balance of votes in favor of our building up the greatest navy in the world to wrest from the hereditary mistress of the seas her much-vaunted supremacy.

A step in the right direction has been taken, but it is only a step. At Washington, on February sixth, the Committee on Foreign Affairs approvingly reported to the House a resolution expressing the hope that the Peace Conference would "favorably consider the claims of Ireland to the right of self-determination." Instructed and influenced by the representative and whole-hearted meetings held in the leading cities of the States, the Senate, we trust, will advise President Wilson that he will only be doing justice to Ireland and harmonizing Americans by energetically pleading her cause at the Versailles Conference.

HISTORICUS JUSTUS.





## Essayists, Past and Present.

**I**T was the Greek biographer and moralist Plutarch, who, by his immortal work, "Parallel Lives," introduced into the world that peculiar fashion of literature which, centuries after him, developed into the modern literary essay. I make bold to say, had it not been for Plutarch the world would never have had the works of the illustrious French essayist, Montaigne, nor those of the equally great Englishman, Bacon, at least as we know them. But not long after these eminent men, the form and spirit of the literary essay underwent a considerable change, except, indeed, in the case of Emerson, our renowned compatriot, who used the essay as a vehicle for his transcendental philosophy.

After Emerson's time, the literary essay completely changed from the style and purpose of the propagandist, and began to treat, with light humorous touches, of the familiar, everyday things of life. It took on an informality and personality that attracted a wider and different clientele.

During this period, the literary world was inspirited with the light, soft, genial essays of Lamb, that concerned themselves with matters of a general rather than a special appeal—topics that awakened the interest of the many both in their choice and in their treatment. These strains of soft gentleness have in our days again yielded to the serious propagandist spirit. But occasionally the literary world does receive a gleam of those far-off, care-free, mellow days that carry the world from the heart-ache and encroachment of the writer with a message, to the spirit of humor and good-fellowship, that marked the literary essays of yore.

This leisurely form of literary essay always has been and always will be gladly received by the reading public, especially in these days when from the strain and stress of war the overtaxed mind and the overwrought nerves must find surcease. The latest example of this literary art is the "Walking-Stick Papers" of Robert Cortes Holliday.

The "Walking-Stick Papers" possess to an unusual degree all the qualities of the true Elian literary essay—his originality,

and what is even more important, his humorous way of looking at things of daily occurrence. The simplicity of his style, the whimsical unexpectedness of his opinions, are altogether charming. He tells us, for instance, "it is a very pleasant thing to go about in the world and see all the people. Among the finest people in the world to talk with are scrubwomen. Bartenders, particularly those in very low places, are not without considerable merit in this respect. Policemen and trolley-car conductors have great social value. Rustic ferrymen are very attractive intellectually. But for a feast of reason and a flow of soul, I know of no society at all comparable to that of the scrubwoman."

Then Mr. Holliday proceeds to give us his experiences in this matter, with the result that before he has finished, we actually find ourselves giving way to his manner of thinking. He tells us in his suave manner, "Man has been variously defined as the animal, etc.; but to the best of my knowledge and belief he is the only animal that wears a hat." Were it not for the absurdity of the ideas, we would be led by the language to believe we are reading a treatise that should be in the hands of a scientist.

Mr. Holliday also writes a great deal about literary affairs and people. His remarkable sketches of "Henry James Himself," for instance, and "Literary Levites in London", sparkle with cleverness, and express views that are eminently worth considering. But it is not in essays of this kind that we perceive the full charm of his simplicity and originality of style. It is when he tells us such preposterous things as this: "to the best of my knowledge and belief, I am the only person in the United States who corresponds with a London policeman," that we willingly give ourselves over to his guidance.

After we have traveled through the pages of one of these leisurely rambles, with his scrubwomen and London bobbies and others, we feel that we have been walking very close, indeed, to the delectable meadows of Elia-land, a very pleasant and unexpected experience in the terrible days of war and the anxious days of its aftermath.

THOMAS C. BROWN, '19.



## In Ye Olden School Days.

**I**F we may believe many apparently trustworthy authorities, school-masters in ancient days wielded the rod with a facility derived from frequent practice. Horace's teacher, Orbilius, was dubbed *plagosus*, "fond of flogging" (Ep. 21, 70). Xenophon (B. C. 434?-355?) wrote of the Lacedaemonian general, Clearchus, a man known as a severe and forbidding martinet: "The soldiers felt towards him as schoolboys toward their master" (Anab. II. 6, 12). A painting recently discovered in Herculaneum (destroyed A. D. 79 by an eruption of Mt. Vesuvius) represents the interior of a school-room, the teacher being occupied in flogging one of his pupils borne on the back of a companion with his lower extremities held by another. The expression on the face of the victim shows that the application of the scourge to his bared "anatomy" arose from a conscientious belief on the part of the master in the golden maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child;" hence the blows were delivered with weight and precision. Aristophanes in *The Clouds* (about 423 B. C.) puts the following words in the mouth of Just Argument discussing the old and the new style of education: "If anybody acted silly or turned any quavers (in singing), he used to get a good, hard thrashing as 'banishing the Muses.'"

Herondas, a Greek author of the Alexandrian period (third century, B. C.) throws a lurid light upon the castigation administered to the truant Cottalus by his school-master, Lampriscus, at the request of his aggrieved mother, Metrotimé. According to his mother's complaint, the little rascal scarcely knew the way to school. He had spent all the money she had given him in playing odd and even. At the end of the month, she would have to pay his tuition fees just as if he had attended regularly. His writing tablet, which she carefully waxed every month, lay unregarded in a corner, and if he touched it under compulsion, he scowled "like Hades," made mistakes galore and smeared all out again. His spelling was an abomination. He recited like water sifting through a crack. If he was scolded, he



ran away and sponged on his grandmother, or like an ape sat on the roof of the house and broke the expensive tiles. His mother had licked him until her knuckle-bones ached, and now she turns him over to the school-master, saying :

Flog him, Lampriscus,  
Across the shoulders, till his wicked soul  
Is all but out of him. Muses prosper you,  
Give him in stripes no less than—

Lampriscus [briskly]. Right you are;  
Here, Euthias, Cocalus, and Phillus, hoist him  
Upon your backs. I like your goings on,  
My boy! I'll teach you manners! Where's my strap  
With the stinging cow's tail?

Cottalus [in terror]. By the Muses, sir,—not with the  
stinger!

Lamp. Then you shouldn't be so naughty.

Cott. Oh, how many will you give me?

Lamp. Your mother fixes that.

Cott. How many, mother?

Metr. As many as your wicked hide can bear.

\* \* \* \*

Cott. Stop!—That's enough!—Stop!

Lamp. You should *stop* your ways.

Cott. I'll never do it more, I promise you.

Lamp. Don't talk so much, or else I'll bring a gag.

Cott. I won't talk—only do not kill me, please!

Lamp. [at length relenting]. Let him down, boys.

Metr. No, leather him until sunset.

Lamp. Why, he's as mottled as a water snake.

Metr. Well, when he's done his reading, good or bad,  
Give him a trifle more, say twenty strokes.

Cott. [in agony]. Yah!

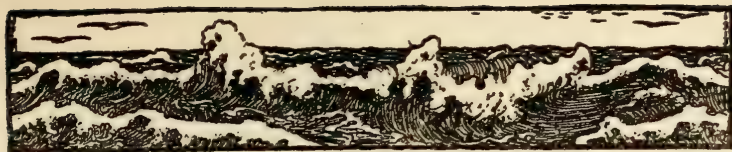
Metr. [turning away]. I'll go home and get a pair of  
fettters.

Our Lady Muses, whom he scorned, shall see  
Their scorner hobble here with shackled feet.

We may doubt if really gags and fettters were used to punish vagrants from the "flowery path of knowledge." But assuredly if the ancient civilization failed, it was not through "sparing the rod" upon the younger generation.

H. J.





## Free Poland.

**P**OLAND, which to-day is being reborn to an independent life, is a country of ancient and noble traditions. Under the successive reigns of forty kings, through more than a thousand years, Poland grew from a mere Slavic tribe to be, at one time, the largest state in Europe. From the introduction of Christianity in 965 A. D., to the first partition in 1772, Poland could combine through her startling adaptability and vitality, the role of Defender of Civilization, and pioneer of world liberalism. In 1241, at the Battle of Lignica, she for the first time threw back the Turkish invaders, and for the next five centuries, repelled ninety-one invasions of Europe, thus winning for herself the appellation of "The Bulwark of Christianity." The famous defense of Vienna by John Sobieski in 1683 stands pre-eminent in the chronicles of Europe. On the East, in the 15th century, after a long series of terrible struggles, she finally broke the greatest military power in contemporary Europe, the Teutonic Knights, from whom descend directly the Prussians of to-day.

Yet, to appreciate the greatness of Poland, one must admire her thoroughly democratic, political and social structure. As early as 1422, the inviolability of private property was recognized. In 1430 came the memorable law of the inviolability of the individual, which was the first Habeas Corpus act in Europe, antedating the English document by 250 years. The privilege of 1588 conferred the inviolability of the home. Any citizen of Poland had the right to express his opinions either in words or writing. Religious toleration was decreed in 1573, and throughout its whole history, the bloody persecutions of the dissenters were unknown in this Catholic country.

Parallel with the individual rights, political rights developed. The Statute of Nieszawa, 1454, vested the power of declaring war in the hands of the provincial Diets. The general Diet was definitely organized in 1493, and within twelve years it adopted a constitution that was the world's primary application of a democratic parliamentary system. Like the American Congress, it was composed of two houses, the Senate and the House of Representatives. The Diet decided upon the political life of the State

in all its details, controlling even the king, who was responsible to it.

Intellectually, Poland kept pace with her democratic ideals of government. The University of Vienna was founded in 1365; that of Berlin in 1809; that of Petrograd in 1810, while the four greatest Universities of Poland dated as follows: Cracow, 1364; Vilno, 1578; Zamosc, 1595; Lemberg, 1661. Poland is the home of such eminent scientists and men of letters as Copernicus, the founder of the modern solar system; Martin Olkusz, the author of the Gregorian calendar; Vitellio-Ciolek, the first to investigate the theory of light; Struthius, the first investigator of the action of the pulse; the poets Janicki, Szymonowicz and Sarbiewski, crowned by the popes Paul, Urban and Clement, respectively. John of Stobnica published in the year 1512 one of the first and most perfect geographical maps of America. The writings of Poland's greatest philosophers, political and social reformers, John Ostrorog and Frycz Modrzewski, have been translated into French, Dutch, Italian, Spanish and German. Jablonski published in 1750 his famous work "*Patheon Egyptorum*", thus preceding by fourteen years the birth of Champolion, the French archeologue, to whom the credit is given for being the founder of the science of Egyptology.

In 1772, the first partition occurred, a result of many and varying causes. Poland fell because she was not in unison with her neighbors, and because, instead of restraining her citizens, she enlarged their rights. This was the primary cause of her disappearance from the map of Europe. The internal causes were the liberal Polish constitution, military unpreparedness, lack of a standing army, reliance on her militia, and, finally, her geographical position, which lacked natural defenses. The external causes, that really were responsible for the dismemberment of Poland, were the fears felt by the autocrats of the neighboring states lest their subjects should imbibe the liberal policies of Poland and demand government reform,—Russian greed for extending her boundaries into the heart of Europe, the Prussian scheme of converting the Baltic into a German sea, necessitating the usurping of hundreds of miles of Polish territory, and the general policy of imperialism that had elevated these three states into powers of the first class.

Two subsequent partitions wiped out her existence as an independent nation. Her spirit, however, could not be subdued. Time after time she rose against her conquerors only to have

her chains made tighter and sufferings more galling. At last her leaders and many of her people, unable to assist the cause of justice in exhausted Poland, offered their services wherever nations rose against tyranny. A Pole led the insurrections in Baden and in Sicily; a Pole commanded the army of Sardinia in Italy; a Pole recruited a legion and shed his blood in Milan; a Pole headed the Vienna insurrection; a Pole commanded the Hungarian Revolt, and a Pole distinguished himself in Transylvania. And shall we ever forget the services rendered America by those two immortal Poles, Kosciuszko and Pulaski?

The World War, fought that the world may be safe for democracy, has claimed the lives of thousands of Poles, who died for liberty. The Polish forces in Siberia, under their immortal leader, General Pilsudski; the Polish Boys' and Women's Brigades in Lemberg and Vilno; the Polish Army in France; the 300,000 Poles in the American forces; the thousands of volunteers in every army lined against Germany, now claim as a reward the independence of their country and a protecting hand till she set up her political institutions.

At the Peace Conference the Poles will demand every inch of the old Republic of Poland that has a Polish majority. They will gladly admit into their own state Lithuania and Ruthenia, provided that these two nationalities so desire. If the right of self-determination shall be applied to all parts of Poland, the state thus resulting will be in excess of 140,000 square miles, with a population of about 38,000,000. They will demand the control of the whole course of the River Vistula, since it is a Polish river throughout its whole length, and also the right to Dantzic, the old Polish seaport. Free Poland will have within her boundaries rich agricultural regions, and immense deposits of coal, iron and copper, which will make her completely independent of any other power. A vast market is opening for America, and close relations, especially commercial, will be established to our mutual benefit.

FLORIAN B. STARZYNSKI, H. '20.





## From Training Camp and Battle Front.

XV.

**Training Tells. On Many Fronts. Chaplains Active. Wounded or Gassed.  
Visitors from Overseas and Southern Camps. Cards Acknowledged.**

During the course of the war, the recorder in these pages of military activities has had exceptional opportunities of reading letters from past students in camps at home and abroad. They all breathe the same sentiments—ardent love of country, willingness to make the supreme sacrifice in its cause, attachment to home with all its cherished members, and, above all and beyond all, a fervent religious spirit that animates them in times of trial and danger and temptation. Their holy Catholic religion and the careful training they had received in their Catholic institutions from devoted instructors and a zealous clergy, inspired them with sentiments of a lively faith, which prompted them to contribute to the impressiveness of church services by serving at **Mass** and augmenting the choir, to approach the sacraments when opportunity offered, and to respect their own bodies as the temples of the Holy Ghost. Their letters are free from mawkish sentimentality: they are redolent of self-renunciation and love of virtue. Stalwart Christianity and the strengthening influences that pervaded their home and school, combined with the grace that prayer obtains, enabled them to triumph over the many temptations incidental to military life and the attractions of a uniform. Whether they live or die, the world will be the better for their passage through it.

---

Sergeant Thomas W. Kenney (82nd Co., 6th Regiment, U. S. Marines) writes from a hospital in Nantes, France.

I am still in the hospital, but feeling fine and expecting to rejoin my Company in a few days. I shall be glad to get away, for life here is as dull as selling megaphones in a deaf and dumb institute.

The Belleau Woods action was responsible for my getting the *Croix de Guerre*. On the road thither from Montigny, which we left on May 27, we met numberless refugees on their way to



Paris. On May 29, after riding all day and all night on trucks, we reached Montreuil. We had to hike to the Triangle Farms where we stopped the enemy advance on Paris, and then, after three days' continual battling, we took the towns of Lucy, Vaux and Boursches. It was on the 6th of June that I killed my first Dutchman with a rifle shot; in the afternoon I bayoneted two more who were trying to escape. Believe me, the sensation was something terrible. The 7th Infantry relieved us and lost nearly all we had taken, and we had to start all over again. The fighting there continued till July 15. Two days' march brought us to Soissons. On the 18th we went over at Vierzy, and cleared the woods, and though the boche did slaughter us, we kept right on. The following weeks we spent training for the St. Mihiel drive. On the 12th of September we advanced from Limey, and took Thiacourt, Zammes and Joulney; we had the enemy scared to death. On the 18th we left for the Champagne front with the 4th French army under General Gouraud. On the 2nd of October we went over from Louvain, and took Somme-Py and St. Etienne in the course of ten days. Then we went back to Suippe; later, on the 20th, we were taken over to the Argonne forest, and it was there on the first day of the drive that I got my billet for the hospital.

---

J. H. Kreuer (111th U. S. Infantry, 28th Division) expresses his gratitude to his parents for having brought him up to reproduce in his life the characteristics that ennobled their own, and for having permitted him to volunteer to serve in a real fighting organization.

We crossed the Atlantic on the Olympic. It carried six six-inch guns and four mine-sweepers. Running a zig-zag course, without convoy, we reached the danger zone to find that we had run into a nest of submarines. A terrific explosion at 4:35 A. M. aroused us from our slumbers, and the 9,000 soldiers on board made a break for the deck. My past rushed before me in kaleidoscopic views, and I made the best act of contribution I could under the circumstances. Our guns began to speak. They sank U-boat 104; we rescued fifteen of the crew, but the officers refused assistance, preferring a watery grave to capture. We rammed another submarine, and sent it to the bottom. The wireless was kept working, and brought five destroyers to our assistance within an hour. After our arrival in France we proceeded to a rest camp. On our left was a Chinese labor camp, and on our

right a stockade for German prisoners. At Boulogne we had a two-weeks' course in modern warfare. A six days' march brought us to Flanders and the famous Vimy Ridge. Desolation reigned far and wide, little wooden crosses marking the last resting place of those who had made the supreme sacrifice. Motor lorries took us to Nogent where we got orders to prepare for battle at 3:30 on July 4. We took up positions and fired our machine-guns into Chateau Thierry. Two days later, on pontoon bridges, we crossed the Marne red with blood, and dug ourselves in for the day. Next night we entered the Belleau Woods; the stench from decaying bodies, the whistling of bullets, the pop-pop-pop of machine-gun fire, and an eighteen-hour barrage made the flesh creep with disgust and apprehension, and when our companions were mowed down, we, each, thought that our turn might be next. The survivors went over at 5 o'clock and took the German second line trenches. After two days we were relieved and marched to Soissons, where we participated in a few skirmishes. After seven days we arrived near Fismes, which we captured on August 4th after real resistance. For five days we had to keep to our cellars, lest we might be picked off by snipers. An Austrian sixteen-inch gun made a direct hit on the house, in the cellar of which I had taken refuge. Hours later I discovered that I was covered with blood. The concussion of the shell had caused a hemorrhage, and I was taken to a hospital. I have fully recovered, but the doctor maintains that I am yet unfit for front line duty, My experience has done me a world of good; you will find me, I hope, a wiser and better man.

---

From Sergeant George Gast's Christmas letter we appropriate the following lines:—

"I am writing from Germany under, to me, exceptional circumstances—I am surrounded with the comforts of home, all of which I appreciate after roughing it through the hardships of the campaign. I am billeted with a German soldier and his wife; he served during the entire war, and she, besides being a good cook, is generous with her dainties. We are stationed near Coblenz. The scenery along the Rhine deserves the world-wide fame it enjoys: it is constantly changing; grand old castles frown down the river from the heights of vine-clad bluffs. On the way thither we passed through towns leveled with the ground and through forests all cut to pieces with heavy guns. How long we

are to stay, no one knows, but when orders are issued for the return journey to the States and home, every heart will bound with joy."

---

Paul McGraw, distinguished as a quarterback with few equals, paid us a visit early in the month. After training at the Great Lakes, he volunteered for the aviation service, and was sent over to France on board the converted German raider *De Kalb*. After five days in Brest, the Armistice having been concluded whilst he was still at sea, his regiment was ordered home. On the way he encountered such a violent storm that the ship pitched and rolled, and performed all possible antics short of throwing somersaults. Whilst at Pelham Bay, waiting to be discharged, he enjoyed the hospitality of social clubs, especially Cardinal Farley's, in New York City. His brother, John, Lieutenant in the 110th Infantry, is one of three survivors of his company. Lucky man!

---

First Lieutenant Chaplain B. G. McGuigan was transferred from England to France in the beginning of November. Passing through Paris, he celebrated Mass in the Church of the Madeleine. He motored through Versailles and Chartres on his way to Le Mans with Bishop Brent, head chaplain of the A. E. F. Before he reached his destination at Bordeaux, he stopped off at Tours, prayed for our Very Rev. President at the tomb of St. Martin, and visited the noble Tours Cathedral. He attends to wounded Americans returning home, German prisoners, and the American guard-house. He has, as associates, Father Noll of Indianapolis, and Father Cronin of Boston.

---

Rev. Lieutenant James R. Cox has been appointed Center Chaplain for his area, having jurisdiction over all chaplains, both Catholic and non-Catholic. He also visited the shrine of St. Martin, and celebrated the holy sacrifice for his one-time President.

---

Joe Heidenkamp writes from "over there" after assisting at Mass. He expected to have a midnight Mass at La Valbonne on Christmas, and, with several others, offered his services to sing. His experiences in the presence of danger and death have made his religion dearer to him than ever before, and he finds that the sacraments give him confidence and courage, when under fire or going over the top, in the first wave of fighting men.

J. J. Moriarty, correspondent of the *Gazette-Times*, writes from the Balloon Section: "I have not met many Pittsburghers here. In fact, there are only a few of us in this neighborhood, and among these few is little Owen McManus. He is well, and I can assure you Pittsburgh could have no greater and abler defender of its name and fame than 'Owney'".

---

"Jerry" Donnelly, 110th Infantry, explains how Dan Kelly, of Mt. Pleasant, died a hero's death during the Argonne drive. During a barrage Dan, according to orders, had sought cover; he missed a chum and went out to seek him, to find him wounded. He brought the wounded with him to a dug-out, but on the way was mortally wounded, and soon was laid to rest by his sorrow-stricken comrades.

---

L. Cyril Bearer (Battery B, 107th F. A., A. E. F.) has seen every kind of fighting, including aeroplane and submarine. There is nothing, according to Cyril, that puts the fear of the Lord into the heart of the sinner more quickly than an aeroplane which takes a personal interest in your proximity.

---

Lieutenant John F. Gillespie was blown fifteen feet by the explosion of a shell. He was so stunned that he did not realize the necessity of putting on his mask and was badly gassed.

---

John C. Clifford (111th Infantry) was gassed at Fismet, September 6th. He was taken to a hospital in Paris, where he had the good fortune to be nursed back to health by a nurse from his home town.

---

Clarence V. Buisker's name appeared, early in February, on the list of the severely wounded.

---

Dr. Lawrence Knorr is rendering efficient service to the wounded in France.

---

Sgt. R. N. Baum (Battery D, 83rd F. A.) has returned to the U. S. after three months overseas. "I have seen plenty of smoke from the cannon's mouth," he says, "but Pittsburgh smoke will always look good to me." He is now at Camp Knox, Kentucky,



waiting to be discharged. Perhaps he will be back in time to be the star of our annual play.

---

Captain Cyril Lauer, M. D., is in Vettweiss near Cologne. He is charmed with the country's beautiful hills, valleys, forests, streams, roads and bridges. Though there are only six hundred families in the town, everyone has excellent electric light service at one-third of what is paid for it in Pittsburgh. The people are neat, and their houses, yards and streets are kept immaculately clean. The women pride themselves on the excellence of their cooking.

---

John Miljus has made a good trench-mortar fighter in the 320th Regiment. He took an active part in the big push of November 1. With three companions he was bearing a wounded sergeant on a stretcher. A shell exploded in his neighborhood, killing the sergeant and the two soldiers on the rear handles. Miljus was hit with a piece of flying shell, and was shocked into unconsciousness. Later, when he went over the top, he was engulfed in gas waves, and was taken to a hospital five miles behind the lines. He made a clever get-a-way and tramped twenty miles to catch up with his company. John is living up to his title of Brooklyn Dodger. If we are not mistaken, Corporal Joseph Devlin is in the same regiment with him.

---

We have had of late welcome visitors. Willie Reilly is one of one hundred and forty marines on board the third-class cruiser *Galveston*, a merchant convoy in the trans-Atlantic service. His brother James, we are informed, is in the officers' training school, S. S. Kershaw, plying between Boston and Norfolk; Albert is on detached duty, helping to make big guns in the Drop Forge Co., Erie.

---

Gerald Angel is bracing up after a siege of pleurisy in England. The men of his Motor Division were big Texans, with a contempt for the mild beverage of English Breakfast Tea. They died like flies, were sewed up in canvas bags, and taken out for burial. Gerald witnessed an air raid, and could hear at Sarrisbury Court the booming of cannon across the channel. He had crossed in a cattle boat, the slowest of twenty-one vessels carrying 35,000 soldiers. Two submarines bobbed up from time

to time, but did not venture to approach for the big guns on the transports spoke out a compelling warning.

---

Paul Slater, Aviation Service, was in England from March to December. Two other Washington boys fell into line with him—John Curran and Martin Larkin.

---

James Anton, Aloysius Gloekler, Charles Lang and Steve Miller were up to see us after their release from service.

---

Private Winfred Krill, of Clairton, is with Co. B, 124th Engineers.

---

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of cards from Engineer Charles J. Kane, Ensign Leonard P. Kane (both in Paris), Engineer Leo P. Gallagher (A. E. F.), and Regis C. Cunningham, Quartermaster's Department, New York City.

---

William J. Turley (Co. C, 212th Engineers) has just returned to Pittsburgh and civil life after eight months' service. He was trained at Camp Forrest and Camp Devens, and was then assigned to the 12th, or Plymouth, Division. On the 15th of October his regiment was ordered to embark for France, but the appearance of the influenza called a halt on preparations. Again, on the 12th of November, it was to board the *Adriatic*, but the signing of the Armistice on the following day occasioned its returning to barracks to await further orders. The men took their disappointment much to heart, and many a tear was shed over the blighted prospect of active service in France or Belgium. At Camp Forrest, Sergeant Turley trained "rookies", and at Camp Devens, he had charge of bridge construction. So efficient did his men become that they carried off first prize for a pontoon bridge in the meet in which all sections of the regiment competed, some striking pup-tents, others taking apart and putting together cumbersome military wagons, and others still running races in sacks, etc. Due mainly to his efforts, two handsome souvenir books were printed—one giving the history of the company, the other, of the regiment, from their organization to the moment of demobilization. He intends to present copies to our library when he returns to school.

H. J.



# SANCTUM

## EDITORIAL

### *Kipling Castigated.*

**W**HEN an ex-parte protagonist is assailed with incontrovertible facts, he invariably has recourse to unmitigated abuse. This method is all the more reprehensible when the calumniator has established a literary reputation in the eyes of the world, and abuses the popularity he enjoys to revile his opponents. At present when it is the fashion to defame Ireland, it is refreshing to see the cudgels taken up in its behalf and wielded with no puny arm.

Rudyard Kipling, with a flippancy characteristic of those who discuss subjects with which they are not familiar, upbraids Irishmen with the charge that were Home Rule granted tomorrow, one of the first acts of the national Parliament would be the persecution of their Ulsterite fellow-countrymen, and he further vents his spleen in calling them murderers and greedy scoundrels. These base aspersions are unworthy of a Christian, a scholar, and especially of a man in whose veins flows Irish blood, for Kipling, we know, had an Irish lady for his mother.

But his accusations have not gone without a challenge and refutation. With a righteous indignation George W. Russell, known as "Æ" to men of letters in Europe and America, takes issue with the defamer, and lashes him with the scorpion thongs of convincing truth and justice.

Ulster, according to Mr. Russell, is much more in love with the rest of Ireland than with England. It was in Ulster that the Volunteers stood beside their cannon and wrung the gift of political freedom for the Irish Parliament. "And if, to-day, the Ulsterites quarrel with the Nationalists, it is because they believe the latter are mistaken, though all the time they consider Irishmen of any party better in the sight of God than Englishmen."



As an Ulster Protestant his words have special weight. He laughs to scorn the accusation that the Catholics of Ireland are bigoted. "I know Ireland," he writes, "as few Irishmen know it, for I travelled all over Ireland for years, and, Ulsterman as I am, and proud of the Ulster people, I resent the crowning of Ulster with all the virtues and the dismissal of other Irishmen as 'thieves and robbers.' I think my Catholic countrymen infinitely more tolerant than those who hold the faith I was born in."

The charge that the Irish are greedy comes with very bad grace from Kipling, who, though wealthy, has secured a copyright in the United States, so that he may derive profit from his defamatory verses. The "greed" of the Irish is confined to what is rightfully theirs, the possession of the land; both parties in England have, by Act after Act, confessed the absolute justice of their agitation, and both boast of their share in answering the Irish appeal. They are proud of what they did. They made enquiry into wrong and redressed it. "Greedy"! The nation never accepted a bribe, or took it as an equivalent or payment for an ideal, and what bribe would not have been offered to Ireland if it had been willing to forswear its traditions?

Mr. Russell summarily dismisses the imputation that the Irish are murderers by stating that there is more murder done in any four English shires in a year than in the whole of the four provinces of Ireland. How often does it happen that the Judges of the Circuit Courts are presented with white gloves in recognition of the fact that no criminal cases are listed for trial!

The writer concludes his scathing refutation of the prejudiced poet with the following pungent paragraphs:—

"I set my knowledge, the knowledge of a lifetime, against your ignorance, and I say you have used your genius to do Ireland and its people a wrong. You have intervened in a quarrel of which you do not know the merits, like any brawling bully who passes and only takes sides to use his strength. If there was a high court of poetry, and those in power jealous of the noble name of poet and that none should use it save those who were truly knights of the Holy Ghost, they would hack the golden spurs from your heels and turn you out of the court.

"You had the ear of the world and you poisoned it with prejudice and ignorance. You had the power of song, and you have always used it on behalf of the strong against the weak. You have smitten with all your might at creatures who are frail on earth, but mighty in the heavens, at generosity, at truth, at



justice, and Heaven has withheld vision and power and beauty from you, for this your verse is only a shallow newspaper article made to rhyme."



## ***Bolshevism.***

**A**MERICA and her associates in the war have won for the world the effacement of an enormous evil. The defeat of Prussianism has been accomplished; the overthrow of a military caste unmindful of God or man has been witnessed. But, notwithstanding the defeat of the German armies—the overthrow of the Herods of heredity—the allies are now confronted as never before by a new menace, that renders extremely difficult a proper solution—a menace that defies analysis by studious statesmen—a menace disruptive of the laws of God, on which all human laws are based and by which all human acts must be regulated.

The new menace partakes of all the perniciousness once embodied in Prussianism. It is a menace transferring the scene of its activity and the energy of its destruction from Germany to Russia and perhaps—who can tell?—to other nations, possibly even to America. This menace is none other than what is commonly known to-day as Bolshevism. It first rose in Russia, championed by crimes of murder, by outbursts of anarchy, by fires of revolution. It threatens not only the peace of Europe but the peace of the whole world.

Bolshevism must be crushed, and crushed completely, because it is built neither upon justice, nor right, nor equity, nor morality, but upon passion—the passion of men who sanction marriage made a mockery by the state—the passion of men who maintain that fathers and mothers have no jurisdiction whatsoever over their offspring, can not exercise any control over their children, unless such control is consented to by the state. They are ready to enforce the doctrine that children are the common property of the state, that the state can do with them what it will,—determine their infancy, their education, their religion, their trade or profession in life, yes, even their very existence. These are the dogmas of Bolshevism. These are the beliefs which America must oppose, if Satan let loose must be bound and prevented from invading the sanctuary of our seclusion with his leprosy of vilest contagion.

Let America take heed in time! Let not the scenes of horror

and bloodshed of the Reds be rehearsed in our own country! Let not our own people suffer the agonies and tortures and wrongs and cruelties and injustices that the Russian peasantry have suffered—God forbid! Providence save us from the engulfing waters of that surging sea of sin! America will then be preserved; she will be steeled against attack; she will be isolated from infection. America, take heed in time! America, beware of Bolshevism!

JUSTIN J. GALLAGHER, '19.



### ***"Hold Your Bonds!"***

**S**OME of our over-ambitious merchants throughout the city are tempting the people to purchase their wares by accepting Liberty Bonds as cash.

When you sell or exchange your bonds you are forcing the Government to pay back the money which you so readily loaned for so worthy a cause.

The war is over, but there is still a great part to be played by the victor. We must feed our bronzed heroes, as well as myriads of men, women and children, both of our allies and enemies. Shell-torn France must be rebuilt. We shall and will not refuse a helping hand to so worthy an ally, who sent us the heroic Lafayette with men, money and supplies, when we were sorely pressed. We must send money, and millions too, or the spirit of Lafayette will haunt us.

Everyone of us, men, women and children, must back our Government now as they did during the war. The Government needs more money instead of diminishing her funds.

Those dealers who are accepting Liberty Bonds at cash should be boycotted. There is no need, whatsoever, for them to coax the bonds out of the people. Don't patronize them. Hold your bonds, benefit yourself, your Government, and bleeding France.

C. J. KRONZ, '20.



# The Reception and Euchre.

**W**E rejoice to chronicle the fact that the Reception and Euchre was successful beyond expectations, easily out-classing the best of its predecessors. The various Committees found cheerful coöperation in the student body: the demand for tickets of admission was unprecedented, the prizes were numerous, costly and varied; the music was of the highest order, the handsome ball-room of the William Penn never appeared more attractive, smiles radiated from every countenance, and joy was unconfined save by the limits of good taste and respect for gentle feelings.

We most cordially congratulate each and every member of the several Committees, and will hold them up as models for succeeding generations to imitate.

**EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE**—T. C. Brown, Chairman; M. P. Flanagan, J. J. Gallagher, J. J. McCloskey, E. J. Quinn, P. A. Diranna, M. N. Glynn.

**HONORARY COMMITTEE**—Lieutenant W. R. Cairright, J. J. Carney, Dr. F. D. Murto, J. E. Szepe, Esq.

**RECEPTION COMMITTEE**—T. C. Brown, Chairman; M. P. Flanagan, J. J. McCloskey, F. H. Topping, E. J. Quinn, F. J. Ligday, M. N. Glynn, M. A. Wolak, J. C. Davies, W. J. Doyle, J. S. Finnerty, S. Posluszny, J. J. McGee, P. A. McGrath, C. J. Mulvehill.

**EUCHRE COMMITTEE**—P. A. Diranna, Chairman; C. J. Kronz, J. F. Murphy, C. E. Dilmore, H. J. Heilmann, L. J. Mueller, J. A. O'Donnell, C. A. Ward, L. S. Watterson, G. A. Schroth, E. T. Kearney, E. G. Wassel, J. A. Deasy, J. E. Downey, J. C. McFall, C. J. Mulvehill.

**PRIZE COMMITTEE**—E. J. Quinn, Chairman; L. J. McIntyre, V. J. Rieland, R. H. Ackerman, J. J. Groetsch, T. A. Codori, J. F. R. O'Brien.

**PROGRAMME COMMITTEE**—M. P. Flanagan, Chairman; J. J. McCloskey, M. N. Glynn.

**DOOR COMMITTEE**—J. J. Gallagher, Chairman; S. M. Zaborowski, J. Lyons, P. C. Lauinger, W. J. Doyle.

**REFRESHMENT COMMITTEE**—P. C. Lauinger, F. A. Riley.

## PRIZES AND DONORS.

Carving Set.....John Fagan  
Wall Paper.....Herbert Bick  
Cake Box.....A Friend  
Cuff Links.....Edw. F. Kord  
Fancy Vase.....Pilgrim's Dry Goods Co.  
Fancy Vase.....Union Furniture Co.  
Fountain Pen.....McCloy & Co.  
Pocket Knife.....Theodore Wuenschel  
Silver Pencil.....Joseph Cameron  
Calendar.....Vincent O'Donnell  
Butter Knife and Sugar Spoon,  
Mrs. J. F. Glynn  
Box of Cigars.....Thomas Ward  
Box of Candy.....C. F. Becker

Bedroom Slippers.....Wagner Brothers  
Box of Cigars.....John Snigo  
Duplex Safety Razor....Paul G. Sullivan  
Picture.....Miss Wolf  
Necktie.....A Friend  
Picture (Winter Scene)....Wunderly Bros.  
Box of Candy.....T. A. Codori  
Clock.....Victor Carlson  
Fancy Vase.....John Young  
Lady's Pocketbook,  
Arbuthnot-Stephenson Co.  
Box of Cigars.....Daniel Rooney  
Box of Cigars.....S. A. Heckler  
Water Set.....A Friend

Sherbet Spoons ( $\frac{1}{2}$  dozen).....Joseph Sieben  
 Razor.....S. I. Codori  
 Pair of Silk Socks.....Harry Krepley  
 Hat Brush.....Arthur Glaser  
 Pair of Silk Socks.....Harry Krepley  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  Dozen Spoons.....Herbet Bick  
 Fruit Basket.....Ernest Baier  
 Fancy Dish.....John J. McGee  
 Centre Piece.....A. Heim  
 Olive Dish.....John J. McGee  
 Candy Dish.....A Friend  
 Bedroom Slippers.....A Friend  
 Towel.....Sidney Madden  
 Water Set.....A Friend  
 Set of Towels.....Regis Guthrie  
 Book Rack.....A Friend  
 Ink Well.....John Timney  
 Book Stand.....A Friend  
 Smoking Stand.....Paul McCrory  
 Card Tray.....A Friend  
 5 lb. of Coffee.....John Knoll  
 Blanket.....John Brinker  
 Centre Piece.....A Friend  
 Gent's Umbrella.....Richard Pollard  
 Lady's Umbrella.....Joseph Horne Co.  
 Cut Glass Vase.....John O'Hare  
 Studium.....A. Hartman  
 One Pound R. V. B.....H. J. Wiethorn  
 Set of Military Brushes,

J. G. Bennett & Co.

$\frac{1}{4}$  Dozen Ivanhose.....Mansmann Bros. Co.  
 Lady's Umbrella.....Kaufmann's  
 Tortoise Shell Work Basket.....A. Hartmann  
 Fancy Vase.....A. Hartmann  
 Fancy Necktie.....James P. O'Leary  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  Dozen Photos.....J. P. Petraitis  
 Rosary.....Mrs. Kersting  
 \$5.00 Worth of Photos.....P. Fallert  
 Prayer Book.....Mrs. S. Kersting  
 Statute of St. John.....A. Klein  
 Box of Cigars.....Mrs. P. A. Fisher  
 Cigaret Case.....Grogan Co.  
 Around the World.....Mrs. Kirner  
 Box of Reymer's V. B.....A Friend  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  Dozen Silver Knives and Forks,

W. L. Knorr Co.

Forget-Me-Not.....F. J. Ligday  
 Hand-Made Doiley.....A Friend  
 Box of Reymer's V. B.....Major J. J. Cleary  
 Toilet Water.....T. Wall  
 Fancy Necktie.....F. Braun  
 Box of Manila Cigars.....Bock-Stauffer Co.  
 Cut Glass Toothpick Holder,

Mrs. T. Murphy

Box of Manila Cigars.....Bock-Stauffer Co.  
 Lady's Pocketbook.....P. J. Fahey  
 Fancy Centre Piece.....Miss A. Heilman  
 Silver Fork.....Terheyden Co.  
 Fancy Towel.....Miss E. Barry  
 Hand-Made Doiley.....Mrs. Julia Bryson

Coaster Set.....Mrs. James S. Boggs  
 Wash Set.....Mrs. J. P. O'Brien  
 Fancy Socks.....Regis Mansmann  
 Pocket Knife.....J. G. Lauer  
 Box of Tobies.....A Friend  
 Box of Cigars.....William Bevilacqua  
 Smoking Set.....Gillespie Bros.  
 Meat Chopper.....A. Gloeckler  
 Set of Towels.....Mrs. Harvey  
 Cut Glass Dish.....Francis A. Riley  
 Buffet Set.....Mrs. John Imhof  
 Boudoir Cap.....John Duggan  
 Centre Piece.....Mrs. William Pepperney  
 Centre Piece and Scarf.....Miss Mary Imhof  
 Salad Fork.....Albert C. Kelly  
 Duplex Razor.....Mr. A. L. Berg  
 Writing Paper.....Robert R. Menz  
 Fancy Cuspidor.....Mrs. Glaser  
 Fancy Centre Piece.....Francis Amrhein  
 Fruit Dish.....Mrs. James Reagan  
 Fancy Pin Cushion.....Francis Amrhein  
 Casserole.....R. Ackerman  
 Sick Room Water Set.....Mr. Obermeyer  
 Order for a Ham.....Hilldorfer Co.  
 Fern.....A. Werheim  
 Box of Chocolates.....Hein Co.  
 Evening Vest.....Miss Kimbell  
 Silver Tray.....S. Dembinski  
 Necktie.....Mrs. Carney  
 Picture.....Mrs. E. Sweeney  
 Writing Set.....Albert J. Ruffing  
 Centre Piece.....Albert J. Ruffing  
 Necktie.....George Wilson  
 Picture.....A Friend  
 Centre Piece.....Thomas Burch  
 Picture.....A Friend  
 Brooch.....Cyril Kronz  
 Dresser Set.....Mrs. F. Meiser  
 Pin Cushion.....Mrs. A. Buisker  
 Lady's Handkerchief.....Mrs. Werling  
 Picture.....A Friend  
 5 lb. Reymer's V. B.....Mae Shaughnessy  
 Picture.....A Friend  
 Picture.....A Friend  
 Picture.....A Friend  
 Hand Painting.....A Friend  
 Smoker's Lamp.....Frederick H. Thomas  
 Box of Writing Paper.....W. J. Stebler  
 Ornamental Clock.....R. J. Henne  
 Ever-Ready Safety Razor.....Rush Bros.  
 Gent's Set.....A Friend  
 Gent's Socks.....Mr. Braun  
 Picture (Agony).....Edwin F. Sweeney  
 Duplex Razor.....C. Hall  
 Plant.....A. Smith  
 Jardinier.....Mrs. T. McCaffrey  
 Centre Piece.....Miss E. McGee  
 Silk Socks.....Mrs. J. J. McGee  
 Rosary.....Ella Letzkus  
 Water Pitcher.....A. Gianakos

Donations from the following are cordially acknowledged: T. A. Curran, Daniel Maginn, Mrs. Appel, Mrs. F. J. Brunner, Miss Anne Fieser, Miss Eva Fisher, William Gast, M. Flannigan, John C. Larkin, Mrs. Charles Schmid, Mrs. P. Hermes, Mrs. J. P. Staud, Mrs. C. Satters, Mrs. Charles Fuchs.



## Alumni.

**S**ATURDAY, December 21, 1918, was a memorable day in the lives of four of our graduates. On that day Right Rev. Regis Canevin, Bishop of Pittsburgh, raised to the holy priesthood four members of the class of 1915, Rev. Vincent S. Burke, Rev. James L. Lavelle, Rev. Leo A. McCrory and Rev. Vincent V. Stancelewski. Rev. Henry J. McDermott traveled to St. Vincent's Seminary to represent the faculty of the University at the Ordination. He also assisted at the Solemn High Mass of Father McCrory next day. Fathers McGuigan and Malloy represented the institution at Father Burke's celebration; Father Rossenbach did likewise for Father Lavelle, and Father Retka for Father Stancelewski.

Soon after the Christmas holidays, they received their appointments from the Rt. Rev. Bishop. Father Burke is stationed at St. Paul's Cathedral; Father Lavelle, at St. Rosalia's, Father McCrory, at St. Luke's, Carnegie, and Father Stancelewski at the Church of the Madonna of Czenstochowa, New Castle, Pa.

At the reopening of school on January 6th, Father McCrory sang the High Mass of the day in presence of the students. Father Burke celebrated the boys' community Mass on January 15, and Father Lavelle, on February 5. We expect Father Stancelewski to favor us likewise at an early date.

The 1918 graduates from the college department have all entered the seminary—A. W. Forney, W. F. Galvin and E. N. Soxman have gone to St. Mary's, Baltimore; J. L. McIntyre, to St. Bonaventure's, and the rest, S. A. Gawronski, D. J. Mulvihill and D. J. Nee, to St. Vincent's, Westmoreland County.

Rev. John C. Simon, '05, Waterloo, Sierra Leone, West Africa, delights to keep in touch with his *Alma Mater*. On St. Martin's day, his thoughts winged westward from his missionary surroundings of little mud houses thatched with grass, and pickanninies so dark that charcoal would make a white mark on their faces. During the seven years he has labored in the White Man's Grave, he has been deprived of all the comforts and many of the necessities of civilized life. Fresh milk and potatoes are things unknown; bananas replace bread with his sugarless tea. To enter the hovels of the natives, he has all but to go on hands and knees, and to sit on a soap box instead of a chair is a daily experience. And yet he is passionately fond of the life. During the last year he received fifty pagans into the Church, and rejoiced in the abundance of graces God showered upon him in encouragement of his apostolic labors. His one ambition, aside from the sanctification of souls, is to build a larger church, a

convent, and an addition to his school. All this would cost \$6,000. So far, he has nothing more substantial than hope, but his confidence is based on the intercession of her whose Immaculate Conception is the titular of his little mission; she will, he trusts, suggest the acceptability of a donation to pious persons blessed with the world's goods who find their chiefest happiness in giving glory to God and salvation to souls.

John O'Hare, of Boston, Mass., sent a beautiful and costly cut-glass vase as a prize for our annual euchre. In the letter which accompanied it, he expressed his appreciation of the cordial welcome accorded him on the occasional visits he pays to the Smoky City, and the happy memories he cherishes of his school-boy days. He concluded with the request that he be favored with a notification of similar events in the future, so that he may forward a prize or donation as a testimonial of his good will.

James Hoban is now lieutenant in charge of the second station, first district. That means we are under his jurisdiction.

It is a pleasure for us to hear that Frank Satter is a representative of the French government in the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Co., with a salary of \$5,000 a year.

In the same Company James Burke is a steel tester for the United States, British and French governments. He finds his position a more profitable one than that of undertaker.

Alfred W. McCann, of the New York *Globe* staff, is writing a series of articles, appearing weekly in the *Sunday Visitor*. The articles are entitled, "Americans Are Well Fed, But Do Not Receive Nourishment." When the series is completed, we shall regale our readers with the sum and substance of his salutary information.

We have heard of the activities of the three Voelker brothers. Edward is salesman for the T. C. Jenkins Co.; Fred is general auditor for the Aluminum Co., of America, Oliver Building; Aloysius is designing engineer for the H. Koppers Co., Union Arcade.

John Austin is produce manager of the Ohio Brass Co., Mansfield, Ohio. Mr. M. McManus, when soliciting business for his firm in Detroit, ran across him and found him still interested in our doings and development.

E. Gerald Wambaugh, Hill and Swissvale Avenues, graduated Ph. G. last summer. With a few more visitations of the influenza he'd be able to retire from the drug business.

F. G. Cawley reports more life lately in the real estate business. He has offices in the Peoples' Bank Building, Rooms 702 and 703.

Herbert N. Munhall is flourishing as an engraver, stationer and embosser at 723-5 Liberty Avenue. He makes a specialty of commercial and social stationery and greeting cards.

Gregory I. Zsatkovich is one of the two members of the Allegheny County Bar appointed by the United States Uhro-Russians to attend the Peace Conference, at Versailles, with the view of securing independence for the people of their native country. He was tendered a farewell dinner prior to his departure; among those present were Mayor E. V. Babock, Public Safety Director C. B. Prichard, Judge J. D. Shafer and Congressman G. E. Campbell.

We shall have another representative at the Peace Conference—William L. White. He enlisted in the Navy, where his stenographic ability was recognized. He has been detailed to serve as shorthand writer.

Walter Schilken is in the employ of Davies and Green, Real Estate, 125 South Highland Avenue.

During a recent visit to Pittsburgh, Charles Bolus dropped in upon us. He is secretary for the Eller Mfg. Co., Canton, O., doing business in cornices, skylights, metal roofing, eave troughs, conductor pipes, ventilators, tin plate and metal shingles.

It gives us much pleasure to reproduce here the tribute paid by the Red Lake Falls (Minn.) paper to the memory of Rev. James J. Hawks

"Father Hawks was easily one of the most popular priests ever stationed at Red Lake Falls. The breadth of mind and amiable manners justly made him a favorite not only among the members of his own church and denomination but among people of other denominations as well. He was a brilliant orator and made several speeches at patriotic public gatherings here which literally electrified his audiences. He was a public spirited man who took a lively interest in civic affairs and he was especially interested in the work of the Red Cross and did everything possible to further its ends. . . . .

"In the death of Father Hawks, St. Mary's Church loses an energetic and unselfish pastor, through whose efforts the church was remodeled and decorated this year, and the community loses a public spirited, broad-minded young clergyman who had great promise for the future. To his mother and sister who are his only survivors the people of the community extend heartfelt sympathy."

M. N. GLYNN, '20.



# CHRONICLE

The Very Rev. President has received from the Honorable James Francis Burke the following letter  
Recognition expressive of the writer's appreciation of what the students, under our President's direction, have accomplished for the National War Savings Committee:

February 3, 1919.

Dear Dr. Hehir,

To those who worked for the sole pleasure to be derived from rendering their country a real service in time of need, testimonials may not carry with them much significance, but the enclosed certificate of recognition of the unselfish and valuable service rendered by you to the Government, in the department of which I had the honor to be in charge for Western Pennsylvania, is sent to you in order that you may know that your service was recognized by the Government for its full value.

Yours very truly,

JAMES FRANCIS BURKE,  
*State Director.*

Accompanying the letter was a testimonial, a copy of which we append.

## THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA NATIONAL WAR SAVINGS COMMITTEE

In recognition of patriotic service rendered by Dr. M. A. Hehir, a regularly designated agent of the United States Government, appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury, and as an evidence of the appreciation of the National War Savings Committee, this testimonial is issued.

JAMES FRANCIS BURKE,  
*State Director.*

The second term examinations were held during the last week of January, and the results were proclaimed on February 3.

The following students obtained first place in  
Examinations in their respective classes: J. J. Gallagher,  
M. N. Glynn, C. J. Mulvehill, F. E. Braun,  
R. C. Ibitz, J. M. Brown, J. E. Diemer, A. M. Heim, J. B. Walsh,



P. G. Sullivan, W. Jacko, F. X. Foley, R. Slusarski, W. P. Kohler, H. A. Goff and A. Le Roy. For having scored very high percentages the following obtained special mention: F. Kuzniewski, M. J. Bostaph, T. A. Sullivan, F. J. O'Neill, W. J. Stebler, E. D. Ciccone, F. R. Harrison, J. F. McCaffrey, J. A. Horrell and J. M. Maxwell.

The Very Rev. President complimented the students on the work done, and distributed 156 honor awards—the falling off being accounted for by the fact that the Freshman and Fourth High classes were excused from the examinations owing to the large influx of S. A. T. C. members since the beginning of January.

Spiritual exercises were conducted for the students from February 4th to the 7th. The instructions—all of a character to inspire a hatred of sin and a love of virtue—

Annual Retreat were delivered by the Rev. W. F. Stadelman ('92), C. S. Sp., pastor of St. Benedict's Church, this city. On Friday morning the retreatants received Holy Communion and in the afternoon, with lighted candles in their hands, renewed their baptismal vows, made a profession of faith, took the total abstinence pledge until their twenty-fifth year, and assisted at Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament. May the plenteous graces showered on them during the retreat be productive of lasting fruits!

A very enjoyable programme was rendered on Sunday, February 9, when the Seniors and Juniors presented their second concert of the year. The debate proved very

Entertainments interesting, both sides handling the question exceptionally well. A class song, and an amusing character-song by Martin Noon Glynn, together with instrumental and vocal music, rounded out a good programme.

On Sunday, February 16, the Freshman class presented their second concert of the year. An elaborate programme had been planned, but circumstances rendered necessary its curtailment. They give promise of a banner concert for the evening of March 16. The chief features of the evening were a vocal quartet by P. C. Lauinger, H. E. Kelly, V. J. Rieland, and Father Malloy; orchestra pieces and an interesting debate: "Resolved, That Pittsburgh should have a liberal Sunday," in which J. G. Marecki and H. J. Heilman secured the decision for the affirmative over V. J. Rieland and L. S. Watterson.

### Officers of Orchestra

An election of officers for the orchestra resulted as follows: President, C. A. Ward; Vice-President, W. L. O'Shea; Secretary, W. Jacko; Treasurer, J. C. McFall.

### Visits

Early in the month we enjoyed the visits paid us by our last year's graduates now studying at St. Mary's, Baltimore: A. W. Forney, W. F. Galvin and E. N. Soxman.

### Sympathy

We wish to convey to our fellow-student, Albert T. Stanton, the expression of our sincere sympathy in the loss of his father.

L. J. MCINTYRE, '22.

## School of Accounts.

The School of Accounts, during the month of February inaugurated the following courses: Fundamental Accounting, Public Utility Accounting, Business Mathematics, Public Speaking, Commercial Education, and the Geography of Commerce.

Now that the soldiers are returning from abroad and the camps, the attendance at both day and evening classes has materially increased.

## Law School.

The Honorable William A. Magee, ex-Mayor of Pittsburgh, has begun his Friday afternoon lectures on Public Service Regulation. As he is one of the greatest experts on the subject in the country, his lectures will be of value, not only to the law students, but to city and state authorities.

## Social Service.

The School of Social Service is to reopen in the second week of March. Two practical and up-to-date lectures will be delivered each evening. Rev. J. A. Dewe, D. Lit.; Rev. L. A. O'Connell, LL. D., and other experienced social workers have been secured to address the class.

The tuition is merely nominal. Detailed descriptive leaflets will be forwarded on application.

E. J. QUINN, '19.

# Duquesnicula.

## A Day in My Class-Room.\*

TONIGHT the shining lights of Duquesne University will exhibit themselves and their marvelous mental properties for your edification and enlightenment. If you don't believe it, ask them. They would tell you the same thing, only they would use longer words. The manager of this evening's entertainment, who is a modest man, and, therefore, does not wish his name disclosed, decided that no performance is complete without its little joke, so he picked out one of the class lights, the tail light, for the goat. Then in order to put the audience in a cheerful mood, he put the joke first on the programme. So the joke's on me.

Now I want it distinctly understood that I have never yet appeared before such a highly educated audience, this being my first appearance before any type of audience at all. That is why I'm so nervous. I'm afraid that I might slip up in my English and shock somebody. But to tell the honest truth, the look of supreme intelligence which animates every countenance in this classic assemblage, is highly gratifying to me. It takes a brainy person to follow the ups and downs of a Third High orator. I am sure that you are all capable of appreciating his true worth. Perhaps you would be interested in the Professors, who deserve all the credit for our class's mental and moral condition.

I will begin with Father Williams, for he is the first cause of sorrow on school days. The keynote of his character is this—he neither laughs nor smiles—in his sleep. Father Williams is an efficient undertaker. He daily sees to it that the dead languages are laid away with the proper degree of respect. We all attend the funeral.

The next obstacle to our happiness on school days is our English Professor, who expounds to us how English should and should not be written. We forget many of his little rules, however, so to be on the safe side we write it as rarely as possible, generally between 3 and 4 P. M. Our English Professor is Irish and looks the part. That is a compliment. He is the one who has brought this evening's debaters up to their present degree of perfection. They imagine they did it themselves.

After the noon recess, some of us enjoy a little recreation instead of study, so we saunter over to the Physics Hall, where Mr. Brannigan entertains us with his magic wand, known by

---

\*Spoken on Third High Entertainment Night.

some as the meter stick. I suspect that Mr. Brannigan has had some experience as a porter from the practiced manner with which he frequently dusts our clothes. I have heard that he is a great playwright. He certainly must get a lot of material for comedies from the forty-five interesting minutes which we spend with him. But he surely can teach Physics.

At the last session of the day we go through many curious intellectual antics under the direction of Father Keaney. These contortions of the mind are popularly known as Mathematics. Father Keaney demonstrates to us why  $X$  equals  $Y$  when  $M$  minus  $N$  equals  $A$  over  $B$ , and why the two sides of a dog are equal to twice the length of its tail multiplied by the altitude of its off ear.

For twenty minutes every week, Father McGuigan favors us with his presence, and we favor him with ours, though I don't believe he appreciates the favor.

Having disposed of the unimportant Professors, I will now attack the pride and joy of this institution, the members of the Third High class. Father Hehir blushes every time this class is mentioned—with pride, of course.

Our class is blessed with the largest accumulation of red heads in existence. If red hair is an indication of brains, then I suspect that this bunch wears wigs. They have formed a singing company entitled "The Auburn-Haired Sextette". They were scheduled to sing for us to-night, but their rehearsal did not meet with the approval of the censor, so their efforts were dispensed with.

In this evening's debate, five of our class members will display their ability. These brilliant logicians and speakers always want to get to the bottom of things, and are at their best in deep stuff. Naturally, they would enjoy great careers as deep sea divers. They are going to argue about some new big League that is likely to be established. What I want to know is how the dickens they can work another team into the World's Series.

Groetsch, the class musician and composer, will tonight demonstrate his prowess on the violin. His playing is unique, and I am sure you must all admit that you never heard anything like it before, happily for you.

Hoffman is also on to-night's programme. We tried to dissuade him from it, but he was bound to show himself off. Please applaud the deluded little darling.

Another class specimen who will attempt to entertain you this evening is Ackerman. You can easily understand how we



had to put him and a few others on in order to fill out the programme.

We intended to have two of our representatives from Paderewski land recite the multiplication tables in Polish for the advancement of learning, but the idea was abandoned when it was discovered that they did not know the tables in any language.

Several boys lead the class when it comes to dramatic arts. They aren't capable of leading anything else except dull lives. You will all be astonished at the talent which they will display this evening in their little sketch "The Duel". Some of them are ambitious and hope to attain great heights later on—in the role of balloon ascension men at the County Fairs. They are not as experienced at the high life, however, as some of their classmates, who attend the movies as often as once a week.

A few members of our class are mechanically inclined, and would, no doubt, make very successful plumbers. However, they have decided to organize a Company after leaving school, and to manufacture an automobile called the "Frisky Twin Two". From my knowledge of these young men, I am satisfied that it can be said, with truth, of their future product that "it may hit on all cylinders part of the time, and part of the cylinders all the time, but it will never hit on all cylinders all the time."

Three or four in the class refuse to take Greek. In defense of their position they maintain that a knowledge of Latin, English and their native Hungarian is plenty. Another group in the class set themselves up as artists. The other day one of them drew a camel on the board. The others stood around admiring what they considered an excellent work. The artist's head shrank somewhat, however, when Father McGuigan came along and ordered him to "erase that giraffe."

A small number represent the class's star athletes. It is expected that they will make the 'Varsity when they reach College—if they are not too old to enjoy violent exercise by that time. Of course, our class has its stars in the classical firmament, too. Some day they will be the shock and surprise of the Academic world. I understand that one of them has already started a book to prove that Virgil's knowledge of Latin was wholly inadequate.

In closing, I want to inform you that the worst part of this entertainment is due to end in about thirty seconds, so please don't get up and leave in disgust at this critical point. The remainder is really better than I might have led you to believe.

I thank you very much for remaining through my entire reading.

VINCENT M. SMITH, H. '20.

"Red" O'Brien (nudging his neighbor in First H. Room).  
What does *obliviscor* mean?

Neighbor—"I forget."

"Red"—So do I.

Ligday, at the Dance, was requested by a member of the committee to take for the next number a young lady who had no partner. "Well," he replied, "You see I don't know her at all and I'm *particular* whom I dance with."

"Oh, that's all right," replied the genial officer; "she isn't."

Prof., seeing K\*\*\*\*y (I High A) eating a sandwich after the bell had rung, "Put that away."

K\*\*\*\*y (forcing the last of it into his mouth)—That's what I'm doing as fast as I can."

Ed Quinn was a likable lad  
With plenty of smartness and dash;  
His presence, when togged in his best,  
Was certain of making a splash.  
His gracefulness gained him a rep,  
His manners were certainly flash,  
Yet no one imagined that Ed  
Would ever do anything rash.  
But, alas, on the eve of the Dance,  
His good reputation went smash;  
For two or three weeks he was seen  
Attempting to raise a moustache.

Walsh was mournfully trying to explain to an unenthusiastic sport why the U. Hi team wasn't quite what it might be. "You see," said Mike, "we play away from home mostly, and none of the floors has a net. We're used to our own cage and feel more at home there."

"Yeh," was the reply, "that's where the whole team should be kept—in a cage."

Talking of basketball, Glynn remarked (from a safe distance), it is more to a person's 'interest' to 'bank' his shots. You see it usually pays better because they are of some 'account' then." He got away in time.

The new yell for the U. Hi team: "Oysters, Oysters, Oysters!  
Raw, Raw, Raw!"

A waiter, operating the bread-cutter, deftly removed the top of his finger. One of his associates remarked the fact to McFadden. "Oh," replied Mac in a casual tone, "I was wondering how that sandwich I just had got mixed in with the bread." No wonder the waiter spilled the coffee down Mac's neck.

PETREL STORM, '19.



## ATHLETICS.

### BASKETBALL.

#### ' VARSITY.

**S**INCE the last edition of the MONTHLY the 'Varsity basketball squad has taken a new lease of life, and some of the best played games ever seen in the Duke cage have resulted. During their last four games the Dukes have been playing phenomenal ball, and although two of their games were lost, there was honor in defeat since they forced their opponents to the utmost of their endurance and aggressiveness.

In the Westminster game, after two severe drubbings at the hands of Tech and W. & J. due to the poor physical condition of the players, Captain Flanagan and his men spilled the dope by handing the big boys from New Wilmington a 49-41 lacing. Davies scored 37 points; Finnerty, 4; Flanagan, 4; Ligday and Hayes, 2, each.

A few nights later, the crack Westinghouse Club, which has defeated Pitt, Tech, Geneva, and others, were forced to play an extra five-minute period before they won the decision, 34 to 32. This game was without doubt the most sensational ever played in the Duke cage, and too much credit cannot be bestowed on Coach Martin for the manner in which he "pointed" his men for this game. Davies scored 12 points; Finnerty, 12; Vebelunas, 4; Flanagan and Ligday, 2, each.

Next came the Waynesburg College team. In this game Coach Martin started with his second string men supplanting the regulars. With the score standing 4-4 in the middle of the second quarter, the regulars were thrown into the fray and they fairly swamped their opponents with an avalanche of field goals. When the whistle blew ending the game, the score stood at 64-25, with the Bluffites on the long end. Davies scored 31

points; Finnerty, 15; Vebelunas, 14; Flanagan and Ligday, 2 each.

Indiana Normal was the next team to visit the Bluff, and they lost no time in throwing a surprise into the Dukes. Little opposition was expected from the Normalites considering the pace set by our 'Varsity in their preceding games. The team went into the contest chuck-full of overconfidence, and the result was that they were humbled by a 42-41 score. The score was tied no less than 10 times during the course of this game. Davies scored 29 points; Vebelunas, 6; Flanagan, 4; Finnerty, 2.

J. J. McCLOSKEY, '19.

#### UNIVERSITY HIGH.

The University High has, since our last report, played six games, winning one from Casino Tech, 34 to 6, and losing to Freedom High, 35-20; to Steubenville High, 71 to 21; to Monaca High, 27 to 11; to Westinghouse Reserves, 41 to 23; and to St. Mary's Casino, Johnstown, 33 to 21. The University High labors under the heavy handicap of smallness of stature in comparison with their elongated opponents, and so are under a distinct disadvantage in passing the ball to one another, and in attempting to intercept it when in possession of antagonists.

Of the 130 points our boys scored in the six games, Walsh contributed 79, Doyle, 27; Kettl, 14; Carl, 4; Cassidy, 4; J. Ferguson, 2. Walsh's foul shooting has been a redeeming feature in every game.

T. R. SULLIVAN, H. S., '19.

#### THE JUNIORS.

The Duke Juniors have played six games since our last issue, and have scored five victories. The Lawrenceville "Y" seconds have the distinction of lowering the Juniors' colors on the "Y" floor. The Ferguson "twins" have been advanced to the University High, and hence are no longer eligible to play with the Juniors. The loss of the Fergusons has left the team without guards, and the squad is now in the reconstruction period. The places will soon be filled; Clay, Sullivan and Brown are being given a trial. The two first have shown considerable ability as guards. Brown and Sullivan are inexperienced, but will undoubtedly make good. Egan or McLuckie will probably be switched to the running guard position in close contests, to steady the new players. Cherdini plays a heady game at center. Hurley and Egan work well at forward. O'Neill has perhaps made more progress than any of his teammates. He will bear watching. The scores: Juniors, 39—Bluff Heights, 21; Juniors, 38—Arvona, 7; Juniors, 21—Lawrenceville "Y", 34; Juniors, 27—Boarders, 19; Juniors, 44—Hatwood Juniors, 21; Juniors, 40—J. J. Laughran's, 13.

W. C. TITZ, Sc., '22.



**THE MINIMS.**

True to their traditions the Minims are winning victory after victory. Since the beginning of the season they have not lost a game.

Circumstances have necessitated some changes in the make-up of the team: Zabo has quit through illness, and Bevilacqua and Patterson are being tried out whilst the coach has his eye on one or two other candidates. J. F. Egan and Harry Sweeney are pairing off well at forward. Nee's experience at guard is a great help to the team. Ritter is making an excellent guard, being distinguished for fleetness of foot and abundant energy. Dunn's passing is noticeably good, and McQuade is fast learning the intricacies of the pivotal position. Witt has been regularly in the game: his foul shooting is of a high order.

Father Hannigan is working hard at every practice to inculcate in the team the principles of basketball. With a view to building up the higher teams, he has several candidates on his string. The scores to date: Minims, 26—May Club, 10; Minims, 31—Mercury Midgets, 24; Minims, 18—Carnegie Comrades, 11; Minims, 21—Leetsdale, 15.

J. A. WITT, H. O., '21.

## READ THE PARACLETE

**A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Honor of the Holy Ghost**

**Published by the Holy Ghost Fathers**

**And Containing Contributions by Leading Authors  
of the Day**

**YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50**

**Address—Holy Ghost Fathers,  
Cornwells Heights, Pa.**

**Prompt Attention**

**AUTOMOBILE SERVICE**

**Day and Night**

## JOHN J. CARNEY FUNERAL DIRECTOR

**2524—2526 CARSON STREET, PITTSBURGH**

Bell Phones, 1027 R Hemlock and 176 Hemlock

**Hill Top Office, 247 Orchard Place, Knoxville**

**Bell Phone Hill 298**

Established 1875

Thomas E. Wall

**DRUGGIST**

643 FIFTH AVENUE

PITTSBURGH

Let Us Do Your

**PRINTING**

and be satisfied

**FAHEY & CO.**

25 SHINGISS ST.

PITTSBURGH

Bell Phone 540 Hemlock.

**F. W. IMMEKUS**

Window Shades

Paints

Linoleum and Wall Paper

1817-19 Carson Street, S. S.

Plate Glass

Rough and Ribbed Skylight

Bent Glass

Window Glass

Ornamental Glass

**GEO. A. KIM & CO.**

318-320 FIRST AVE.

PITTSBURGH

Bet. Wood and Smithfield Streets

A famous New York hatter makes

*Oetting's Hats*

**OTTO OETTING,**

643 SMITHFIELD STREET

PITTSBURGH



Bell, 1856 Court

Established 1865



Wants a Plumber, Quick

**BUERKLE PLUMBING CO.**

245 THIRD AVENUE, PITTSBURGH

BELL PHONE 683 GRANT

## BURNS, FLEMING & CO.

### ENGINEERS and CONTRACTORS

Steam and Hot Water Heating and Ventilating Apparatus.  
General Steam Fitting and Power Plants.

815 FORBES STREET,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

---

## PAINTS, VARNISHES AND BRUSHES

are like medicine. They are only cheap when you  
get the right kind for the right purpose

To be sure of your painting material be sure of your dealer

In business 68 years

## C. A. MICHEL & CO.

949 Liberty Avenue,

Pittsburgh

(OPPOSITE SMITHFIELD STREET)

---

JOHN DIMLING  
President.

H. B. DEMMLER  
V. Prest.

C. A. MUEHLBRONNER, V. Pres.

CHARLES E. SCHUETZ, Cashier

JOHN H. DEMMLER, Asst. Cashier

## Western Savings and Deposit Bank

OLIVER BUILDING, 533 Smithfield St  
PITTSBURGH

Accounts of Individuals and Corpora-  
tions Solicited.

4 per cent. paid on Time Deposits.

2 per cent. paid on Checking Accounts

COMPLIMENTS  
OF

## M. LETZELTER

4614-4616

LIBERTY AVENUE

---

FISK 156

*Ice Cream-Hermes-Milk*  
QUALITY

Scientifically  
pure

24 hours  
Fresher

Phones, Grant or Main 100

HERMES—O. & P. MILK CO.

THE BEST IN ROLLING MILL MACHINERY

**Mackintosh-Hemphill & Co.**

MANGANITE

ROLLS

STEEL



**GILLESPIE BROS.**  
Diamond Importers      Jewelers  
Second Floor Jenkins Arcade

Phone Hemlock 147

**Mrs. S. Kersting**

Religious Articles,  
School Books and Candles  
Wholesale and Retail

The Right Goods at the Right Place

104 PIUS STREET  
S. S., PITTSBURGH, PA.





**F. N. HOFSTOT**, President  
**T. W. FRIEND**, Vice President

**GEORGE C. SCHMIDT**, Cashier  
**H. J. C. BREKER**, Asst Cashier

# National Bank of America

709-711 East Ohio Street, Pittsburgh

CAPITAL \$200,000.00

SURPLUS \$350,000.00

---

**A. KLEIN**

3705 Butler St., Pittsburg

**HOLIDAY SPECIALTIES**

in Church Goods

Bell Phone, **Fink 1572**

---



PITTSBURGH

Invites the Accounts of Individuals, Firms and Corporations  
Every courtesy extended Depositors  
without reference to size of their accounts.

Capital and Surplus. \$2,100,000.00

FIFTH AND LIBERTY AVENUES

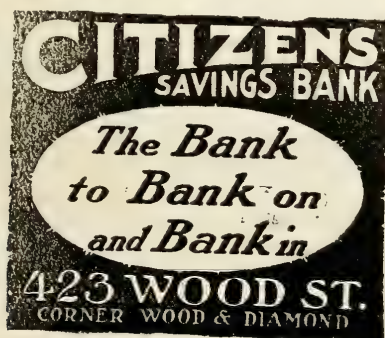
---

## The Pittsburg Observer

\$1.50 a Year.

AMERICA'S FOREMOST WEEKLY

---



Bell, 80 L Hemlock  
A. Rausch John Rausch Jos. Rausch  
Graining and Glazing  
Orders Attended to Promptly

## AUGUST RAUSCH & BROS.

House, Sign and Fresco

### PAINTERS

Estimates furnished on Cleaning all kinds of Paints. All kinds of Paints, mixed ready for use. Sole distributors of E-Z Paint and Varnish Cleaner.

94 Pius Street, S. S., Pittsburgh

---

## F. X. MANSMANN CO.

### MANX UNION SUITS a Specialty

Medium and Heavy Weights

\$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50, Up

Every Garment Guaranteed

FIFTH AVENUE ARCADE

PITTSBURGH, PA.

---

Established 1890

## LATSHAW-FEERST CO.

RECEIVERS AND SHIPPERS

### BUTTER and EGGS

202 FERRY STREET

PITTSBURGH

Bell, 9040 Court P. & A. 1369 Main

## JAS. W. FISHER

Wholesale  
and Retail

## FISH AND OYSTERS

66 Diamond Market

33 Diamond Square

PITTSBURGH

---

TELEPHONE GRANT 15

### Fort Pitt

## Lithographing Co.

Engravers Printers

Lithographers Bank Stationers

701-703 Forbes Street

PITTSBURGH

---

## PENN SALES BOOK CO.

4070 Jenkins Arcade Bldg  
Pittsburgh.

### SALES BOOKS

All Styles

Duplicate and Triplicate

Telephone F. T. WINTER,  
Grant 6856

---

# G. B. HURT

INCORPORATED

## Wholesale Grocers

HOTEL, BAKERS AND CONFECTIONERS SUPPLIES

PENN AVENUE and WATER STREET

PITTSBURGH

WHEN YOU'RE IN A HURRY



Phone  
**Hemlock 700**

THE KEYSTONE LUMBER CO., PITTSBURGH

---

Let the **7 BAKER BROS.** Do Your Baking

**AND PROMOTE PITTSBURGH**

None but the best and purest of materials  
are used exclusively in our

**"HOLSUM"** Bakery Products

Your Grocer Has Them

---

THE J. H. MACKALL CO.

Manufacturers of

**CAKES, CRACKERS, CANDY**

Successors to  
E. Maginn

**OYSTER CRACKERS**

OUR SPECIALTY

---



**WM. WUERTHELE**

Manufacturer and Dealer in  
New and Second Hand

**BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES**

Bowling Alley Supplies, Repairing of Tables  
our Specialty, Turning of Billiard, Pool  
and Bowling Balls and Cues to Order.

412 Diamond Street PITTSBURGH



**INKS**

Library  
Paste  
Mucilage  
and  
Glue

**J. C. SWEARINGEN INK CO**

**Pittsburgh**

# GRAFNER BROS.

## Wholesale JEWELERS

IMPORTERS OF DIAMONDS

811 Liberty Avenue  
Pittsburgh

---

Bell, 9424 Grant P. & A. 5491 M Pitt

## SNIGO'S

Ice Cream and Ices  
Have No Equal

Brick Cream a Specialty  
Any Flavor Desired at Short Notice  
Wholesale and Retail

607 FIFTH AVE., PITTSBURGH

## Eugene S. Reilly & Co.

REAL ESTATE

Mortgages Insurance

430-432 Fourth Avenue  
PITTSBURGH

Private Exchange Court No. 1

## GROGAN COMPANY

Direct your attention to  
their stock of

Jewelry Silverware  
Watches and Clocks

At all times complete and of the  
highest quality

Wood Street and Sixth Avenue  
PITTSBURGH

Edward S. Bily H. G. Stratman  
E. A. Williams

## CHARLES BILY CO. TAILORS

Suite 219-21-23 Union Arcade  
Pittsburgh  
Bell Tel. 2568 Grant

---

## Bailey-Farrell Manufacturing Co.

Plumbing Supplies  
Heating Supplies

---

Oldest House in the line  
in Western Penn'a.

---

Office and Warehouse  
Third and Ross  
EXHIBIT ROOMS  
UNION ARCADE  
PITTSBURGH

---



"Her Favorite"  
Chocolates



Phone 1107 Court.

STALL 74

Some people eat good meat  
some of the time, but those  
who deal at Schlelein's eat  
good meat all the time.

Positively the one best quality of Home-  
dressed and Government-inspected Meats

J. & W. SCHLELEIN

PITTSBURGH MARKET

---

Our Sausage and Bologna have no equal

---

MANSMANN'S

UPTOWN DAYLIGHT STORE

5911-5915 PENN AVENUE

East End

PITTSBURGH

---

What Eichenlaub's Sell You is Good

EICHENLAUB'S

FURNITURE, RUGS, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES

3501-3503 Butler Street, Pittsburgh

---

TERHEYDEN CO.

DIAMONDS

530 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh

# The Busiest Tailor Shop in Town



"There's a Reason"

NIFTY PATTERNS

SNAPPY STYLES

SUIT or OVERCOAT to Order

\$20—\$25—\$30

Over 500 Styles  
to Select From

NEW SPRING STYLES

NOW SHOWING

*Mitchell*  
**THE TAILOR**

540 Smithfield Street

NEW GALLERIES

*Wunderly Bros.*

*Fine Art Dealers*

512 Wood St. 306-8-10 Oliver Ave.

PITTSBURGH

**White**

**Transfer & Storage Co.**

Furniture Storage Only

Separate Apartments Low Prices

Motor Trucks, Vans or Wagons for  
Moving

Office 708 Duquesne Way and  
715 Seal Street

No North Side Branch

**D. Rosser**  
**STUDIO**

347 Fifth Avenue

PITTSBURGH

Work of this Studio Awarded Twenty  
Nine National and State Awards

Bell Phone 1086 Fisk

Carriages

Automobiles

**O. J. GOETZ, F. D**

**Leichenbestatter**

**3509 Penn Avenue**

**PITTSBURGH**

# D'YOUVILLE COLLEGE

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Under the Direction of the Grey Nuns

A College for Women, chartered by Act of Legislature of the State of New York. Registered with the University of the State of New York.

---

Courses leading to degrees in *Arts, Science, Pedagogy, Literature and Music*  
Special preparation for High School Teaching.  
Design and Painting, under Male Instructor.

RIGHT REV. DENIS J. DOUGHERTY, D. D., Chancellor.  
SISTER ST. STANISLAUS, President. WILLIAM A. MARTIN, M. A., Director of Studies.

## FACULTY :

Members of the Grey Nuns' Community, Members of the Clergy,  
and Men and Women Lay Specialists.

---

## Holy Angels' Academy

In Connection with D'Youville College

College Preparatory and General Culture Courses. Music. Languages,  
Design and Painting. New York State Regents' Diplomas.

---

## BOLD'S HOME-MADE BREAD

BAKED FRESH EVERY DAY.

It is so manifestly good and fresh that it produces a light,  
flaky crust that melts deliciously in the mouth, and there  
is no soaking in of the filling, nor soggiuess, no indigestion.  
Every Loaf is of Uniform Excellence, the Standard by which  
others are judged.

AUGUST BOLD, 821-29 Industry St., Pittsburgh

---



Bell Phones: Hemlock 308 R

Hill 412 W

Commercial Photography

Photographer Portraits in Crayon, Oil and Water Color Paintings  
1207 Carson Street and Post Office Building, Mt. Oliver

---

## WAGNER BROS. SHOE CO.

WHOLESALE SHOES

429 LIBERTY AVENUE

PITTSBURGH

# Duquesne Monthly

A Literary Magazine

Vol. XXVI.

APRIL, 1919

No. 7

---

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR  
BY THE STUDENTS OF DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY

---

TERMS : ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE  
ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

Address, Duquesne Monthly, Duquesne University, Pittsburgh, Pa.

---

Entered as second-class matter, at the Pittsburgh  
Postoffice, April 30, 1911

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103,  
Act of October 3, 1917, authorized October 22, 1918.

---

JUSTIN J. GALLAGHER, '19, Editor-in-Chief

JAMES J. McCLOSKEY, '19	CYRIL J. KRONZ, '20	Associate Editors
FRANCIS J. LIGDAY, '20	ANDREW J. KING, '22	Exchanges
M. NOON GLYNN, '20	.	Alumni
LEO J. McINTYRE, '22	.	Chronicle
T. ROBERT SULLIVAN, '19 (H. S.)	.	Athletics



# Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXVI

APRIL, 1919

Number 7

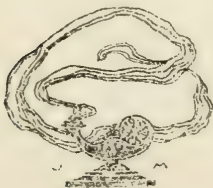
## Easter.

**H**ARK! the Easter bells are ringing;  
Glad the message they are bringing  
As they hail the risen King.  
Night its empire is forsaking,  
For the Paschal dawn is breaking,  
And with joy let mankind sing.

Sin may never more enthrall us;  
There is naught that can appall us  
If we hearken to our King:  
Death may frighten us no longer,  
For our Lord has proved the stronger  
And the Grave has lost its sting!

Then in song our gladness voicing,  
Let us join in the rejoicing;  
To the winds our sadness fling!  
Ne'er let gloom our spirits darken;  
To the blessed message hearken:  
We shall rise with Christ our King!

PETREL STORM, '19.





## A Trip Through Sierra Leone.

REV. JOHN C. SIMON, C. S. Sp., '05.

*In Catholic Missions.*

THE second year of my stay here in Africa was marked by attacks of malaria, which became so numerous at last that not a single month passed without my spending a week or so in bed. It was then that the doctor declared a little change the only remedy.

My superiors readily assented and decided on a trip into the interior; this would have the double advantage of helping me to gain new strength and at the same time acquainting me with the work of four of our missionary stations along the line. The trip covered more than one hundred and seventy miles, and lasted about four weeks. Whether it was full of interest or not, the reader himself must judge from the following account :

A day late in August found me at the railway station of Freetown as early as half past six in the morning. To imagine a splendid building or an express train as we have them in America would be a big mistake; for the station itself is only a long shed covered with corrugated zinc, and as for the train the highest speed it can boast of is from twelve to fifteen miles an hour.

At 7 A. M. sharp a bell rang, then a whistle blew, and off we went skirting the sea-coast. But this soon disappeared and gave place to a beautiful range of mountains some 1,500 to 2,000 feet in height. These hills approached or receded alternately on one side, whereas on the other the only thing that met the eyes was a vast expanse of level country full of creeks and marshes that teem with crocodiles.

For miles the mountain scenery lay before us showing itself in all its beauty. Here there were palm trees, there splendid waterfalls. How beautiful this Sierra Leone of ours is, but alas how treacherous! Many a European has here found an early death and now lies mouldering in the grave! It is not in vain that the country bears the name of the "White Man's Grave"! The whole of Sierra Leone can best be likened to a cemetery decked with gorgeous flowers and fine shrubs.

Thus we sped along for fully twenty miles before we reached Waterloo. From the station the whole place appears like an immense grove of palms, but as we venture into it we meet with long rows of little mud houses surrounded by banana trees or flowers, and we are astonished to hear that more than 6,000 souls dwell here. At the time I passed there the whole place did not number ten Catholics. These assembled every Sunday in a native hut to recite their rosary and sing a few hymns. They saw a priest only once a month. To-day the little white tower of the church of the Immaculate Conception pierces the sky. Their missionary lives among them and watches over a flock of more than one hundred and fifty.

Once more the bell rang and the whistle blew and off rumbled the little train. Waterloo was soon left in the distance. The mountains became lower and lower and then faded away entirely leaving only a vast expanse of level land. The monotony of the landscape was broken only by a field of manioc here or a field of rice there. In every rice field little platforms some ten feet in height could be seen, on the top of which little pickaninnies perched.

They were there to drive away the birds; some were armed with stones, others had a contrivance far more ingenious: a complicated system of wires stretched over the farm in every direction. From these, tin cans with stones in them were suspended. One pull from the central station made noise enough to frighten not only the birds but the very devils as well. But the little marauders of the air are more easily kept at bay than the thieves at night. For these the black also has his remedy. He erects fetishes, which he calls medicines, all over his farm. Sometimes it is only an old pierced wash basin or again a stick with some dirty rags attached to the top, but more often it is a piece of wood resembling a little coffin propped up on two or three sticks. Even the boldest thief is afraid of these emblems.

Every now and then native villages with long rows of little mud houses flew past the windows of our express. They were colored black with charcoal, or white with native lime obtained by burning oyster shells, or again brown or pink with a certain kind of clay. Their roofs were ingeniously constructed of long grass or matted bamboo. Before nearly everyone could be seen a long pole with some old rags on the top of the lid of a basket; others again had an old trunk full of stones standing before the door. All this is to protect the inmates from the evil spirits or from the sickness or trouble they are supposed to bring.

Groups of children could be seen, playing in the sun, whilst their parents were busy with their work. The little train still rattled along over bridges and through fields until at last we reached Moyamba at 1:30 P. M. It had taken us seven and a half hours to cover the short distance of seventy-six miles.

At the station of Moyamba I was met by an American confrere. He has since gone to his reward, dying at the early age of thirty-two years, of black water fever, after only two days of illness. Together the two of us walked to the mission, about a half hour from the station, where I received a hearty welcome from both Fathers and Sisters. They are away up in the bush, surrounded by people little better than savages, slowly pining away from the effects of their hard work and the climate.

Behind the little church was the grave of one of their predecessors, daily reminding them of what one day would also be their lot. Three others had already left the mission broken down in health only to die a few years later in Europe. As you see, the prospect is not gay, yet I defy you to find happier people than they!

Late in the afternoon we visited the prison. It was then full of what are called leopard-men, a kind of mitigated cannibals, members of a secret society, who at each of their meetings regularly did away with a little child, to feast on its flesh and to make fetishes with what remained. These crimes had become so frequent of late that the Government decided to take more stringent measures. Chiefs were deposed and hundreds of arrests made. About twenty leopard-men were convicted and executed, forty more were sent into exile; the rest had to be dismissed for want of evidence.

We went about the prison visiting nearly everybody. Then we slowly returned to the mission. Here a strange sight met our eyes! The mission boys had just returned from the hunt, but not an antelope or bush-fowl was to be seen. Instead, their catch was a large bucketful of field-rats. From the glistening eyes of the hunters you could see that they were very well satisfied with their sport, and hoped soon to make a fine meal of their prey. A week later I again resumed my journey.

This time my course was toward Bo, some forty-five miles distant. Half-past one in the afternoon found me again seated in the hot little train. At 6 P. M. I reached my destination. Needless to say, I received the same hearty welcome, but that night an ordeal awaited me in which I nearly lost my reputation. It came



about at supper. At first the boy brought rice and then in a dish some meat. Judging from its odor it must have been at least five days old. What that means in a tropical country where there is no ice, you can better imagine than I describe! I heroically swallowed a morsel of the meat, but my nostrils refused to let me indulge in more. All my appetite was gone as by magic. This made the old priest exclaim: "A good missionary must eat plenty of food, but must not look for delicacies." I can assure you that to carry this out under the circumstances would have been heroic and would require the stomach of some Indian or Fijian cannibal.

The next morning I left Bo with a light heart, and a stomach lighter still. After a train ride of an hour I reached Gerihun, our next mission. Here again there had been an American confrere. All alone he had built up his little church and school; he had gathered the first Catholics. But it was only a few years until he broke down so completely that the doctor ordered him home immediately and forbade him ever again to return. On my arrival in Sierra Leone we were four Americans at work in the mission. Now I am left alone. For how long the good God alone knows!

The next day was a Sunday and the Feast of the Seven Dolors. It was only natural that I should say a few words to the congregation, a task comparatively easy as all is done by means of an interpreter. The mission boys have a great facility for this kind of work; no sooner has the sentence left your lips than it is already repeated to the people in their own language. In this their services are inestimable, especially since among the Mendis it would be considered a disgrace for a superior to address an inferior directly in public. To do it would be a sure means of becoming despised.

The next morning I knelt in the sanctuary anxiously awaiting the arrival of the congregation. Soon the chief appeared. Wrapped in a large blanket that he wore like a Roman toga, he headed a long procession. He was closely followed by about twenty of his wives with their children; then followed the rank and file of the people, some half naked, their dark bodies shining with oil. When they were seated the little church was crowded to the last inch. After the Mass it would have been easy to count the occupants of some of the benches, for they had left nearly the whole outline of their bodies printed in oil upon the seats. The three following days passed only too quickly, and then I had to be once more on the move.

About thirty-five miles of my journey still remained. In three hours the little train had brought me to Blama. Here two Fathers and a Brother came to bid me welcome. It is especially the last named that I shall never forget. Only ten months later the two of us had an attack of black water fever and both were invalided and had to go to Europe. The poor Brother could just drag himself along whereas I could not even stand. During the whole ten days that the sea trip lasted, he had to feed me and carry me about like a baby. Arrived in Europe, I had not strength enough to mount the two steps of the train, but after climbing up the first, I invariably fell into the coach.

As I have already told you, I met the Brother in Blama together with two Fathers. All that afternoon was spent in chatting and in joking, for no one has a lighter heart than the missionary. The next afternoon saw us on our way to Limay, a small village some five miles from Blama. The chief of this place had lately died, and a new one had just been crowned; as he was a friend of the mission, we had to go and offer our congratulations.

Before reaching his palace we had to pass the shed where the late chief had sat in judgment. Here his hundred wives were still interned, and here they had to remain till a full year from his burial. Then either the new chief would take them or distribute them amongst his followers. Near this shed was the grave of the late chief. According to the Mendi custom he was buried in a sitting posture wrapped up in about twenty garments. Near him lay about five hundred dollars in gold. The number of these country clothes and the amount of money are measured by the dignity and the importance of the chief buried.

As soon as the funeral rites are all performed the grave is closed and a little mud hut is erected over it. This is securely locked, and an old basin is placed standing on a stick before the door. This last is meant to hinder the buried chief from gratifying a desire to haunt his successor, and to keep him firmly in his grave.

At last we reached the dwelling of the new chief. We were ushered into a large room and had to wait fully a half hour before His Majesty appeared. At last he entered all dressed in silk and wearing on his head a crown decorated with feathers. He was followed by about ten of his courtiers and two wives. "Boa!" (how do you do?) Thus the conversation opened. The answer was a grunt and a few seconds later, "Boa?" Thereupon

the chief answered "Bisie" (thank you). We waited a few seconds more and then likewise answered, "Bisie." Only after this formal introduction could we deliver our message of congratulation. The chief answered us by promising to pull down the Mohammedan mosque that had been lately erected near our chapel. He then presented us with native cloth valued at ten dollars, and bade us good-bye.

That same evening the Rev. Father Superior offered to take me on a more distant visit, and as I had come to see as much as possible I readily assented. Two days later, in the afternoon, we set out for Genay. It was arranged that after a two hours' walk we would break our journey at the factory of a Protestant trader. No one certainly could have made us more welcome than he. He closed his shop immediately and set the phonograph in motion. Between the pieces he was busy giving orders to his cook. His little monkey soon made friends with our dogs, and their gambols caused us many a hearty laugh. Supper was then served amid a thousand excuses that he could offer us nothing better. We spent a few hours longer in talk, and then I was glad to roll into my camp bed, for I felt the fatigue of the walk and still suffered from some of the effects of malaria.

All went well till about one o'clock when I was awakened by something cold in my hand. I jumped up with a start, for I thought it was a snake. It was only one of the dogs, which, tired of being alone, had rubbed his cold nose against my hand.

Soon I was fast asleep again and remembered nothing till awakened at five in the morning by the Father. It was time to say our Masses. After breakfast we shook hands with our host, and after promising him to call for dinner on our return journey we were once more on the road.

After an hour and a half we halted to pay a visit to the chief of a nearby town. The conversation opened by his presenting us with some bananas. He then showed us his sore leg. This was soon washed and a little iodoform put into the wound. Thereupon the chief was so satisfied that he ordered his followers to catch a chicken for us. Naturally the smallest was selected; they began to drive the poor bird around the whole village. At last the chicken was caught and brought to us in triumph. We visited some of the sick and looked after the new-born infants, some of whom, being rather delicate, were regenerated in the waters of baptism. Our work was done. We looked for a quiet spot some distance from the village to prepare our dinner. The



chicken was soon roasted, and as a good appetite is the best sauce we made a splendid meal. At two in the afternoon we were again on the road, this time to go straight to Genay.

About a mile before Genay we came upon a hollow road some hundreds of yards long and about ten feet deep.

We arranged with the chief to give instruction to his people. He willingly assented. An hour before the service we were surprised by the sound of the tom-tom and a bugle. It was the speaker of the chief who thus announced an important message.

After he had the attention of the people he howled out: "Let everyone who loves God and their chief come immediately to the baray." And come they did, for on our arrival we found the whole baray full. Men, women and children all were squatting on the ground. At last the chief himself made his appearance. This was the signal to begin. The Father began by reciting the Our Father and Hail Mary in their language, which they all repeated. A hymn was sung and then came the instruction.

The good Father stood in the centre holding up his crucifix.

"Do you see this?" a general grunt of assent—a grunt stands for anything and everything here, it expresses every emotion—"There is someone hanging to it." Another grunt—"Do you see what holds him? Big nails through the hands and feet."—This time there was a grunt of pity. "How that must hurt!"—repeated grunts for some time. "He looks like a man but he is more. He is God"—a grunt of astonishment—"Do you know what he hangs there for?"—a general shaking of the head—"Because you committed sin he hangs there to pay first"—a grunt of approval—"Now that you see that he loves you, certainly you are ready to do something for him also"—everyone nods with the head—"Well he asks you not to lie, not to steal, to drive away all your wives but one, etc., etc."

The grunting had ceased and no doubt many a one was repeating the words of the Bible or their equivalent: "This is a hard saying." The instruction lasted only half an hour. The next morning we rose early to say our Masses but the chief had already preceded us to the baray. He told us not to leave Genay before we had tasted his rice. There was no use protesting that our journey was long, that we wanted to leave before the sun became too hot. No, to refuse would be taken as an insult.

But the cooking was not an easy operation. It was meant to be extra fine and therefore the rice was not ready till nearly nine.



Then an immense bowl was placed before us, enough for twelve instead of two. Rice, chicken, eggs—everything was mixed together. Alas! I had soon to give up. The first mouthful brought the tears to my eyes. It was full of red pepper.

When our meal was over, the good chief accompanied us part of the way. Before leaving him we fired another salute. As we had promised we called on our Protestant friend for dinner, and then set out for Blama at three in the afternoon. Shortly after I returned to Freetown, where I arrived after a two days' journey.

---

## Consider the Cat.

○ F the genus *Felidae* and its many ramifications we shall not at present discourse; of the sacred tabby that the Egyptians embalmed and laid to rest at Beni Hasan it is not our present purpose to treat. The fluffy White Persian, the distinguished Blue Persian, the soft Royal Siamese, and the long-tailed cat of Pallas, will not now claim our attention. We shall confine our observations to a few of the characteristics of the different classes of cats with which we are best acquainted. The most common of these felines are the Black Cat, chiefly known for its bringing ill-luck; the House Cat, probably better known as the old maid's darling; and lastly the Tramp Cat.

Let us first consider the habits and abuses that are characteristic of the common Black Cat. He is generally a rather large, glossy, smooth-haired cat, with a pair of wide-staring eyes, which shine at night like two bright auto lights. The Black Cat is not considered a friend of man. Once a black cat crosses one's path, he becomes a moving target for all the stones which the person can lay his hands on. Then if a cat has been prowling around the chicken coop or bird cage, it is always a black cat, whether he is seen or not—thus inviting more hatred from humankind. Again, it is almost always a black cat—pardon me, a chorus of him—that serenades you from the back yard fence in the "wee" hours of the morning. The reward for this nocturnal musicale is generally a pair of shoes, which the serenader cannot wear, a bottle or two, from which he ne'er shall drink, and occasionally a dose of buck-shot, from which, being nine-lived, he surely recuperates. When his nine lives have at length run their course, he devotes his hide to the laudable purpose of increasing the number of genuine sealskin coats.

The House Cat is by far better off than the Black one, especially where an old maid shares his domicile. Upon this fortunate—or unfortunate—creature is lavished all the care and tender affection which the men were lucky enough to escape. Such a pussy-cat is usually a little, white-furred creature with a reminiscent sky-blue ribbon tied in a large neat bow around the neck. This type of cat is the most petted of the three classes which we are considering, and also the most playful. In their pettishness and their playfulness they strongly resemble their mistresses. They live to the green old age of ten or twelve, and are laid to rest in shady gardens with solemn funeral rites.

Lastly, there is the most interesting of all, the Tramp Cat. These tramp cats are very closely akin to those pathetic human beings who have inherited more than the usual share of the "wandering spirit" from our Indian forefathers. The cats, like all men tramps, are shabby, lazy and unkempt. All they care for is enough to eat and a warm place to sleep. Probably the best method of describing the characteristics of these cats is to call to mind the night's work of a few tramp cats with which we are perhaps familiar.

Here in our own city is a young regiment of tramp cats. This regiment goes "over the top" about one A. M., marching out of the cellar of the Monongahela House on First Avenue. Their first objective is the St. James Hotel, which affords an ample supply of meat scraps. Having cleaned out this section of the commissariat, they cross over to Adam Hahn's, where they greedily lap up all the spilt suds. Then they proceed to their final objective down the avenue, where they march and double time it into Ertle's Bakery. Here they get their fill of cakes and pastry. Then they start to prepare their quarters for the night. Sometimes, during this last operation, a cat, rendered stupid by its gluttony, falls into an elevator shaft, meeting with an untimely end, "unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

On Tabby a maiden's affection  
Devolved when she suffered rejection  
By a gay cavalier;  
And the poor little dear  
Recovered quite from her dejection.

GERALD A. SCHROTH, '22.

## Racial Characteristics on the Stage.

THE art of portraying the conspicuous characteristics of any race of people is by no means an easy one. It is true that there is scarcely a show on the stage to-day in which you will not find a comedian taking the part of either a Jew, German, Negro, Scotchman or Irishman. But the majority of them merely caricature the race whose peculiarities they try to reproduce.

Years ago any actor with his hat pulled down over his ears, a hump on his back, ability to speak with a little Jewish accent, and with gestures along horizontal lines, would pass as a Jew comedian. Such an impersonator no longer receives any recognition from the audience. The reason why we no longer approve such foolishness is due to the late "Joe Welch", the popular Jew comedian. It was he who raised the manner of Hebrew impersonation to its proper place on the stage to-day. He discarded the vulgar methods of displaying the Jew's laughable characteristics, and in place introduced his own manner which is pleasing even to the Jewish people themselves. A long black coat, a heavy black beard, and a hard hat on the back of his head was his costume. His dialect was perfect. His antics were typical, and his stories and funny sayings were laughable. He had a knack of portraying the trait of the Jew's love for money in such a way that you would hate him one minute and love him the next. My only regret is that there are too few of the character of the late "Joe Welch".

David Warfield's deservedly popular impersonation of "The Auctioneer" is another piece of acting that is really worth while. Appearance, attitude, voice, accent, and those intangible qualities that betray the workings of the Hebrew soul, mark Warfield's work with a richness and a sympathy impossible of duplication.

Then we have the German. If we were to stop to enumerate the various characters of this type that we have seen on the stage, I think we would be surprised at the number. But of all the different make-ups, I think Joseph Cawthorne expresses best the typical German. With a big stomach, a kaiserite moustache, and a bright red coat, we recognize the real vaterlander. He seems to be the target for all jokes. Everything wrong that happens is blamed on the German. And why shouldn't it be, if there is any truth in the saying, "What's the use of being Dutch if you're not dumb?" In this sense, Dutch refers to German. But nevertheless all the jokes and stories about the German are

based on that saying. This is a trait which is not found in any of the other races of people, and for this reason it is allowable to bring it out. But the German comedians should take care lest they go too far, and in doing so, insult the race.

Let us pass on to the ever melodious black-faced comedian. Time and time again, we have seen some black-faced man come out on the stage, and try to entertain us with his impersonation of the colored race. He did his act and passed off, seldom or never receiving an encore. Somehow or other we did not take to his impersonation. But along comes a man with black, kinky hair, ebon face, chalky white eyes, big red lips, big white gloves, a black tight-fitting suit, and shoes ten sizes too large. "Al Jolson" is his name. He captures the audience with his talent. He makes one laugh by merely looking at him. In other words he is funny all over. He sings songs that best portray his character. Indeed, the way he gets around on the stage is wonderful. His way of acting is different from the other negro comedians, and so we find the other colored comedians trying to impersonate "Al Jolson", because in him we see the real characteristics of the "darkies". The result is that through "Al Jolson" another means of entertaining an audience has been introduced.

But of all the representatives of the different nationalities, the Scotchman is the least impersonated. The reason for this is perhaps that their customs are not so well known. However, we find a few actors trying to make a living at this profession. But if it were left to the audience to pay them, I dare say some of them would go hungry. Scarcely any of them visualize the Scotchman beyond the wearing of kilts.

But there is one actor who is a credit to the nation that he represents, and that man is Harry Lauder. Lauder's act from start to finish is clean and simple entertainment. In all that is typical, he is true to his original. Thus his impersonation of a poor Scotch school boy is perhaps one of his best. Dressed in an old suit of his father that had been made to almost fit him, one stocking down, the other up, with a good sized hole on the knee, a broken slate and a torn book under his arm, he steps on the stage. He sings a song in which he relates his troubles at home and in school. He brings in childish acts and happenings of a silly-willy in which he calls himself the "softest of the family." But unlike other Scotch comedians, Lauder does not confine himself to impersonating one class of people. Nearly every



young couple to-day has heard and enjoyed Lauder's love song, "Roaming in the Gloaming,"—and why is it that we should feel the fascination of the songs and stories of a far-off land? It is because the actor, who represents this far-off land, does it in the proper way—by his pure and simple entertainment. This is the way to win an audience. And this way our other Scotch comedians have found out, and now they announce themselves as impersonators of Harry Lauder.

Still another race of people comes in for frequent stage portrayal, and that is the Irish. I am sorry to say that they are often misrepresented. Yes, too often we find an actor trying to bring before the public the characteristics of a race of which he knows nothing at all. Such people should impersonate their own kind and leave the Irishman to impersonate the Irishman. Take for example "Pat Rooney" or "Pat Riley", both famous for their Irish songs and stories. These two actors can keep an audience in an uproar all the afternoon and not once disgrace their native land in any way. "Pat Rooney", in portraying a rough and boisterous son of Erin, shows the wit and big heartedness of the Irishman. With his short clay pipe, straight red hair, and red flannel undershirt, he gives us an impression of what might be seen in any part of Ireland. Such entertainment is enjoyable so long as the actor stays within his bounds, and in no way offends the people in his presentation of their peculiarities.

The representation of the foibles, oddities, peculiarities of dress, of manner, or of speech, that distinguish the people of one clime from those of another, is not always done merely to raise a laugh; through this medium some of our most gifted actors have appealed to the finest sensibilities and deepest emotions of their auditors. Shylock stirs our indignation; Uncle Tom enlists our deepest commiseration; and Rip van Winkle calls for sympathetic tears as much as for hearty laughter. The highest test of the excellence of an impersonation is stood when the Irishman in the seats applauds the Irishman behind the footlights, and the Hebrew in the box weeps for the Hebrew on the stage; and this triumph, men like Warfield and Olcott, Jolson and Cawthorne, have many a time achieved.

JOSEPH A. O'DONNELL, '20.



## From Training Camp and Battle Front.

XVI.

**History and Doings of the 18th Field Artillery Recorded in Regimental  
Paper. Disposal of Ammunition Dumps and Mustard  
Gas, etc. Recent Discharges.**

For the first time since he crossed the ocean a year ago we have heard from the Rev. James A. Manley, '14, Chaplain of the 18th Field Artillery. He has been in all the big battles, but he came unscathed through them all. He is now with his regiment, as part of the army of occupation, in Polch, near Coblenz, Germany, a town with a history that dates back to 1103. Under Father Manley's supervision, the regiment has decided to edit a paper, the receipt of the first number of which we cordially acknowledge. It is entitled *The Barrage*. It purports to give the history of the regiment from its organization at Fort Bliss, Texas, on June 1st, 1917; it will record the daily happenings of importance during the period of occupation, and it will serve as a channel of expression for the betterment of the force.

The present number details the training of the men until on March 24, 1918, they received the order to entrain. We hope to be favored with succeeding issues, for we are already interested in the regiment inasmuch as it has had many and varied experiences of momentous character. The transports, *Aeolius* and *Huron*, on which the regiment had embarked, collided at sea on the third night out, and it looked at first as if all on board were doomed to a watery grave, but they were providentially reserved to contribute to the making of history on the battlefields of France. Arrived at the Marne, they took up positions photographed by the enemy for the future shelling of gun positions and the blowing up of ammunition dumps. Mustard gas claimed many victims, and three guns in one battery were put out of commission by the Germans in their first advance, but the remaining one spoke out its fatal message, while the rest of the regiment with loaded rifles lay in wait on the hillside for the further advance that never materialized.

The 18th followed up the retreating foe, indulging in open warfare in the Argonne, and losing many a gallant comrade at Montfaucon, Cierges, and Madeleine Farm. When the Armistice

was signed, it marched for more than a month to the banks of the Rhine. Footsore and weary, but with never-flagging spirits, the men proceeded to the posts assigned them in German territory, and now await with pleasurable anticipation the wished-for orders to return to America.

It must not be imagined that in their enforced exile, they have nothing to break the dull monotony of garrison life. Sports, excursions, and leave of absence are enjoyed with a relish known only to men whose life until lately was crowded with hardships, privations, and dangers, that proved fatal to many who marched or charged with them shoulder to shoulder.

*The Barrage* gives a graphic account of a six-round fight staged in the K. of C. hall, in which Gibson and Nowicki were the principals. After the men had indulged in an exchange of swings, upper-cuts, jabs, hooks and punches, with now and then a clinch to escape punishment, the fight was declared a draw by the referee, Lieutenant Halloran.

Sailing down the Rhine has been planned to Coblenz, Remagen, Andernach, and Neuweid. Two large excursion steamers, the *Frauenlob* and *Borussia*, each with a capacity of one thousand passengers, have been secured, and will leave at 9 every morning, returning at 4 in the afternoon. Four others will probably be added to the number.

A more liberal policy has been adopted in connection with leave of absence. Permissions for periods covering from seven to fourteen days, not including the time of travel, will be granted to officers and men, so that they may visit France, Belgium, Italy and Great Britain. Not more than twenty per cent. of a battery may be away at any one time. These are privileges that every soldier of good standing may enjoy.

We notice in the *Sporting Briefs* that arrangements are being made for horse-racing, wrestling matches, football games, and boxing bouts.

It gives us much pleasure to reproduce a glowing tribute paid to the ability and energy, along athletic lines, of the Rev. Chaplain, Father Manley.

"Chaplain Manley, in his college days at Duquesne, won his letter in baseball, track and football, and was always ready to don the gloves, for variety. He always pulls for good, clean sport; stands for a square deal, and is a great organizer. The artillery men should make a creditable showing against any organization of the A. E. F. under his guidance."



Second Lieutenant John P. Egan (Ordnance, U. S.) is now at St. Jean-les-Buzy, near Conflans, and not far from Briey. During the war, and for several months afterwards, his work was with French, British, and American ammunition. Later, (we quote from his letter of February 6) when the armies moved forwards, great quantities of German ammunition were abandoned. At the present time we are collecting some of it for shipment to the United States, but most of it is being blown up. My new duties have given me an unusual opportunity to see how hard pressed were the Germans for material even in the manufacture of ammunition. One of the mysteries of the last year of the war was the large number of "duds" (shells not exploding) that fell in the allied areas. During the last three weeks I have been assisted by a German captain sent down under a flag of truce. He wears many decorations due principally to his inventions of fuses. Whilst he was here, his comments were free and unrestrained until we began to question him about the long-range gun that shelled Paris. About that he would say nothing except that the first shot had a range of 122 kilometers.

A few days ago I travelled up Luxemburg way, to inspect a plant used by the Germans in the manufacture of gas shells. In two places, not far apart, they had almost 300,000 rounds of gas, mostly mustard. Our present problem is to destroy them without injuring the people in the vicinity.

Their experience in the army has made our men ambitious; they are ever striving for the grades higher up, and seem resolved, on their return to the States, to get all the education possible.

In peace times France is a beautiful country, but constant association with silent, devastated villages, has filled me with a longing to be back where things are vitalized and normal.

---

A long letter from the Rev. J. E. McNamamy, Chaplain of the 110th Infantry, appears in the *Philadelphia Standard and Times* of March first. It recounts the adventures of Joseph Keenan captured by the Germans but released on the signing of the Armistice. Father McNamamy has been over all the famous battlefields in France, and expects soon to visit Rome. Lately he visited the birthplace of Jeanne d'Arc, and the church in which she was baptized. In addition to his other duties, he has a class of 158 soldiers from 2:30 to 4:30 daily.



Sergeant Carl A. Ende (1st Air Service, Mechanic Reg., Co. 3, A. E. F.) after arriving in France witnessed an air battle on his way to the front. "The allied planes went up to meet the enemy. Anti-aircraft guns sprayed the heavens with shrapnel, and high explosives burst around us. Three of the enemy planes were brought to earth. Behind the front lines we always fled to shelter on the approach of hostile air forces. When battles rage we find it hard to keep our airship on an even keel, so great is the vibration of the air. I have been along the English Channel, and I have been all over the city of Paris, even circling the Eiffel tower. Since the signing of the Armistice we have been engaged in salvage work in many sections. Sampigny, near Verdun, had great interest for me; there, in a wooded district, in one battle, the French lost 30,000 men."

---

Major Lawrence R. Knorr, M. D., has applied for release from service at Camp Custer, Mich. Before joining the Colors, he practised at Paradise Valley, Nev. His aim is to settle down in one of the western cities.

---

Joe McLaughlin, of the Prep. Law class, is home in Butler, from five months' overseas' experience with the 5th Trench Mortar Battalion. He has had some weird experiences, of which he intends to tell us later.

---

Major J. J. Cleary, M. D., has done some travelling at Government expense. As heart and lung specialist, he served four months on the Mexican border, fourteen in the Hawaiian Islands, and six in the Philippines, where he was in active duty as a soldier during the Spanish-American War. After his two years' service he applied for a furlough to be spent at his home in Ireland, but the War Department courteously but firmly declined to issue a passport to the Emerald Isle; it had first found out that he was in sympathy with the activities of the Sinn Fein party.

---

Sergeant T. W. Kenney has sent us pictures of some pretty scenes along the Rhine. Tom was offered a lieutenancy, but was so fond of the men with whom he had gone through the campaign, that he preferred to remain one of them.

---

Harry Niehoff and Harry Bratchie, Law, '16, are home from the camps, with a record of faithful service, of which they are justly proud.

H. J.



# SANCTUM

## EDITORIAL

### *President Wilson and the Prophets.*

**H**UNDREDS of thousands of eminent citizens throughout the United States have urged upon President Wilson their desire that he should, consistently with the expression of his Fourteen Points, advocate at the Peace Conference the cause of Ireland as one of the weaker nations, and urge a settlement of its difficulties with England. Nevertheless, we fear that their views, so eloquently expressed, so frequently reiterated, and so convincingly arrayed, have failed to impress him, and that the hopes we built upon his consistency, fairmindedness and sense of justice, are destined to be dashed to the ground.

When originally he stood forth as the champion of the smaller countries with grievances to be redressed, did he fail to see the far-reaching results pregnant in his statement? Did he candidly mean what he said, and has he since been induced by wily English statesmanship to regard the aspirations of Ireland as undeserving of serious consideration, and as a merely domestic problem to be trifled with in the future as it has been slighted in the past? Is he a mere theorist with no ambition to see his theories carried into practice, or is he a weak-kneed politician with glorious ideals without the courage and conviction to enforce them in the face of foreign opposition? These are questions the wisest of us are now unable to answer. We must only wait for developments, and trust that present appearances are misleading.

At the banquet in the White House on the evening of February 26, when he expressed his willingness to answer any question relating to the Peace Conference, "one senator (so we read in the *Pittsburgh Post* of the following day) pressed enquiries

relating to the Irish question, and the President was said to have answered that Ireland would have no vote in the league 'at present', and that the Irish question was one for later solution between Ireland and England."

Next day Secretary Tumulty, on behalf of the President, characterized this statement as a deliberate falsehood; at the same time he declined to state what the President had really said. Senator Williams, of Mississippi, volunteered the information that the President, when asked about Ireland, did say that the league had nothing to do with domestic questions. The reported statement and the emphatic denial when placed in juxtaposition with the President's declaration in his interview with the Irish delegation after his speech in the Metropolitan Theatre, New York, on the night of March the fourth, reflect unfavorably on the President's candor or veracity. There he is reported to have maintained that the Irish question was of a domestic character for England to settle, and that he had nothing to say on the subject until the matter should be brought (?) before the Peace Conference.

Thus, from his own words, Irishmen and Irish-Americans have little to expect from the "champion of small nations". Well, "Hope springs eternal in the human breast." England has been victorious in the recent war. She claims the lion's share of the spoils secured through the coöperation of American forces, but not with their consent. For practically every soldier that has been abroad, has returned burning with indignation at the treatment received from his "English cousin," and animated with the hope that the day is not long distant until America and England will fight for the world's supremacy. We can well believe that America's commerce can capture the world's greatest markets, and will cut deeply into England's income from foreign trade. War will result. With the aid of Japan on the west and of Mexico on the south, the English will count on an easy victory. It would seem that America even now is preparing for the inevitable conflict. She aspires to have the largest navy in the world; moreover, at this moment she has a magnificent army of well-trained men, and she has taken precautions in her schools and colleges to drill the youth of the nation in military tactics and military science. When the fateful hour strikes, she will not be found unprepared.

If I have read Irish prophecies aright, the time is close at hand when Ireland will aid America in her life and death struggle. The war to come is apparently to last two years.



Important battles are to be fought on the Curragh of Kildare and at Mullaghmast, and the American navy is to have its headquarters at Clew Bay on the west coast of Ireland. The test of a prophecy is its fulfillment. Are the foregoing statements the expression of a vain hope or a reliable forecast of the future? We incline to belief in the latter alternative; they harmonize with predictions attributed to Edward the Confessor and St. Malachy. (See the Catholic Encyclopedia, Vol. XII., pages 475 and 476).

St. Edward foretold the defection of England from the Catholic faith as a punishment for its extreme corruption and wickedness. At the end of three centuries dating from the so-called Reformation, through the compassionate mercy of God, the Catholic faith would be re-established in England, which would bring forth flowers of virtue and fruits of sanctity. This prophecy may seem to have nothing in common with Ireland's freedom, but when read in connection with St. Malachy's prediction, it acquires confirmation whilst it corroborates his. St. Malachy (d. 1148) foretold that his beloved native isle would undergo, at the hands of England, oppression, persecution and calamities of every kind, but that she would preserve her fidelity to God and to His Church amidst all her trials. At the end of seven centuries she would be delivered from her oppressors, who, in their turn, would be subjected to dreadful chastisements, and Catholic Ireland would be instrumental in bringing back the British nation to the Divine Faith.

The time seems ripe for the fulfillment of these prophecies. We rejoice that America, which owes so much to Ireland, is to be the instrument in the hands of Divine Providence of bringing joy to a distressed nation. Is President Wilson to miss his opportunity of being acclaimed by future ages as the champion of the down-trodden and the liberator of peoples groaning under foreign yokes?



### *Dechristianization of Schools.*

**N**OW that final peace is near at hand, criticism of the Catholic Church is once more renewed with all its accustomed vigor. This time the bigots direct their defamatory remarks against her, not as a mode of worship, but as a teaching body. They make bold to say that Catholic schools should be suppressed absolutely, because they are as so many painful thorns



in the side of the state. Catholic children, they aver, must be educated as all other children are educated. We wonder why. We justly inquire into the motives underlying such a radical departure from the smooth, even, constant course of the past. And in reply we hear these three reasons: first, it is a necessity of the times; secondly, it is a national aspiration and ideal; thirdly, it is a sociologic-democratic issue.

The interference of the state in the education of the child is criminal. It is not that the promoters of the new measure wish to turn out better citizens. There are none better than the Catholic citizenry. It is not that they wish to train the youth of the country more thoroughly, more efficiently. There are none more capably more thoroughly, and more efficiently trained than Catholics. It is not that they wish to make this country a Christian and democratic place to dwell in. There is no institution more democratic than the Catholic Church; no religion more Christian than the Catholic religion. The question naturally arises: "What are those who seek to dominate education really striving to do?" The answer is plain and simple. They seek to condemn Catholic institutions of learning, to stop the religious instruction of her children, to pollute their minds with infidelity. In a word, they wish to abolish the Catholic school, to make a national school, to dechristianize entirely the school system of this country.

This tendency towards Atheism is no trifling movement. It is a menace that is very harmful, exceedingly venomous. It is a viper, which demands a speedy and proper throttling. No time can be lost in unnecessary delays. The fate and faith of multitudes hang on a suitable settlement. If the Catholic Church is to enjoy the full fruits of a victory gained for the exercise of right and justice, then this fanatic innovation must by all means be speedily checked. There is no alternative.

Catholics in every state of the Union have a just cause for grievance. The state cannot lawfully interfere in the education of their children. That right does not belong to the state, but to the parents who are their divinely constituted guardians. In such matters the state has no voice; it cannot maintain otherwise. To parents are children given; to the state regulation and enforcement of the Civil laws.

JUSTIN J. GALLAGHER, '19.



## Golden Jubilee of Brother Engelbert

**F**OR the first time in the history of the University, one of the brothers has celebrated the golden jubilee of his religious profession. The commemoration of the happy event by which Brother Engelbert consecrated his life to God fifty years ago on St. Joseph's day, was the occasion for rejoicing, not only among the members of the community, but also among the innumerable past students whom, as porter since 1881, he has admitted into the Academic halls, and, as tailor, helped in their moments of need.

His shop has been the rendezvous of many a boarder mortified over the rents in his "inexpressibles". The modern Beau Brummel has patronized the same quarters when he wanted to cut a shine on Pittsburgh's boulevards, and the aching heart of many a disconsolate new boy, has had a soothing balm applied to the malady of home sickness so prevalent, and yet so hard to cure.

His duties were not confined to the hall door, the rejuvenating of time-tried clothing, and the making of cassocks, though in these he cheerfully bore the inconveniences, the annoyances, the unreasonablenesses, that too often accompanied the insistent claims upon his time; he attended to the parlors, and also took a legitimate pride in beautifying the front of the building with flower beds and potted plants.

The faith and piety of the grand old man are wonderful and edifying. No one is more prompt to respond to the four-thirty call to morning prayer than he, no matter how often his sleep may have been interrupted during the night by telegram deliverers or other unwelcome arrivals. His free moments he devotes to adoration before the most holy Sacrament of the Altar, and his absorption in prayer is a source of edification and of plentiful graces to the community.

Though he has reached the advanced old age of eighty years, he is still phenomenally young and active, interested in his work, cheerful in his associations, sympathetic towards the sick, accommodating in his services, unmindful of unreasonable exactions, placid in his manner, reverential towards the priesthood, and ambitious only of serving God and sanctifying his soul.

May the generous Master whom he has served so faithfully, grant him further length of days, and manifold graces to continue his work whilst acquiring still greater merit for eternity!

H. J.

To the Master's invitation  
That you join the chosen few,  
You replied, "Behold me ready!  
Lord, what would'st Thou have me do?"  
You have labored in His vineyard  
Through the years now passed away;  
You have borne the heats of noon-tide  
And the burden of the day.  
Still may God protect and bless you  
Till your day its course has run,  
And returning home at even  
May you hear Him say, "Well done!"

PETREL STORM, '19.



## Tribute to an Alumnus.

When John E. Kane, graduate and valedictorian of the class of '90, past president of the Alumni Association, secretary of the University Advisory Board, and prominent real estate man in this city, passed away during the summer holidays, no obituary notice appeared in these pages, and we now gladly reproduce a eulogistic tribute to his memory just published by the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania.

Now and then we meet a man so strong in character, so vivid in personality, and so richly endowed with forceful and executive talents, that it seems well-nigh impossible, when he passes from the scene of his activities, that he has, indeed, vanished forever from our sight. Such a man was the late John E. Kane, president of the Pittsburgh Realty Board, and one of the best known Real Estate men in the United States. From the outset of his career Mr. Kane had been identified with realty affairs, and was regarded as one of the highest authorities on everything pertaining to the business.

John E. Kane was born December 31, 1874, in the Borough of Lawrenceville, and was the son of Patrick and Mary Byrne Kane. His father was the first agent of the Adams Express Company in Pittsburgh, and was later engaged in mercantile pursuits in that city, where he also served as director in several local banks and other corporations.



The education of John E. Kane was received at parochial schools and Pittsburgh Catholic College, now Duquesne University, where he graduated in 1890. He did not at once enter the business arena, but obtained the position of private secretary for Henry Phipps. The death of Mr. Kane's father occurred in November 26, 1901, and his estate passed into the keeping of his son. It was thus that John E. Kane became identified with the business in connection with which he was to achieve a national reputation. His exceptional fitness for it speedily became apparent, and his rise into prominence was remarkably rapid. He filled the position of treasurer of the Realty Board, and also served as secretary of the National Association of Real Estate Boards, his connection with this organization giving him an acquaintance with representatives of the business throughout the United States and Canada.

Mr. Kane was also secretary and treasurer of the *National Real Estate Journal*. On February 12, 1917, he was elected President of the Pittsburgh Real Estate Board as the unanimous choice of the governors, and the manner in which he discharged the duties of the office during the all-too-brief period of his tenure, more than justified them in their selection. As president of Pittsburgh Real Estate Board, he offered gratuitously to United States Government the services of the Appraisal Committee, of which he was a member, to fix the price on Neville Island, and any other property they should find necessary to acquire. This offer was accepted by the United States. Mr. Kane was a member of the Chamber of Commerce. His clubs were the Pittsburgh Athletic Association and the Pittsburgh Country. He was also a member of the Knights of Columbus, secretary of the Advisory Board of Duquesne University, and a member of the Board of Managers of the St. Mary's and Calvary cemeteries.

He was born, reared, lived and died in the faith of the Roman Catholic Church, and worshiped at St. Paul's Cathedral in Pittsburgh, of which he was a member. In combination with business abilities of no common order, Mr. Kane possessed a singularly attractive personality, and to this he owed, in a secondary sense, his extraordinary success. While his intellect and executiveness commanded respect and compelled admiration and compliance, his magnetism won the hearts of those with whom he had to deal, giving him an influence over the actions and motives of men which accounted in part for his record of accomplishment. In



addition to this he had the foresight without some measure of which no man can hope to succeed in business. No one could discern more quickly and unerringly than he the dormant possibilities of real estate, the consequence of their development, and the general trend of affairs. In appraisals and valuations of local property he was regarded as an expert, and on the subject of taxation he was a recognized authority. In legislation bearing upon taxation, Mr. Kane took an active interest, and at National Conventions of Real Estate brokers he took a prominent part in discussions relating to realty matters, one of the many gifts with which nature had endowed him being facility in public speaking and forcefulness in argument. His personal popularity might be said to be international, for not only was he known, but he was cordially and sincerely liked. His features were clearly cut, strong and refined; his expression reflected the disposition we have feebly endeavored to describe, and his manner dignified, courteous and genial, was that of the true gentleman.

Mr. Kane never married, but resided with his widowed mother, the tie between whom and himself was strong to a degree rarely found even between mothers and sons regarded as models of mutual affection. By this mother, who so richly merited the devotion of her children, by the brothers and sisters of Mr. Kane, by their numerous friends and by the general public, the highest hopes were entertained in regard to the future of a career which seemed not yet to have reached its zenith.

Great, indeed, was the shock to family and friends as well as to the community when, on July 1st, 1918, Mr. Kane passed away, in the prime of life and in the full tide of activity and usefulness. Profound and widespread, however, as was the mourning for what seemed his premature departure, there was also a feeling of thankfulness for what he had been permitted to accomplish, and for the example he had left.

John E. Kane was a brilliantly successful man of affairs, and he was also a devoted son, an affectionate brother and a true friend. Multitudes at home, and many in distant parts of the land will long remember him, and his record is incorporated in the annals of his native city, but his memory is enduringly cherished in the hearts of those who loved him and will forever hold him dear.



# Duquesnicula.

## Why We Lost to Indiana Normal.

Diranna—Battler, what was the matter with the basketball team at Indiana? I thought you said we'd win 100 to 1.

McCloskey—Pat, you're right, and we would have won by that respectable margin had it not been for the beastly condition of the country roads around that insignificant little hamlet.

Diranna—Roads! What had they to do with the game?

McCloskey—Why, everything. You see it was this way. After taking a hearty fifty cent meal—a luxury to which we are not accustomed—at Weamar's restaurant, we thought it advisable to help digestion with a little perambulation. Unfortunately we took the road towards Clymer, and with the stubbornness that usually accompanies bad judgment, we kept right on, though at times we sank almost to our knees in mud. Still all went well, comparatively speaking, until Davies espied a broad-brimmed hat in the middle of the road; his knowledge of the depleted condition of our stage manager's supply of props suggested to him the propriety of bringing it home and using it in the next Freshman playlet. To bridge the sea of mud from the sidewalk to the object of his desire, he pulled a board from the neighboring fence, planted it to his satisfaction, and cautiously made his way to within arm's length of the hat.

Diranna—For the life of me I can't see what that hat has to do with the result of the game. Can't you hurry up and come to the point? How did you happen to lose?

McCloskey—Pat, don't jump to conclusions. The rescue of that hat was the beginning of our misfortunes. Yet, under the same circumstances, every man on the team would act again as he did on that occasion. No sooner had Davies lifted up that human lid than, to his unutterable surprise, he noticed a man's head beneath, and heard in scarcely audible accents, "Help, help, pull me out of this hole!" Finnerty came to Davies's assistance. Reaching down under his arm pits, they soon had him out. He proved to be a husky farmer.

Diranna—It's still a long cry to the defeat at the hands of the Normal boys.

McCloskey—Pat, can't you be patient? As soon as the farmer had recovered his breath, he thanked his rescuers effusively, and added that we could add another boon that would render him eternally grateful. Would we help to pull out his mule and wagon too? The thought that a mule and wagon could have been swallowed up in the mud startled us beyond expression. It

would have been heartless to refuse the unfortunate man's request.

Diranna—Battler, you surely must be romancing. Besides, you seem to be getting farther and farther away from the promised explanation. Excuse me if I tell you so, though I find your story interesting.

McCloskey—Now, Pat, without further interruption, let me record the incidents as they happened, and eventually a ray of light will pierce the almost impenetrable density of a skull produced and developed in the Boeotian atmosphere of McKees Rocks. Well, everyone was willing to lend a hand. It was here that the long arms of Vebelunas proved their value; they reached down into the wagon and hauled up two long, stout ropes. With the skill acquired in rescuing men and animals from shell holes around Chateau Thierry, after undoing the harness, he ran the cables under the body of the mule. Mike Walsh shinned up a neighboring tree with a stout branch stretching across the road. It was the work of only a minute to get the loose ends of the ropes over the limb; then Posluszny seized the animal by the ears, Ligday secured a firm grip of the tail, Mike Walsh sang his favorite song, I appropriately applied a good dose of the pepper that, as manager, I always carry with me to stimulate the players, and Flanagan, Vebelunas, Davies, Finnerty and the farmer threw their whole weight on the ropes. With a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together, we yanked the mule out of the hole that might have been its grave, and left it suspended in the air to dry off and wait till the ground hardened enough to permit its unimpeded progress.

Diranna—But, Battler,—

McCloskey—But me no buts. I am coming straight to the point. To get the wagon out without breaking the tongue, the springs, or the wheels, was no easy matter, but perseverance succeeded. Exhausted with our efforts, we sat down on the fence to rest. The farmer, to show his gratitude, gave each of us a mince pie from the basket of good things he was bringing home to his children. All unmindful of the game we had to play, we pitched in with a good conscience, rejoicing that we had saved a human being from a premature grave and cracking jokes on the mule that was appealing to us with witching eyes from its unusual elevation. And, now, Pat, for the explanation. We were so tired with our labors and so distended with the pie that in the last half we were all winded, and Indiana won out by the



small margin of two points. Had we gone into the game fresh and unencumbered, we would have swamped those Normal boys till they would have been buried in an avalanche of goals deeper than the mule that had attempted to reach the antipodes.

Gallagher—Battler, there's too much literature in that story of yours for me to believe it.

McCloskey—I assure you by the shade of Baron Munchausen that every word of it is true.

Diranna—I agree with you. The day after, I noticed the welts on the fellows' hands and the mud on their clothes.

---

In the Physics room someone remarked that he smelled rubber burning.

"Somebody's neck must be afire," Downey remarked in an undertone.

In the same class, Garrity explained that ice was manufactured by placing tanks of water in brine in which were pipes filled with "pneumonia". Well, we have to admit that water surrounded with pneumonia, even if it doesn't freeze, should at least get a bad cold.

You know Willie Titz. He's the man from Foxburg. He's in the Scientific, but he says that when he first came he thought of entering the Epidemic department. No matter what department Willie joins, he's sure to be the "rage". Ask Ward!

Foley came into school breathless the other morning. When he recovered, Dunn asked him what had upset him. "I saw a fearful sight down town," he said. "I was on Fifth Avenue below Smithfield, and a man ahead of me, while I was watching him, turned into Wood."

They say Groetsch had a St. Patrick's Day party for the 3rd Hi. Before the event rumors were afloat that all were to appear in green. Well, it didn't need very much make-up on the part of some of them.

Do you know a young fellow named Jackson?

His hair is delightfully flaxen.

When "Mull" dodges out,

Hear the fellows all shout,

"Oh, Mullen, dear Mullen, come back, son!"

Red Kane and Vaughan were at the Carnegie Museum lately. They were examining a bust there which bore the in-



scription "Nero". "Nero!" said Red, "was he the guy that was always cold?" Vaughan laughed loudly: "Aw, you're twisted, Red," he said. "That was 'Zero', a different gink altogether."

Well, as McFadden says, "You can lead a horse to water, but you cannot make him drunk . . . on water."

Quinn told Murphy not to bother preparing the thesis on Spiritism in his Philosophy. "Why?" said Murphy. "That practice will soon be a thing of the past," he was told. "No spirits after the first of July, you know."

## THE STEUBENVILLE GAMES

(IN TWO HALVES)

### First Half.

Ye faithful rooters, your tears I'd borrow :  
I need them all for this song of sorrow,  
The song of a dire disaster.  
For I sing of the dreary and dismal plight  
That befell us in Steubenville town one night,  
And my feelings I cannot master.

Oh, we hoped to play an immortal game  
That would win Duquesne everlasting fame,  
But to hope succeeded misgiving;  
Soon they led us by fifty points or so,  
And bade us go home and shovel snow,  
Or beat carpets for a living.

Yes, in running the game we often blundered.  
We longed for revenge, but, alas ! two hundred  
Bold rooters were there to back 'em.  
We only said, as we jumped a train,  
"Some day we'll meet them in old Duquesne,  
And, Jimminy, won't we whack 'em !"

(TIME OUT)

### Second Half.

And now I'll tell the immortal story  
Of what we did to Ohio's glory,  
How we left their said hearts achin'.  
Here they came in a haughty and lordly way  
And to all their friends "Come along," said they,  
"And help us bring home the bacon."

But, ah, full soon they perceived their error;  
 Mike Walsh that night was a holy terror,  
     And right and left he bowled 'em.  
 As for Doyle and Mac they let nothing past,  
 And the Homestead twins rolled them in so fast,  
     The police force couldn't hold 'em.  
 So we won, and the Rooters gave forth a roar,  
 While the Stubbers knees, as they left the floor,  
     Were as weak as diluted water.  
 Their friends no more with that team will roam  
 For they found no bacon to carry home—  
     They only beheld the slaughter.

PETREL STORM, '19.



## College and High School.

Dear Rev. Hehir :

It is with great pleasure that I send you official notification of the fact that at a meeting of the "Mayor's Committee of Welcome to Home-Coming Troops City of Pittsburgh," you were unanimously elected a member of the Programme and Reception Committee.

I know that you feel, as we all do, that there is nothing too much that we can do for our boys who offered themselves as patriotic sacrifices, and that you will respond when a call is made upon you to help getting plans formulated and under way for their joyous home-coming.

Yours very respectfully,

ROY D. SCHOOLEY,  
*Secretary, Mayor's Committee of Welcome to  
 Home-Coming Troops City of Pittsburgh.*

The R. O. T. C., a unit of which was established in the

University after the Christmas holidays, presents advantages that the students have not been slow to recognize

The R. O. T. C. and take advantage of. It qualifies students for commissions in different branches of the army; it helps them to concentrate their faculties on the problem that confronts them, and to find a solution for embarrassing situations. It contributes to the credits acquired in high school and college courses, and gives them an opportunity of practicing physical exercise under expert direction. Moreover, participants are entitled to a full set of field equipment in addition to a complete uniform; a Springfield rifle and ammunition; commutation of subsistence for two years of 40 cents a day, amounting to \$236.00, and Government property valued in all at \$217.32. Finally the training received and duly assimilated entitles to a commission as second lieutenant of the regular army for a period not to exceed six months, with allowances for that grade and with a salary of \$100 a month.

We rejoice that so many of our enrolment (175) show their appreciation of the advantages offered by the War Department.

The Commanding Officer, Lieutenant Warren R. Canright, finds in Father McGuigan, a very efficient assistant.

### C. T. A. U.

The Total Abstinence Union of the University, with a membership of three hundred students, met on March 4th, and selected the following officers to serve during the coming year: President, T. C. Brown; Vice-President, L. J. McIntyre; Secretary, A. R. Brann; Treasurer, J. C. McFall; Librarian, C. L. Schultz, and Marshal, C. McFadden. The following were elected delegates to the diocesan union: J. J. McCloskey, W. J. Turley and A. J. King.

### Sodalities

Officers for the several sodalities were also elected during the month. For the Holy Ghost Sodality: Prefect, T. C. Brown; First Assistant, M. P. Flanagan; Second Assistant, E. J. Quinn; Secretary, C. J. Kronz; Treasurer, P. A. Diranna; Librarian, J. F. Murphy; Standard Bearer, S. M. Zaborowski.

Sodality of the Blessed Sacrament: P. C. Lauinger, E. J. Caye, F. V. Bielski, L. J. Mueller, M. F. Walsh, W. J. Doyle and H. Moren.

Sodality of the Immaculate Heart of Mary: J. G. Fagan, F. E. Braun, J. F. Joyce, P. C. Demasch, V. J. McArdle, A. J. Glaser and J. J. Harvey.

Sodality of the Holy Angels: (Division III.) C. J. Hoffmann, J. B. Walsh, R. H. Ackerman, J. Rozenas, F. W. Starzynski, N. J. Schramm, J. F. O'Connor; (Division II) P. G. Sullivan, C. J. Cherdini, J. G. Ritter, T. A. Sullivan, A. C. Kelly, J. A. Collins, J. A. Witt and F. A. Riley; (Division I.) J. F. McCaffrey, V. A. O'Donnell, V. J. Simpson, J. M. Maxwell, V. P. O'Neil, M. F. Klaser and T. A. Codori.

Sodality of the Holy Angels: D. R. Rectenwald, J. F. Sهران, W. L. Rawlings, B. J. McCarthy, W. O'Connor, M. C. Wheeler and S. Prusko.

In all our entertainments we can count upon a choice programme of music by our orchestra under the very efficient and devoted direction of Professor Weis. The Entertainments expression of our appreciation is due to him and to each and every member; they sacrifice their recreation periods on Tuesdays and Thursdays, as well as the social hour of Sunday nights, to climb the Bluff in fair weather and foul, in order to enliven the proceedings with their classic and classy contributions. Their offerings, especially on the eve of St. Patrick's Day, elicited spontaneous applause of the most cordial character. We take this opportunity to convey to them our hearty thanks.

Debates usually rank second in interest to the music. The speeches of J. F. Murphy and P. A. Diranna on the present state of child labor manifested much thought. John Briley and Robert Reilly won the decision over Walter Doyle and Leo Cassidy, contending that prohibition will not do away with the drink evil. The Freshmen's debate was, perhaps, the most interesting from the viewpoints of argument, composition and delivery; Gerald Schroth and Lawrence Mueller maintained against Stanley Gujski and Francis Vaughan that the student who makes a good average mark during the year should not be exempt from the final examinations.

Musical numbers by Joseph Brumbaugh, William Jacko, Charles Ward and Hugh Malloy were exceptionally well received. A travelogue by John Kettl, reciting the adventures of the University High in their fruitless search for the Martinsville (W. Va.) High School team, was a source of much amusement. Monologues by John Duggan, Thomas Kavney and Vincent Burby added a pleasing spice of variety to the programmes, and showed talent that, with cultivation, will be serviceable both for entertainment and instruction.

It was however on the eve of St. Patrick's Day that the most elaborate programme was presented. The *pièce de resistance* on that occasion was a playlet entitled Kerry and Derry, the leading characters being A. J. King, L. J. McIntyre and H. J. Heilmann. The actors acquitted themselves most creditably and convulsed the audience with rounds of laughter. To Father Malloy, who coached them, we present our compliments.



### **Sympathy**

To C. E. Dilmore and Stanley Dembinski we convey our heartfelt sympathy in the loss of their mothers; to W. J. Turley who mourns the death of a brother, and to Leo Fleckenstein who grieves over the death of a sister.

The feast of St. Patrick and of St. Joseph were duly commemorated; the Very Rev. Eugene Phelan, C. S. Sp., Provincial of the Holy Ghost Fathers, celebrated the holy

Feast Days sacrifice on these days. On the 19th of March students were received into the various sodalities by the Very Rev. President, and an eloquent and instructive sermon appropriate to the occasion was delivered by the Rev. J. A. Dewe, D. Lit.

The Mass in the morning had been offered up for Brother Engelbert who, on that day, celebrated the golden jubilee of his profession. The Very Rev. President spoke his praises, and the MONTHLY elsewhere expresses the sentiments of the student body. A beautiful poem written for the occasion by a life-long friend, Rev. John Griffin, C. S. Sp., we are constrained to hold over for our next issue.

## **School of Accounts.**

A large group of commercial high school teachers attend the Saturday morning class in the History of Commercial Education. Sessions are held from nine to eleven.

Amongst the mid-year classes recently inaugurated was one on Filing; it is taught by Mr. J. P. Gallagher, resident Manager of the Amberg File and Index Co.

## **School of Law.**

The third year class is about to begin the review of the whole course by way of preparation for the State final examinations to be held early in July.

## **School of Social Service.**

During the month of March a course of lectures on Social Service topics was inaugurated to meet the need of a large group of persons who wish training for social work but have not had the advantage of professional instruction. The lecturers secured are leaders in their several spheres of activity, and the course combines theory with practice. Field work will be arranged, for

those who wish, by the Conference of Catholic Charities. The only cost is a registration fee of one dollar. The place selected—the Epiphany Hall—is one of the most centrally located, and apparently meets with the approval of all of the hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen interested. Not to encroach too much on their time, Monday evening only has been selected for the lectures, two in number, one at eight, the other at eight-forty. The schedule is as follows:—

Every Monday at 8 P. M., "Social Theory", Rev. J. A. Dewe, D. Lit.

Monday, March 10, at 8:40, "The Social Visitor in the Home", Rev. L. A. O'Connell, LL. D., Director of Catholic Charities.

Monday, March 17, at 8:40, "The Baby and Its Proper Care", Henry J. Benz, M. D., Bureau of Child Welfare.

Monday, March 24, at 8:40, "The Child in School", Rev. R. L. Hayes, D. D., Superintendent of Parochial Schools.

Monday, March 31, at 8:40, "The Child at Labor", John J. O'Connor, Jr., Assistant Director, Mellon Institute of Industrial Research and School of Scientific Industries of the University of Pittsburgh.

Monday, April 7, at 8:40, "The Child as a Wrong Doer and His Treatment", J. Frank McKenna, Esq.

Monday, April 14, at 8:40, "Domestic Relations—The Good Understanding Between Parents and Parents and Children", Hon. Richard A. Kennedy, Judge of the Juvenile Court.

Monday, April 28, at 8:40, "The Standard of Living in the Family—The Wage Income, Employment", Francis Feehan, Supervising Inspector, Workmen's Compensation.

Monday, May 5, at 8:40, "The Standard of Living—Use of the Income, Marketing Food and Clothing", Miss Irene E. McDermott, Director of Household Economy, Board of Education.

Monday, May 12, at 8:40, "Mental Health of the Family", J. M. Fetterman, M. D., Director, Psychological and X-Ray Clinic, Board of Education.

Monday, May 19, at 8:40, "Relief of Destitute Families", C. R. McKinniss, M. D., Medical Director and Superintendent of Mayview.

Monday, May 26, at 8:40, "The Family and Treatment of Crime", Hon. A. B. Reid, Judge of the Common Pleas Court.

Monday, June 2, at 8:40, "The Family and Insurance", F. W. Ries, Jr., Esq.

L. J. MCINTYRE, '22.

# ATHLETICS.

## THE ' VARSITY.

When the final whistle blew, ending the Muskingum game, Friday, March 7, the 'Varsity basketball schedule came to a close. Although the season was the worst ever experienced by our Bluff floor team it was, nevertheless, fairly successful, when one considers the teams against which the 'Varsity lads were pitted. It seems that opposing teams were especially strong this year, while Duquesne was forced to play through the season with the youngest members in its history. When one thinks of the games played against W. & J., Westinghouse Club, Carnegie Tech, Westminster, *et al.*, he cannot but feel elated that the Dukes won forty per cent. of their games. The percentage would have been decidedly different had the men had an opportunity, as in former years, of practicing during the month of December—an advantage from which they were precluded owing to the use of the gym by the S. A. T. C.; and, secondly, they had no reliable foul shooter, and thus they lost at least three of the games chalked up against them.

When the season came to a close there were but six men on the 'Varsity squad, three having dropped out through the course of the season. Captain Flanagan, Ligday, Davies, Vebelunas, Finnerty and Posluszny were the survivors. Although the team, as a whole, played excellently throughout the floor season, too much credit cannot be given to Davies who performed so notably. This is the youngster's first year on the 'Varsity, and he bids well to develop into the best player ever turned out by the Bluff institution. Finnerty, his running mate, also performed well, his playing showing a great improvement over the previous year's. Vebelunas, who jumped into the fray at the psychological moment, deserves much credit, as does Captain Flanagan and Ligday, the two Duke guards. Posluszny, who stepped into the breach whenever needed, filled the guard position in good fashion. The results of the games played:—

Duquesne .....	21—Tech.....	41	
" .....	21—W. & J.....	40	
" .....	49—Westminster.....	41	
" .....	64—Waynesburg.....	25	
" .....	30—Westinghouse.....	34	
" .....	31—Indiana Normal...	32	— 41-42
" .....	30—Indiana Normal...	32	
" .....	19—Westinghouse.....	29	
" .....	59—Salem .....	17	
" .....	43—Muskingum.....	35	
Totals,	367	326	

J. J. McCLOSKEY, '19.

## UNIVERSITY HIGH.

During the past month University High has been showing sensational form, winning four of the five games played. They sent down to defeat the Washington Reserves, 24 to 22, and that, too, on the Westinghouse floor; the champion Steubenville High, 40 to 32; and the Freedom quintet (which had previously defeated our lads, 35 to 20) by the safe margin of 7 points in a 35 to 28 score. In the game with Schenley High, our five were outclassed in age, weight, experience, team work and accuracy of shot, but notwithstanding all the advantages the visitors enjoyed, they could not do better than make it a 48 to 28 victory.



Perhaps there was no victory that caused so much rejoicing as that over the Steubenville tossers. On their own floor they gave the Dukelets a severe wallop, winning by the score of 75 to 21. This one-sided score was largely due to the fact that our guards and forwards had interchanged positions; the two Fergusons having been advanced from the Junior team, were put in a position to which they were not accustomed. This mistake in judgment was remedied in the return game with the satisfactory result already indicated. Both sides played their best, and though the Steubenville boys had the advantage in reach and weight, ours played a superior game in passing, speed, accuracy and guarding. The foul shooting of Dick Ferguson was phenomenal, and its memory will prove a joy forever.

How close the last five games proved may be judged from the fact that the U. H. scored 162 points to opponents' 151. To this grand total in our favor, the Ferguson "twins" contributed 112 points; Captain Walsh, 40; Doyle, 8, and McNamara, 2.

Our showing has been very creditable considering the size and weight of our boys, averaging always considerably lower than the teams they played against.

W. J. DOYLE, H. S., '19.

### THE JUNIORS.

One of the classiest little quintets in Pittsburgh this winter was the Junior team. Of the sixteen games played, both at home and abroad, the Duke Juniors registered fourteen victories. Two defeats were administered to them by their stronger and more experienced rivals, the Lawrenceville "Y" Seconds. The better team undoubtedly won, but there was honor for the Juniors even in defeat. The success of the little Dukes must be attributed to their well-developed "triangle system." The agility of Cherdini, who out-jumped his more stalwart opponents at center, set the Duke combinations working in excellent order. The cool Hurley, the chain-lightning artist Egan, and the wily Cherdini form a trio seldom found together on a junior high team. O'Neil, a substitute forward, "won his spurs" when Egan in close games was switched to guard, to steady the inexperienced defense men. "Red" Sullivan and Clay played a consistent game as standing guards. Hall could always be depended upon to play a good floor game. Clay and Egan performed well as foul shooters. That the little Bluffites had a difficult schedule can be seen from the games carded by Manager Titz, a student in the Scientific Department. The Duke record follows: Duke Juniors 30, Rex Club 9; Duke Juniors 39, Bluff Heights 21; Duke Juniors 38, Arvona 7; Duke Juniors 21, "Y" Seconds 34; Duke Juniors 27, Social Club 19; Duke Juniors 44, Harwood 21; Duke Juniors 40, J. J. Laughran's 13; Duke Juniors 30, Rex Club 11; Duke Juniors 53, Beachview 11; Duke Juniors 18, Social Club 17; Duke Juniors 47, Edgewood A. C. 20; Duke Juniors 50, Buick Five 38; Duke Juniors 42, Mocuss Club 38; Duke Juniors 25, "Y" Seconds 34.

Totals: Duke Juniors 504, Opponents 290.

WILLIAM TITZ, So., '22.

### THE MINIMS.

The Minims promise to finish the most successful season enjoyed by any of the Duke basketeers this season. So far they have a victory to show for every game played. The great event of the season in Minim circles was the contest with St. Mary's, of North Side, which had proved a stumbling block to



last year's wee little Dukes. St. Mary's came back with the same line-up as last year, and although our lads were all new at the game, they brought home the bacon without any exceptional effort. The vociferous rooting of the boarders, especially the Junior contingent, made the occasion a memorable one. The Sewickley game was even closer, an extra period being needed to determine the victor.

At forward, Ibitz has been showing a good deal of improvement, while Ritter at the same position is still going strong. Sweeney and Egan also pair off well, and prove very popular with their juvenile spectators. "Lefty" Dunn has perhaps improved fastest of all, and visiting forwards find the attention of this stocky guard more constant than pleasant. Captain Nee and Manager Witt are also working steadily and can always be relied on. McQuade is still the regular center, and "gets in the game" with all his might. The new men, Thornton, Braun and Bevilacqua, though showing some lack of seasoning, have helped out very materially. The scores to date:

Minims.....	27—St. Mary's.....	13
" .....	27—Sewickley .....	22
" .....	63—Mocus.....	45
" .....	28—Ambridge.....	14
" .....	29—Akem Midgets.....	21

J. A. WITT, H. S., '21.

---



---

## READ THE PARACLETE

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Honor of the Holy Ghost

Published by the Holy Ghost Fathers

And Containing Contributions by Leading Authors  
of the Day

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50

Address—Holy Ghost Fathers,  
Cornwells Heights, Pa.

---

Prompt Attention

AUTOMOBILE SERVICE

Day and Night

**JOHN J. CARNEY**  
**FUNERAL DIRECTOR**

2524—2526 CARSON STREET, PITTSBURGH

Bell Phones, 1027 R Hemlock and 176 Hemlock

Hill Top Office, 247 Orchard Place, Knoxville

Bell Phone Hill 298

Established 1875

Thomas E. Wall

DRUGGIST

643 FIFTH AVENUE  
PITTSBURGH

Let Us Do Your

PRINTING

and be satisfied

**FAHEY & CO.**

25 SHINGISS ST.  
PITTSBURGH

Bell Phone 540 Hemlock.

**F. W. IMMEKUS**

Window Shades]

Paints

Linoleum and Wall Paper

1317-19 Carson Street, S. S.

Bell, 1856 Court

Plate Glass

Window Glass

Rough and Ribbed Skylight

Bent Glass

Ornamental Glass

**GEO. A. KIM & CO.**

318-320 FIRST AVE.

PITTSBURGH

Bet. Wood and Smithfield Streets

A famous New York hatter makes

*Oetting's Hats*

**OTTO OETTING,**

643 SMITHFIELD STREET  
PITTSBURGH



Established 1865



Wants a Plumber, Quick

**BUERKLE PLUMBING CO.**

245 THIRD AVENUE, PITTSBURGH

F. N. HOFSTOT, President  
T. W. FRIEND, Vice President

GEORGE C. SCHMIDT, Cashier  
H. J. C. BREKER, Asst Cashier

# National Bank of America

709-711 East Ohio Street, Pittsburgh

CAPITAL \$200,000.00

SURPLUS \$350,000.00

---

**A. KLEIN**  
3705 Butler St., Pittsburgh

HOLIDAY SPECIALTIES  
in Church Goods

Bell Phone, Fisk 1572

---



PITTSBURGH

Invites the Accounts of Individuals, Firms and Corporations  
Every courtesy extended Depositors  
without reference to size of their accounts.

Capital and Surplus, \$2,100,000.00

FIFTH AND LIBERTY AVENUES

---

## The Pittsburg Observer

\$1.50 a Year

AMERICA'S FOREMOST WEEKLY

---



*The Bank to Bank on and Bank in*  
423 WOOD ST. COR. WOOD AND DIAMOND

*Ice Cream-Hermes-Milk*  
QUALITY

Scientifically  
pure

24 hours  
Fresher

Phones, Grant or Main 100

HERMES—O. & P. MILK CO.

---

THE BEST IN ROLLING MILL MACHINERY

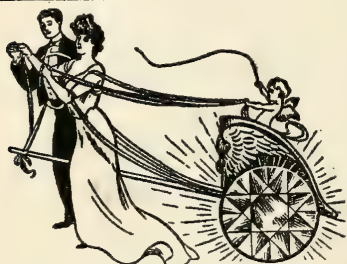
Mackintosh-Hemphill & Co.

MANGANITE

ROLLS

STEEL

---



GILLESPIE BROS.  
Diamond Importers      Jewelers  
Second Floor Jenkins Arcade

Phone Hemlock 147

**Mrs. S. Kersting**

Religious Articles,  
School Books and Candles  
Wholesale and Retail

The Right Goods at the Right Place

104 PIUS STREET  
S. S., PITTSBURGH, PA.





BELL PHONE 685 GRANT

## BURNS, FLEMING & CO.

ENGINEERS and CONTRACTORS

Steam and Hot Water Heating and Ventilating Apparatus.

General Steam Fitting and Power Plants.

815 FORBES STREET,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

---

## PAINTS, VARNISHES AND BRUSHES

are like medicine. They are only cheap when you  
get the right kind for the right purpose

To be sure of your painting material be sure of your dealer

In business 68 years

## C. A. MICHEL & CO.

949 Liberty Avenue,

Pittsburgh

(OPPOSITE SMITHFIELD STREET)

---

JOHN DIMLING

President.

H. B. DEMMLER

V. Pres.

C. A. MUEHLBRONNER, V. Pres.

CHARLES E. SCHUETZ, Cashier

JOHN H. DEMMLER, Asst. Cashier

## Western Savings and Deposit Bank

OLIVER BUILDING, 533 Smithfield St

PITTSBURGH

Accounts of Individuals and Corpora-  
tions Solicited.

4 per cent. paid on Time Deposits.

3 per cent. paid on Checking Accounts

COMPLIMENTS  
OF

## M. LETZELTER

4614-4616

LIBERTY AVENUE

---

FRANK 156

WHEN YOU'RE IN A HURRY



Phone  
**Hemlock 700**

THE KEYSTONE LUMBER CO., PITTSBURGH

---

Let the **7 BAKER BROS.** Do Your Baking

AND PROMOTE PITTSBURGH

None but the best and purest of materials  
are used exclusively in our

**"HOLSUM"** Bakery Products

Your Grocer Has Them

---

THE J. H. MACKALL CO.

Manufacturers of

**CAKES, CRACKERS, CANDY**

Successors to  
E. Maginn

**OYSTER CRACKERS**

OUR SPECIALTY

---



W. M. WUERTHELE

Manufacturer and Dealer in  
New and Second Hand

**BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES**

Bowling Alley Supplies. Repairing of Tables  
our Specialty. Turning of Billiard, Pool  
and Bowling Balls and Cues to Order.

412 Diamond Street PITTSBURGH



**INKS**

Library  
Paste  
Mucilage  
and  
Glue

**J. C. SWEARINGEN INK CO**

Pittsburgh

Bell, 80 L Hemlock  
A. Rausch John Rausch Jos. Rausch  
Graining and Glazing  
Orders Attended to Promptly

## AUGUST RAUSCH & BROS.

House, Sign and Fresco

### PAINTERS

Estimates furnished on Cleaning all  
kinds of Paints. All kinds of Paints,  
mixed ready for use. Sole distributors  
of E-Z Paint and Varnish Cleaner.

94 Pine Street, S. S., Pittsburgh

---

## F. X. MANSMANN CO.

### MANX UNION SUITS a Specialty

Medium and Heavy Weights

\$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50, Up

Every Garment Guaranteed

FIFTH AVENUE ARCADE

PITTSBURGH, PA.

---

Established 1890

## LATSHAW-FEERST CO.

RECEIVERS AND SHIPPERS

### BUTTER and EGGS

202 FERRY STREET

PITTSBURGH

Bell, 9040 Court P. & A. 1369 Main

## JAS. W. FISHER

Wholesale  
and Retail

## FISH and OYSTERS

66 Diamond Market

33 Diamond Square

PITTSBURGH

---

TELEPHONE GRANT 15

Fort Pitt

## Lithographing Co.

Engravers Printers

Lithographers Bank Stationers

701-703 Forbes Street

PITTSBURGH

---

## PENN SALES BOOK CO.

4070 Jenkins Arcade Bldg  
Pittsburgh.

### SALES BOOKS

All Styles

Duplicate and Triplicate

Telephone F. T. WINTER,  
Grant 6856

---

# G. B. HURT

INCORPORATED

## Wholesale Grocers

HOTEL, BAKERS AND CONFECTIONERS SUPPLIES

PENN AVENUE and WATER STREET

PITTSBURGH

# GRAFNER BROS.

## Wholesale JEWELERS

IMPORTERS OF DIAMONDS

811 Liberty Avenue  
Pittsburgh

---

Bell, 9424 Grant P. & A. 5491 M Pitt

## SNIGO'S

Ice Cream and Ices  
Have No Equal

Brick Cream a Specialty  
Any Flavor Desired at Short Notice  
Wholesale and Retail

607 FIFTH AVE., PITTSBURGH

---

## Eugene S. Reilly & Co.

REAL ESTATE  
Mortgages Insurance

430-432 Fourth Avenue  
PITTSBURGH

Private Exchange Court No. 1

---

## GROGAN COMPANY

Direct your attention to  
their stock of

Jewelry Silverware  
Watches and Clocks

At all times complete and of the  
highest quality

Wood Street and Sixth Avenue  
PITTSBURGH

Edward S. Bily H. G. Stratman  
E. A. Williams

## CHARLES BILY CO. TAILORS

Suite 219-21-23 Union Arcade  
Pittsburgh

Bell Tel. 2568 Grant

---

## Bailey-Farrell Manufacturing Co.

Plumbing Supplies  
Heating Supplies

---

Oldest House in the line  
in Western Penn'a.

---

Office and Warehouse  
Third and Ross  
EXHIBIT ROOMS  
UNION ARCADE  
PITTSBURGH

---



"Her Favorite"  
Chocolates



Phone 1107 Court.

STALL 74

**Some people eat good meat  
some of the time, but those  
who deal at Schlelein's eat  
good meat all the time.**

**Positively the one best quality of Home-  
dressed and Government-inspected Meats**

**J. & W. SCHLELEIN**

**PITTSBURCH MARKET**

---

**Our Sausage and Bologna have no equal**

---

**MANSMANN'S**  
UPTOWN DAYLIGHT STORE

**5911-5915 PENN AVENUE**

**East End**

**PITTSBURGH**

---

What Eichenlaub's Sell You is Good

**EICHENLAUB'S**  
FURNITURE, RUGS, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES  
3501-3503 Butler Street, Pittsburgh

---

**TERHEYDEN CO.**

**DIAMONDS**

**530 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh**

# The Busiest Tailor Shop in Town



"There's a Reason"

NIFTY PATTERNS

SNAPPY STYLES

SUIT or OVERCOAT to Order

\$20—\$25—\$30

Over 500 Styles  
to Select From

NEW SPRING STYLES

NOW SHOWING

*Mitchell*  
**THE TAILOR**

540 Smithfield Street

NEW GALLERIES

*Wunderly Bros.*

*Fine Art Dealers*

512 Wood St. 306-8-10 Oliver Ave.

**PITTSBURGH**

**White**

**Transfer & Storage Co.**

Furniture Storage Only

Separate Apartments Low Prices

Motor Trucks, Vans or Wagons for  
Moving

Office 708 Duquesne Way and  
715 Seal Street

No North Side Branch

**D. Rosser**  
**STUDIO**

347 Fifth Avenue

**PITTSBURGH**

Work of this Studio Awarded Twenty  
Nine National and State Awards

Bell Phone 1086 Fisk

Carriages

Automobiles

**O. J. GOETZ, F. D.**

**Leichenbestatter**

**3509 Penn Avenue**

**PITTSBURGH**

# D'YOUVILLE COLLEGE

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Under the Direction of the Grey Nuns

A College for Women, chartered by Act of Legislature of the State of New York. Registered with the University of the State of New York.

---

Courses leading to degrees in *Arts, Science, Pedagogy, Literature and Music*  
Special preparation for High School Teaching.  
Design and Painting, under Male Instructor.

RIGHT REV. DENIS J. DOUGHERTY, D. D., Chancellor.

SISTER ST. STANISLAUS,  
President.

WILLIAM A. MARTIN, M. A.  
Director of Studies.

## FACULTY :

Members of the Grey Nuns' Community, Members of the Clergy,  
and Men and Women Lay Specialists.

---

## Holy Angels' Academy

In Connection with D'Youville College

College Preparatory and General Culture Courses. Music, Languages,  
Design and Painting. New York State Regents' Diplomas.

---

## BOLD'S HOME-MADE BREAD

BAKED FRESH EVERY DAY.

It is so manifestly good and fresh that it produces a light,  
flaky crust that melts deliciously in the mouth, and there  
is no soaking in of the filling, nor sogginess, no indigestion.  
Every Loaf is of Uniform Excellence, the Standard by which  
others are judged.

AUGUST BOLD,

821-29 Industry St., Pittsburgh

---



Bell Phones: Hemlock 308 R

Hill 412 W

Commercial Photography

Photographer

Portraits in Crayon, Oil and Water Color Paintings

1207 Carson Street and Post Office Building, Mt. Oliver

---

## WAGNER BROS. SHOE CO.

WHOLESALE SHOES

429 LIBERTY AVENUE

PITTSBURGH

# Duquesne Monthly

A Literary Magazine

Vol. XXVI.

MAY, 1919

No. 8

---

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR  
BY THE STUDENTS OF DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY

---

TERMS : ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE  
ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

Address, Duquesne Monthly, Duquesne University, Pittsburgh, Pa.

---

Entered as second-class matter, at the Pittsburgh  
Postoffice, April 30, 1911

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1108,  
Act of October 3, 1917, authorized October 22, 1918.

---

JUSTIN J. GALLAGHER, '19, Editor-in-Chief

JAMES J. McCLOSKEY, '19	CYRIL J. KRONZ, '20	Associate Editors
FRANCIS J. LIGDAY, '20	ANDREW J. KING, '22	Exchanges
M. NOON GLYNN, '20	.	Alumni
LEO J. MCINTYRE, '22	.	Chronicle
T. ROBERT SULLIVAN, '19 (H. S.)	.	Athletics



# Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXVI.

MAY, 1919.

Number 8

## GOLDEN JUBILEE

OF

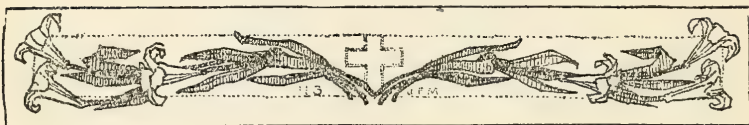
REV. BROTHER ENGELBERT, C. S. Sp.

(1869—MARCH 19—1919)

DEAR BROTHER ENGELBERT, gladly we see  
Dawning the day of your Gold Jubilee!  
Never did diadem circle a brow,  
Brighter and fairer than that which doth now  
Crown your long life's many patches and stitches  
With golden stores of unperishing riches!  
Through the long cycle of years which have fled,  
Well have you labored with needle and thread,  
Turning to gold all the shreds of each reel,  
Hoarding your treasures where thieves cannot steal.  
Bright threads of gold, which no moth can destroy,  
Sparkle to-day on the garment of joy,  
Which o'er your shoulders true virtue hath spread,—  
Virtue by daily self-sacrifice fed.  
Well I remember the time now long past,  
When from the Fatherland forth you were cast  
Banished by Bismarck, with infamy crowned;  
Erin's fair shores were the home where you found  
Whole-hearted welcome that ever was given  
To all by woe and adversity riven.  
Those early years of life treasured must be  
On this blest day of your Gold Jubilee;  
For in that holy land early you found  
Brightest examples of virtue profound.

From the Green Isle to America wafted,  
Like a young shoot on a sturdy tree grafted,  
Growing in virtue and holiness, there,  
Your saintly life in abundance did bear  
Fruit, that shall ne'er pass away, unto Christ,  
For your whole self was to Him sacrificed.  
On this blest day of your Gold Jubilee,  
Fondly we pray that one day you may see  
Unending Gold Jubilee there above  
In God's own eternal embrace of love !

JOHN GRIFFIN, C. S. Sp.



## IRISH POETS.

THE impulsive Irish nature is nowhere more intensely individualized than by its passion for poetry. The genuine Irishman is either himself a poet, enriching the world with his expression of the beautiful, or he is at least an admirer of the poetry of others, moved by its warmth and depth, stirred by its majesty and music. The literature of the past felt the impress of the nobility and sublimity of Irish poetry. The Celt has been the spokesman of the people, rich and poor, liberated and oppressed, crestfallen and triumphant. He was the originator and innovator of song, the expositor and ambassador of narrative, the compiler and preserver of history.

In the by-gone days of Irish liberty, Irish science and Irish education—from the fourth to the twelfth centuries—the poet was the flesh-and-blood cornerstone of the home and its organization. No retinue of Irish prince or chieftain was altogether deprived of the presence and pleasing personality of the poet. He was the charm, the magnet, the attraction, that drew men's hearts together. He exercised a most pronounced mastery over their minds. With pen and voice and harp he labored for their mental development. He persisted until the Irish mind, advancing in age and wisdom, reached a high degree of acuteness. The Irish mind was directed to delight in reasoning and abstracting; to be active

and subtle, keen in analysis, and true and trustworthy in combining and correlating. Likewise the Celtic poets of all ages have sustained the noble ideals of their countrymen, and buoyed up their courage when to all seeming it should have faltered. The songs of Red O'Sullivan, Gaelic O'Sullivan, blind O'Heffernan, Gerald Griffin, and many another, made the people, disheartened by the defeats of the Boyne and Aughrim, remember their ancient greatness. Their themes were always pure and wholesome. As sang the Minstrel Boy to his harp,

"Thy songs were made for the pure and brave."

They were always uplifting and noble. They were always pillars of the eternal verities—as in the old Irish song given to us by Griffin:

"Castles are sacked in war,  
Chieftains are scattered afar;  
Truth is a fixed star,  
Eileen Aroon."

The years have rolled on and the Irish poet remains in the midst of us. To-day the Irish poet appreciates greatly those marks which distinguish a grand character, simplicity of daily life, loftiness of thought and of purpose, persevering adherence to belief and to principle. The poetry of Lionel Johnson and Katherine Tynan is Catholic and devout; but Lionel Johnson's is lofty and austere, and, like De Vere's, never once forgets the grandeur of his church and the inner soul whose expression it is, while Katherine Tynan is happiest when she gives expression to her deepest and fullest emotions. She is not speculative, but she does show a tender solicitude like that of the Good Shepherd for the stray sheep of his Father's fold. Miss Hopper belongs to that class of writers that play upon the passions. The poetry of "A. E." finds the point of perfection in the soul itself, and is more captivating than any poetry of our present time. He is the recognized exponent of the school of Irish mysticism.

Herbert Trench and Mrs. Shorter and "Moirá O'Neill" are more enraptured by the beauties of nature than by those of religion. Mr. Trench and Mrs. Shorter have recast old Irish stories into modern, stately rhyme, and have written, the one in her "Ceann dubh Deelish" and the other in "Come, Let Us Make Love Deathless", lyrics that should become an integral part of Irish poetry. "Moirá O'Neill" has written some very fine lyrics of Antrim life; but one observes that Katherine Tynan and Miss Hopper interpret very accurately the true nature of the

peasant passion, and the discovery is made clear by a comparison of their work and hers with the many songs translated by Doctor Hyde in his "Love Songs of Connaught", or by Lady Gregory in her "Poets and Dreamers".

Here and there the Nationalist newspapers and the many Irish societies have developed writers who are magnetic personalities, energetic, determined, bent upon the achievement of success; while the more literary writers, the successors of Allingham and Ferguson and De Vere, are eager to understand more clearly the Irish nature and its multifarious constitution than any of the past Irish writers who did not extract the essence of their ideas from politics. They are distinguished, too, by their purity, their wit, their charm. They are distinguished by their rounded, figurative, stately style; their ease, grace, flexibility and directness of diction; their mannerisms, their eccentricities, their everlasting pursuit of the perfect both in the natural and supernatural order.

The Isle of the ancient wordless music, of the wandering pipers and harpers, of the plow-boy whistling and milk-maid singing, has grown universally great in literature. The Irish poet has immortalized the literature of Ireland. In every town and hamlet, in every nook and corner of the globe, the profound feeling of Irish poetry is studied as the poetry of an intellectually great people. Men of powerful speech raise their voices in glorifying the risen fortunes of the Irishman and his ability to help guide and direct the minds of men unerringly. They write voluminously of the Irish poet as a figure of might, as a character of strength. They recognize in him the qualities of leadership. They classify him as a philosopher, a moralist, a practical idealist. They rate him as a learned scholar and a Christian gentleman.

When the foreign sting is removed from Ireland, when the plains and valleys and hills echo with the happy Irish voices—the voices of the owners of the land—then there shall come poets to Ireland with songs attuned to her new spirit, and the voice of the Irish will be heard through a thousand years of triumph as it has been heard through a thousand years of pain. As the forgotten harp that once "through Tara's halls the soul of music shed," so will their music again resound. Christian Erin will ever produce poets patrician in the use of the pen. Christian Erin will ever develop the wisest philosophers. Christian Erin will ever nurture humanity's liberators and saviors. And Christian Erin, before the sun sets no more to rise from yon grey hills, will come to a full



realization of her splendor and glory as an independent nation. In the jeweled words of Thomas Moore—words more eloquent were nowhere uttered by mortal man—the crowning triumph of Ireland, as a free, self-governing little island, is beautifully portrayed:

"The nations have fallen, and thou still art young;  
Thy sun is but rising, when others are set;  
And tho' slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung,  
The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.  
Erin, O Erin, tho' long in the shade,  
Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall fade."

All hail to the Irish poet, past and present! Despite persecution to crush out the faith, despite the untold hardships and horrors, the miseries and sorrows, of a tortured race, the Irish nature emerges triumphant over the tormentor. Is there not stamina in a race that, punished and put to the block, poverty-stricken and expatriated, has kept the Cross of Christianity safe from the desecration of the defamer? If justice were judge she would speak eloquently of the character of the most chivalrous and most heroic people who ever lived, whose indomitable courage knows no change, and whose loyalty and devotion to the faith of Christ and to the hopes of independence no king can ever smother. Hence the claim of the poet expressed in the following little ode is nowhere more readily admitted than in Ireland:

"We are the music makers,  
And we are the dreamers of dreams,  
Wandering by lone sea breakers,  
And sitting by desolate streams,  
World losers and world forsakers,  
On whom the pale moon gleams;  
Yet we are the movers and shakers  
Of the world forever, it seems."

JUSTIN J. GALLAGHER, '19.





## A Real Find.

HE sat on a knoll, entranced with the view that spread out before and beneath her. It was truly a sight to compel admiration.

The great sun was slowly sinking among the irregular peaks and jagged canyons of the Sierra Madre, shooting flaming shafts across the gleaming cascades of the Colorado; the western sky was a fiery red and its glow was reflected in the deep sullen pool of each little cataract, until the whole valley was a riot of crimson.

"Oh! what a beautiful picture, and no one to see it but little me."

"Not quite," a clear strong voice cried out, "not quite, unless you class me in the silent lot of those boulders at your feet."

"Oh! Mr. Pierce, you frightened me. I didn't think anyone else enjoyed the every-day occurrence of the setting sun. And yet," she added dreamily, "I have never feasted my eyes with real beauty till now."

In the meantime Joe Pierce's eyes were appraising his companion. Joe had met Helen Shipley several years before at a party, and had seen her often at the social events of Phoenix, yet had never fully understood her. But his wandering gaze and wild conjectures came to an end when she suddenly faced him.

"Mr. Pierce, will you kindly carry my pitcher for me? I will have to hurry now, since I stayed so late. You see," she hastened to explain, "I am cooking for papa and Harry to-night and I'm afraid if I don't hurry they'll get no supper."

"Why, I'm sure it's no trouble at all, Miss—er—Shipley," Joe said awkwardly.

At the cabin door Helen took the pitcher and graciously thanked Joe, who in his all too evident confusion forgot to lift his hat or acknowledge her gratitude, or observe any other little detail that an exact Beau Brummel would never omit. Even as he walked down the trail he could hardly restrain his inclination to look back.

Supper was delightfully cooked, but Harry always found something to tease his sister about.

"Say, sis! Why don't you sell your patent to the government?"

"My patent, Harry? What patent?"

"Why these new fangled hand grenades you call biscuits."

"Papa, please make Harry get sense; anyhow you are the first would-be soldier to use grenades internally that I ever saw."

"Well," Harry replied, with a look of martyrdom on his face, "if father doesn't kick I guess it's up to me to take my medicine."

Mr. Shipley, though appealed to twice to settle the dispute, never appeared to notice, but ate mechanically, with a pre-occupied air.

"What's the matter, dad?" Harry asked soberly.

His father seemed not to hear, but at Harry's insistence replied evasively, "Oh, nothing much."

Harry appeared satisfied, but dropped the role of humorist, while his father again became absorbed in his thoughts.

That night Harry suddenly awoke with a vague feeling that all was not well. A brief glance at his father's cot confirmed his suspicions. Mr. Shipley was not in his room, nor in fact could Harry hear him about. A brief look around and he was thoroughly aroused. But just then he heard his father approaching; he hurried back into his room, pretended sleep, and did it so well that his father, satisfied of his slumbers, retired to his own room. But he said nothing the next morning, and so the day went by without mishap.

"Joe Pierce is coming over to-night, Helen, so let's have supper early, for I want to see him on important business."

Joe and Harry, occasionally joined by Helen, talked the whole evening through, though Joe's glance often left the face of his friend to rest on that of another. Finally, however, he left, and Harry, under the pretense of a headache, retired. But as soon as the rest were asleep he was up waiting patiently for what might happen.

After an interminable delay he heard stealthy movements in his father's room. Moving cautiously to the door he waited eagerly, straining his ears for the slightest noise. Then he heard a step, and soon his father passed by and out into the night. Harry was up and, following closely, walked down the trail into the rugged canyon. Down through ravines, past huge boulders

down they went, Harry always keeping his father in sight or earshot. At last the older man stopped near a little stream, bent down among the rocks, and straightened up with some rock fragments in his hand.

Harry watching his father's actions became so interested that he accidentally dislodged a pebble, which, small and light as it was, produced a rattling echo in that empty waste.

"Boy!" he ejaculated, "what are doing here?"

"Well, dad, to be exact, I don't know myself as yet. I think you ought at least to explain something."

"Harry, my son, I have a fearful secret to tell. Come closer. See?"

"Gold, dad?"

"Yes, gold, the richest strike I ever saw in all my forty years of prospectin'. If it's worth a cent it's worth millions. The whole creek is full of it; but that's only the surface—the real metal is under the creek bed. I almost wish I hadn't discovered it."

"Dad, have you lost your senses already? They say gold turns a man's head, you know. But seriously dad, do you mean it?"

"Yes, I do. Harry, do you remember the stories about Jesse Sykes?"

"The bandit?"

"Yes."

"Why, he's in jail, dad, safe and sound as any criminal could be."

"He *was* in jail, boy, but he has escaped along with another desperate criminal, and so far neither has been caught."

"Well, at that, dad, why should you worry?"

"This is why: Jess Sykes was caught and punished mainly through me, and he vowed he would revenge himself if he had to turn in his grave. And Jess Sykes has never made an idle threat. Now, yesterday, I learned that a man answering Sykes' description was seen prowling around the canyon. So, in order to hide the trace of gold that betrays any pocket, I dammed up this creek. During the day the stream is fed by the springs and all is well, but to continue this would cause suspicion and possibly bring the bandit to our very door. So at night I come down and release the water; this floods the creek, and by the time daylight arrives the water has lost its tell-tale sand. Gold would make Jess Sykes the wildest man in Arizona. Now, son, I needn't remind you of secrecy."



The broad disk of the rising moon glided up from behind the jagged Sierra. Father and son walked out at the head of the canyon, and were going up the wild trail above the spring, when, with a hoarse cry, a man sprang on Mr. Shipley, while another closed in on Harry.

"Jess Sykes has come to keep his oath, and he didn't turn in his grave to do it," a fierce voice yelled, as the struggling men heaved and tossed, the bandit cursing like a raving maniac. Twice he had his opponent at the brink of an awful precipice, but each time the miner forced him back.

Harry gave blow for blow, and at last, breaking away from his antagonist, sprang to his father's aid.

"Yuh cub, take that, I'll l'arn yuh a lesson," and Harry was dealt a sickening blow from behind, falling senseless at his father's feet. Both men now turned their attention on the miner, who, weak from the struggle, slowly gave ground.

"Whar's the gold, Shipley? Speak man, afore I kill yuh! Whar's the gold?"

"Mebbe it's here, you jail bird," retorted Shipley, indicating his fist.

"Enough!" roared the bandit. "I'll kill yuh fer that, Shipley, as sure as I live."

Now another voice spoke.

"Your game's up, Sykes. I've been wanting you badly." And Sykes turned to face the business end of a gun. But only fire and lead could stop the infuriated man and so the stranger shot him. The other gave himself up, thoroughly cowed.

"That you, Joe?" the old man asked in surprise. "Reckon you were on time, eh? Didn't know you were a sheriff."

"Not quite—only a deputy."

"Harry! Harry! where's Harry?" cried a girl's voice.

"There he is, Miss Shipley, right over ——."

"Well, I'll be hanged!" the miner exploded, "what are you doing here?"

"Why, father, I—I ——"

"Let me explain," Joe cut in. "You see, I unexpectedly returned to your cabin even at this hour, for in some way or other I dropped a very valuable piece of rock that I'm interested in; and because I didn't miss it at first, I was forced to search for it at so late an hour. At any rate when I came out on the trail, I found Miss Shipley wandering about. She explained to me that you and Harry had mysteriously disappeared. We set out to find

you, but had scarce gone a few yards until Sykes' shouts brought us to you. The rest you know."

In the meantime, Helen had busied herself with Harry, with the result that, after some little help, he found himself at home again. A brief examination showed that Harry's injuries were not serious.

"Well, Mr. Shipley, if it will not inconvenience you, I'll leave the prisoners here. Sykes is pretty badly done up, and I'll have to get assistance to take him back."

"No trouble at all, Joe. I'll watch him gladly."

Helen followed Joe out to thank him for his timely assistance. But Joe remained strangely silent all through the long walk down the trail.

"Say, Helen, he finally blurted out, "isn't the canyon beautiful in the mellow light of the moon?"

This odd speech broke the silence, and they chatted on.

"Joe—why did you lie to father?"

"Me—why ——"

"That was not a piece of rock you picked up by the trail!"

"Then you saw it?"

"Partly, not all, but it was not a rock."

And then Joe confessed.

"It was a rock, Helen, a clear crystal of carbon imbedded in a ring of gold. Don't you want to see it—wear it?"

But the answer was lost in the brawling cascades of the Colorado as they eddied madly around Mr. Shipley's secret.

CLEMENT STROBEL, H. S., '19.



## The Spirit of Victory.

THE general who wages war for the ultimate purpose of brutal conquest has this advantage, that when victory is won, he realizes what he has gained; he need not await the historical verdict, a verdict that hinges wholly on the operations of latent and obscure forces. Great are the problems confronting a nation that has waged a holy war, a war for the purpose of securing the better order of society; far different are its responsibilities on the day of conquest.

Serious reflection on the course of world history shows that when the deeper and more idealistic results are considered, the greatest danger to the victorious nation is that in the moment when it celebrates a victory of the sword, it is apt to allow the victory of the soul to escape, perhaps even to pass to the enemy chastened by defeat.

It was not until the Macedonian had brought Persia and India under his sway that the stern morality and high idealism of the Greeks yielded to Oriental softness and love of display. Rome conquered Greece, but Horace, the chosen laureate of Roman victory, declared, "*Graecia capta ferum victorem cepit*—Conquered Greece took the fierce victor captive;" in other words, Roman arms reduced Greece to political dependence, but the Greek spirit came to pervade Roman life and Roman culture.

America to-day faces the same moral effect of conquest as Rome faced. She stands to-day victorious, it is true; and in this momentous hour we should begin to shape things, so that beyond all doubt no future poet can ever say, "Conquered Prussia took America captive," and that no future historian can ever write an essay, entitled "The Conquest of America by Germany." In many quarters there is the fear that this may occur; nor is the fear unfounded, for there are various ways in which American ideas and policies might be Prussianized, and although fears regarding most of them may be considered groundless, nevertheless it cannot but be helpful to keep them in mind.

A German writer and scholar who did most to interpret America fairly and honestly to his own people during this war, and who, at a great risk to himself, stoutly defended us against all charges of greed and imperialism, and proved beyond doubt the idealism of our motives, said: "The defeat of Germany will give her a chance to save her soul, and one may foresee a New Germany which a man of moral ideas can love and work for; perhaps one may wish for the same moral effect of victory on American life."

There is no doubt that certain things this gentleman had in mind were only the temporary phenomena of a state of war; others certainly need deeper consideration. There is probably no imminent danger of America's becoming militarized in the German sense. But America may quite unconsciously take on the spirit of German dominance; that is to say, that overweening conceit, self-satisfaction, cockiness, or whatever one may call it, of the German people, which beyond doubt made the German irritating even in peaceful moods, and utterly intolerable when in one hand he brandished a sword and in the other waved the banner of Kultur; his unalterable conviction that the German way always is, and always will be, the best way; that his countrymen are the chosen people, the light and saviors of the world, that all people brought under German sway should thank God for the privilege. All this seemed grotesque enough to the rest of the world. But let America be on her guard lest she on her part fall into attitudes equally grotesque.

Let us hope that Americans will not be guilty of this fault. But we shall be guilty—we shall be recreant to our responsibilities—if we do not do all in our power to check a similar dangerous self-satisfaction, based on the thought that as Europe had to look to America for salvation, Americans are a superior race, and that the Americans' "say so" must now be substituted for that of the Germans. It would, indeed, be very unpatriotic to think otherwise, than that we American people are justified in taking pride in the achievements of our armies, and that our help was a vital and necessary factor in the great victory.

We justly glory in our institutions, our liberty and prosperity, but if victory makes us self-assertive, self-satisfied, arrogant, and intolerant, it is the victory of Germany and not American qualities.

This is the great evil and danger which we as Americans risk incurring, striding proudly in the path of our ancestors, pointing to the valiant deeds of our present day gladiators, and looking with prophetic insight for the honor and glory that the future has in store for us. By all that is sacred in our past and present, we are bound to offset the disaster, not indeed of being conquered in arms, but of being conquered by the most distasteful arrogant spirit that has ever contaminated the human race,—a disgrace to humanity, a falling back upon the brutal clutching desires of beasts.

Perhaps the question rises in your minds, how is America to



escape being influenced, if not by the whole German spirit, at least, by a part of the German self-conceit which seems already to some extent to have made its appearance. The answer is this. America has gained the confidence, not only to her allies and of neutrals, but even of the enemy. She has gained this recognition, not by any show of brutality, but by her ideal love and respect for the principles of humanity. Her transactions with her allies, neutrals and the enemy, have always been clean cut; never once has she considered her diplomatic notes as scraps of paper; she regards them as being sacred and inviolable as her government. On the other hand, Germany has completely lost the good will of the world by her disregard for straightforwardness in international transactions, and has stooped to the lowest pit of disrespect and unreliability. So far has she fallen that her notes are held in suspicion, not merely by the people of other countries, but even by her own people, while they take the word of America at its face value, simply because it is American.

There is no need for us to be sentimental. Nor are we particularly concerned whether the German people continue to think us honest; we want the *verdict of history* to declare us honest. And when the history of that famous phrase, "a scrap of paper," comes to be written, we want it to be said that this phrase, which was "made in Germany" was not allowed admission to our shores.

THOMAS C. BROWN, '19.



## How to Judge a Book.

**D**OWN the street came two very intimate friends, Jack Dillon and Eugene Wallace, chums and fellow-students in high school. The former, a short, heavy-set, black-haired individual, might better be classed in the Athletic than in the Academic department of any seat of learning. Wallace contrasted sharply with his companion; tall, slightly stooped, white and delicate, he had the frailty of a house plant.

"Say, Gene," it was Dillon speaking, "how's that book I loaned you yesterday?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, Jack, I don't like it very well."

"That's nice! But how in the world do you know it's not of much account? You have not had time to read it. You were at school yesterday, and, after class, we went to town. So you couldn't have read it, much less criticised it!"

"Oh, it's all in knowing how," Gene replied. "Don't you remember the lecture that the English 'prof.' gave us the other day? When I received your book, I simply followed his directions, as usual."

"I opened the first, I mean the title, page," he continued, "and found the author's name. Having recognized him as a literary acquaintance, I thought of other books by him. Then I read the first few pages. Here the story seemed interesting enough, but there was something lacking; I couldn't place my finger on it immediately, so I read further. Gradually it dawned on me; the author didn't have a clear idea of his characters. He described their appearance all right, but he didn't bring out their—a—a—personality, I guess you'd call it."

"Yet," interposed Dillon, "the first pages of a book can't be called a sample of the whole book. Why, I have read really first-rate books which were tiresome in the first fifty and even in the first hundred pages. And believe me, I can't stand a tiresome book. Take *Ben Hur* for instance. The first half, you might say, is simply description after description. It took me almost a month to read through them. But after I got through, it certainly was interesting."

"Yes, I admit that," returned Gene, "but did you notice how exact those descriptions were? Why, it was as though you yourself were there living among the scenes of the story. Well, that's where the true author comes in. When he is able to make his readers see and feel exactly as he does, then he succeeds."

At this moment the two chums had reached the library. Simultaneously they exclaimed:

"Let's go in!"

Laughingly they strode up the steps, swung open the glass-panelled door, passed into the musty-smelling building. Tiptoeing past the exchange desk, they quietly entered the book-lined reading room.

Wallace spoke first. "Just to prove that I'm right in my theory that a book can be judged by its first pages, you choose any book, at random, from the shelves. You criticise it and I'll do the same. When we have written the criticisms, we'll put

them in the book. Then we'll go out to the librarian and ask her casually what she thinks about the same book."

"That's a go," agreed Dillon, reaching for a book. He secured *Ivanhoe*, and Bill reaching up took a copy of the same work. Both fell to reading. Twenty minutes later Gene was writing slowly and thoughtfully. And in a short time Jack had followed his chum's example.

Time passes quickly in a library, if one is busy, but drags out slowly if he is idle. One after another in the library passed out quietly; some with, others without, books. Some had come merely to read the papers which, however, are not any too well written. Time growing heavy they, too, soon strolled out.

But Dillon and Wallace had forgotten such people and such pursuits of knowledge. They were too engrossed in trying, one to prove, the other to disprove, a theory.

A half hour had passed before Wallace snapped shut his book. His previous training had helped him. Jack, without experience, progressed more slowly. But at length he thought he had finished.

"Now," said Wallace, "for the rest of the proof." So he and his chum went sheepishly up to the librarian.

"Pardon me, Miss," he faltered, "but would you have time to—ah—er—to tell us what you th—think of Scott's *Ivanhoe*?"

"Why, certainly," she answered, "that's what I am here for. We must learn the answers to such questions before we are allowed to take charge of a library. Of course, I cannot remember all the books, but only the most common ones. *Ivanhoe* is a historical novel dealing with England during the reign of—let me see—yes, the reign of Richard the First. The descriptions are long but specific. The story seems long-drawn-out, yet a peculiar fascination makes you cling on until the end. The author, it seems, delights in describing his characters minutely. You'll notice, if you ever read the book, that he does this from the very beginning, where he describes two men, I just forget who they are—two peasants, I believe, meeting on a hillside—these two he describes very clearly and distinctly, even their very postures. He does this not only here but everywhere.

"Besides his skill at character drawing he has a very good vocabulary. Wait, and I'll get the book itself, and show you." She went into the other room and returned shortly with a book containing some papers. Jack looked at Gene, Gene at Jack.

"Someone else must have been interested in this same book. had to look around for it. Maybe he is still using it, for he has



left these papers in it. I'll put them here, and if he wants them, he will call."

Again the boys' faces reddened with embarrassment.

"I'll open the book at any place," continued the girl. "Now see here on page sixty-nine, where he describes the Jew: 'His features, keen and regular, with an aquiline nose, and piercing black eyes; his high and wrinkled forehead, and long grey hair and beard,' and so forth. Notice those specific words. Now, again, on page ninety-seven, notice the specific words again: 'canopy, squires, pages, yeomen.' And, again, notice this passage: 'Among pennons and flags bearing wounded hearts, burning hearts, bleeding hearts, bows and quivers.' See his details! Now that's the way Scott writes all his books. Any other book, boys, that's troubling you?"

"No, ma'am, but we thank you very much for what you've told us. You see," apologized Dillon, "we were trying to settle a bet and you were to referee it. So, if you will please let us have our papers (yes, those are ours), why this wager will be settled."

Dillon asked her to compare the notes written by him and his chum.

Laughingly she consented, and with a puckered up forehead, she read the one, then the other paper.

The extemporaneous referee gave her decision: "Both of you seemed to give a good idea of this novel. This one sounds as though he had read Scott's novels before, for he describes the style carefully and correctly. The other paper suggests that it is the first criticism he has written, but he sees clearly the good and bad in the style of writing. He says that the book is tiresome; the sentences are long; unusual words are frequent: but that, despite all this, he is interested in the first chapter. This chapter, he writes, implies a book of interesting happenings to come. That, in my opinion, is very correct.

"The other paper," she continued, "praises the book highly. It dwells upon the vivid specific words used by the author; the characteristic modes of expression; the historic accuracy of the descriptions according to the period of the story. It tells of the mental attitude of the first two characters. This attitude, the paper says, is implied in the description—for instance, the way the clothes are arranged, neatly or unkempt.

"Now boys, this paper, in my belief, is the better of the two criticisms, because it shows that the writer has received the thoughts of Scott as is intended in the book. This is one of



Scott's greatest achievements, transferring thoughts clearly to his readers' minds, as he himself conceives them."

Again Dillon thanked her, linked his arm with Wallace's and strolled away.

"Well, Gene," he said, "I guess I'll have to admit that there is something in that theory of yours; but, at that, I don't believe it is absolutely correct—"

"But," exclaimed Gene, "I know it's right, and haven't I just proved—"

"For the love of Mike, forget it! That's all you ever do any way: read! Let's have a sundae!"

ANDREW J. KING, '22.



## **Echoes From Camp and Battle Front.**

XVII.

**Records To Be Proud Of. Over The Top Five Times And Forty-Two  
Consecutive Days In A Front Trench. Parted Brothers Meet.  
In France With The 25th Engineers. Sleeping Quarters  
Not Ideal. Visitors From Home And Abroad.**

In a letter to Father Williams, Rev. J. Earl McNamamy, Chaplain of the 110th Infantry, A. E. F., pays a high tribute to the men Duquesne University has sent to the front. He admires their soldierly qualities, and is edified by their practical Catholicity. Part of his letter we reproduce, as it is certain to prove of interest, in as much as two of the men spoken of are known to us all.

Duquesne may well be proud of the men it has sent overseas. I have run across many of them, and I feel it an honor to belong to the school which trained them in their youth. Any institution might plume itself on producing men like Lieutenant Albert Mountain and Lieutenant John McGraw.

The memory of Albert Mountain, killed when leading his men in the battle of the Ourcq River last July, will ever be held in veneration. No one was more popular than he or more respected for his admirable qualities of head and heart. He was

a brave, well-trained officer; a practical, exemplary Catholic, and a successful, zealous missionary. Trained to military discipline in the Cathedral High School, Wheeling, and on the campus of my *Alma Mater*, with a period intervening when he drilled the pupils of St. Edward's Preparatory College, Huntington, W. Va., he inspired his men with confidence, and could lead them whither he willed. As a candidate for the priesthood, he interrupted his classical studies at the end of the junior year to serve his country at a crisis in its career; naturally one would expect him to set a praiseworthy example in the discharge of his religious duties, and in this respect he was edifying beyond the power of words to describe. His desire to serve God in the holy ministry inspired him to go after the stray sheep in the camp, and he approached them with such tact and earnestness that he brought them sooner or later to the tribunal of penance; the chaplain found in him a capable and willing auxiliary. No wonder that the boys loved him and hallow his memory!

Second Lieutenant John McGraw is an officer after Pershing's own heart. That skillful and successful strategy which he evinced on the gridiron, both on the offensive and defensive, foreshadowed the genius that he displayed at the front throughout the war. His personal weight and influence were felt in every attack. Officer and men were animated with one ambition—to get there. And though many a gap was made in their ranks, they kept right on until they got there. The rifle, the cold steel, and the white rage of determination admitted of no check or disappointment. Captured guns and prostrate foes bore telling witness to the bravery of officers and men alike. Lieutenant McGraw blazed a way and no one hesitated to follow. So great was the confidence he inspired that he was trusted with the defense of some of the most important positions menaced by the 28th Prussian Guards. In the Metz drive especially, he acted with conspicuous thought for the spiritual welfare of his men; he made his way to the most dangerous points and relieved them in turns that they might get back to the chaplain waiting to administer to them the Sacraments; this done, they got into the game again with abundant self-reliance and team play, in which every man contributed his share.

The spirit of faith in our boys is an object lesson that makes me feel daily more and more desirous to live up to the magnificent standard of the Catholic priesthood. Of the many instances of confidence in the power of prayer that I have noted, I shall

mention but one. Lately I was struck by the wistful face of a young soldier evidently desirous of having a word with me. He was an Irish-American, named Brady, from the vicinity of Pittsburgh. With glistening eyes he showed me his rosary and said, "Father, to my beads I feel I owe my life. When I left my home in Pennsylvania, I hung them round my neck, and daily since and oftener, I recited them during snatches of repose on long marches, when lying down at night, or in the trenches during the long and silent watches that precede the dawn. Above Chateau-Thierry I was hit—fatally, said the doctors at the first aid post;" and here he showed me the marks of wounds, some the size of a half dollar, just below his heart, where a bullet had exploded, and a long scar reaching across his stomach from hip to hip. "I was young, the world was attractive, there was work still to be done before the Stars and Stripes should wave in final victory, and I did not want to die. When the doctors looked at me, they shook their heads. 'Don't shake your head, doctor,' said I, 'I have a chance, haven't I?' 'Yes, sirree,' he replied, 'a lad like you always nas a chance.' They put me in an ambulance, and brought me to a hospital in Chateau-Thierry. All the way I fingered those beads of mine; I prayed and prayed until I was discharged, and now my beads and life mean the same thing to me; they shall never be separated." How often have I seen men like him wrapped in prayer at Mass in our K. of C. huts, out in the open fields, or in our magnificent city churches, the marvelous productions of the Ages of Faith! When I witness such practical proofs of the religious sentiments with which our men are actuated, I breathe a prayer that I may prove worthy to be their guide and leader along the narrow path of salvation.

---

To the diary of Sergeant James A. Dignan, Youngstown, Ohio, we are indebted for the following notes. He was in service from March 29, 1918, to January 28, 1919, mostly as a member of Co. C, 30th, or Wild Cat, Division, to which he was transferred from Co. B, 331st Infantry, 83rd Division. In May he sailed from Montreal and arrived in Brest. From there he marched to Calais, a distance of 105 miles. The march lasted two days and two nights; he carried his complete over-sea pack, and was fed on corn-beef, hard-tack, bread and water. After a brief rest, he left on June 23rd for the front line trenches at Chateau-Thierry, and went over the top five times up to August 8th. On July 12th,



he crossed the Marne, carrying a Lewis machine-gun; he was in water nearly up to his neck, and the gun weighed 35 lbs. He was next ordered to the Ypres front, where he took part in three attacks. The St. Quentin sector next claimed his activities. He was in the charges of September 27th and 29th, and October 4th, 8th, 12th, 15th and 17th. At one period he was in the front line trenches for forty-two consecutive days. The 18th of October was his last day of active service. He got a dose of Blue Cross gas, mustard gas, and trench fever, which compelled him to submit to treatment, first in the Rouen Hospital and then in the Tottenham Hospital, England. During the period of his convalescence he was allowed with forty privates and nine officers to visit Ireland. He saw the country from sight-seeing carriages and wagons, and enjoyed his privilege to the full. On the occasion of his visit to us, he showed few traces of what he went through. He is proud of being instrumental, with the rest of his regiment, in capturing 98 prisoners, 81 pieces of artillery, and 426 machine-guns.

---

After over a year in the service, the Wehrheim brothers are still on active duty in France. After some three months' drilling at Fort Slocum, N. Y., and at Kelly Field, Texas, with the aviation section of the Signal Corps, Harry shipped for France by way of Newport News, and by a happy coincidence, met his brother Andrew in Bordeaux, after a separation of four months. Neither knew of the other's proximity, until Harry spied some baggage labelled Co. D, 305th Ammunition Train, the unit to which his brother belonged; soon they met and were allowed the next two days together. Then they parted, to meet soon, we hope, at home in Pittsburgh. Andrew was in the thick of the fighting from September 25th, in the battle of the Argonne Forest, until he helped to take Stenay, the last town captured by our troops. On Thanksgiving Day, instead of the traditional turkey, advertised in the American papers as having been supplied to our men abroad, he dined on corn-beef, hash and cabbage, with candy and "smokes" for dessert. On Christmas Day he was able to assist at Mass and Vespers. At present he drills five hours daily; armed with pick, shovel, or sledge, he tramps some three or four miles to repair roads, and varies these occupations with guard duty. Lately, for the first time since he left Bordeaux, he entered a town. He was with a thirty truck convoy of ammunition forwarded to Luxembourg. There he had



a good night's rest in a feather bed, and was treated most hospitably by the Belgian refugee family with which he stayed.

Harry C. Wehrheim ranks as Sergeant in the 105th Aero Squadron. He was stationed in the vicinity of Paris until the Armistice was signed. Since that auspicious day, he has been engaged in pulling down temporary barracks and hangars, filling in ditches and tearing up railroads.

Both boys will count amongst the red letter days of their lives, that on which they will receive orders to strike their tents for home.

---

Harold D. Greene, 26th Engineers, is back from France, pleased to be home, but delighted that the one ambition of his young life has been satisfied; he served beyond the seas, if not with the bayonet or rifle, at least with the essential weapons of an engineer. He was one of the first to answer his country's call, and soon—in October, 1917—he was on his way to bring hope and help to a distracted and much harassed country. The monotony of the voyage was broken only by a sharp lookout for submarines and a collision that was providentially unaccompanied by casualties. After his arrival in Brest, he was quickly transferred to St. Nazaire, where he spent three weeks at road work. At Bourmont, near the Swiss frontier; at Chaumont, General Pershing's headquarters; at Rimaucourt, Sangres, and Commercy, he helped to lay water mains to hospitals, headquarters, and battle lines, the materials for which—four to six-inch cast-iron pipes—had been shipped from the United States. From Commercy, he followed up the dough-boys in their offensive at St. Mihiel and the Argonne Forest, getting the necessary water from springs and rivers, building concrete reservoirs, erecting pumps, patrolling lines, and forwarding supplies by water trains for distribution along the battle front. This work was usually accomplished within twenty-four hours after a drive. Frequently the work was facilitated by replacing the machinery which the Germans had destroyed, the lines of communication having been left intact.

Through every town he passed, no matter how small, he recognized the steeple of the Catholic Church, pointing heavenwards, and reminding him of his final destination.

Everywhere he went, he noticed the military police keeping a sharp lookout for men that had strayed from their units, or were seeking the lines of least resistance to the nearest seaport.

The men suffered one great disappointment: they were allowed no furloughs, so pressing was the work they had to do, and thus they missed the opportunity of seeing beautiful cities and a charming country.

---

Rev. Bernard G. McGuigan (Base Hospital 114, A. P. O. 765, A. E. F.) is charmed with the many things of fascinating interest he saw in Rome. Embracing an opportunity, he obtained a furlough and visited Bordeaux, Nice, Florence, the Eternal City, and Naples. Before he returns to the States, he wants to see the Emerald Isle.

---

Of all the men that have visited us since their return from France, none looked better, stronger, or more developed than Sergeant Leo J. Zitzman. Connected with the Medical Corps, he was over all the fronts in charge of from fifteen to twenty-five German prisoners engaged in removing from the battlefields to the hospitals their wounded countrymen. We were all glad to welcome him back unscathed from the regions of shot and shell.

---

Lieutenant "Mike" Morrissey was up on March 13th. Last October, when on his way from Augusta to Hoboken about to sail for France, he contracted the influenza, and with three coaches of his men similarly affected, he had to be taken to a hospital for treatment. At Camp Gordon, he had been infantry drill instructor, and, at Camp Hancock, machine-gun instructor, on duty daily from 7 to 11:30 and 1:30 to 4:30. He had his men working a Browning gun at ranges of from 300 to 1,000 yards.

---

Charles J. Kane, Corporal in an Engineer Outfit, A. E. F., is a live wire on the staff of the *Stars and Stripes*, the official paper of the American Expeditionary Force. His brother, Lieutenant John, is an aviator; Leonard is an Ensign on the *Galveston*, and Will, an Engineer. All the brothers have been in Paris, but not all at the same time.

---

Lieutenant "Mike" Shortley paid us a flying visit after his return from overseas. On the right sleeve he wears a golden stripe, for the wound he received in the left shoulder, when in the Verdun drive his Company attacked a machine-gun nest. The Captain and four men were killed, but the survivors, wounded

and unwounded, kept right on till they captured their objective. Lieutenant Shortley quickly recovered in a hospital, but felt a little squeamish in returning to the front. Two days after he joined his Company, the Armistice was signed, to his joy and the joy of all the men.

---

Sergeant Charles F. McCrory (103rd Sanitary Train) writes from Nonsard, in the Toul-Verdun sector, and from Le Mont Dore in the Alps, where he spent a furlough during the Christmas season. From a conversation he had with English prisoners returning from Germany, he learned that food conditions amongst the civilian population were very unsatisfactory. The prisoners were emaciated; they had worked in mines near Metz, and had been fed on cabbage soup three times a day.

The scenery all the way to the Alps was of the most varied and fascinating character. The hotel where he put up, was at an altitude of 3,500 feet, the meals were excellent; the orchestra well-trained, and the dancing with real American girls a joy, if not forever, at least for the duration of the furlough.

---

J. P. Bradley sends some pretty picture postals, and states that he met Perry Blundon at Orleans, France.

---

Ensign Joseph A. Burns is back from Pensacola, and is now beginning the practice of his profession as a lawyer with the Potter Title and Trust Co., Berger Building, Pittsburgh.

---

Albert F. Yunker enjoyed his experiences at the Great Lakes Naval Station from September 12th to February 28th. The station, he says, was composed of twenty-two camps, each covering from twenty-five to thirty acres. He was on guard duty, taking his turn for a twenty-four hour period—two hours on, and four off—but attending all the drills except when on actual duty, and assisting at classes in Seamanship and Signaling. Albert, with another of our law graduates, Cyrus A. Davis, is practicing with A. E. Eckels, Esq., 409 Curry Building.

---

Dennis Szabo, M. D., Second Lieutenant, has just been discharged from active duty. Down South he was regarded as one of the most efficient drill masters in the service. His brother, Alexis, a coming painter of note, is still in the Navy; just now he is on an American battleship at Brest, France.



Corporal Howard F. Murphy, Gas Demonstration Unit, Second Corps Gas School, Chatillon-sur-Seine, France, has had fourteen months' experience of overseas life. During that period he has been wounded and gassed, but not put *hors de combat*, for he is at present engaged in demonstrating the use of gas to some of the outfits that missed this part of their training.

---

Lieutenant Linus P. McGuiness has discarded the officer's uniform for the civilian dress of an aggressive attorney. He has entered the law firm of Prichard and Trent, and may be consulted in their offices in the Bakewell Building. So far Dame Fortune has smiled upon him, and he feels confident that his initial successes are the harbinger of bigger things in the near future.

---

Charles J. Mills is a Corporal in the 316th Infantry, Co. F, (A. P. O. 771), France. He writes humorously of his sleeping quarters and hopefully of his return to the United States. He sleeps in a barn with wooden bunks, the roof letting in the rain copiously, rats tickling the men with untimely attentions, and pigs and chickens, in the same building, grunting or cackling a lullaby from their coigns of vantage. How different from their sleeping quarters when under fire from German bombardments in the city of Verdun! Then they slept in the deep tunnel basements of an old prison.

The voyage home will be free from the dangers the men experienced from submarines on the way over. One ship of the fleet was set on fire, and the men who were not trapped and burned to death or drowned, were assailed with liquid fire shells as they attempted to make their escape on hastily constructed rafts.

---

Austin R. McCann is back to civilian life. He was attached to headquarters, 15th Aero Squadron, and was in the service thirteen months. The War Department, he says, imposed a very wise provision looking to the safety of the fliers. The mechanics, who were responsible for the satisfactory condition of the aeroplane had, each, to take a flight weekly; as no one knew to what airship he might be assigned, he was particularly anxious to do his work conscientiously, and to overlook nothing tending to promote the safety of the occupants.

H. J.





# SANCTUM

## EDITORIAL

### *The Irish-American Delegation.*

**A**T this moment the feeling in America in favor of Irish Self-Determination is strong, and dislike of England, always distrusted and hated by the masses of our people, is growing daily. So keen is the anti-British sentiment amongst soldiers returning from Europe that an organization with headquarters in Washington, D. C., has sent appeals to the clergy in Philadelphia to counteract the influence these soldiers are certain to exercise. As an expression of American sympathy in a righteous cause and in part payment of what this country owes to Ireland, a delegation of prominent citizens was commissioned by the Irish Race Convention, held in Philadelphia, to argue Ireland's cause before the Peace Conference at Versailles. This delegation consists of a former governor of Illinois, a former public service commissioner of Pennsylvania, and a former joint chairman of the War Labor Board—E. F. Dunne, M. J. Ryan and F. P. Walsh. They have gone abroad with a well-defined plan: they intend, first, to discuss the cause of Ireland with the English representatives; they will demand a hearing for Ireland's delegates—Messrs. Plunkett, De Valera and Griffith; and they will ask to be permitted to appear themselves in behalf of the Irish people.

Lloyd George's power is on the wane; the democratic spirit of the English race and the might of the labor forces, organized as nowhere else in the world, are defeating the Coalition candidates in the by-elections, and they have protested strongly, if not loudly, against the dragooning of Ireland. Lloyd George's ship of state will go down before the on-rushing torrent of democracy, or its sails will be trimmed to run with the rising gale; in either case, Ireland's cause will prosper. But should Ireland be refused a

hearing, and should she be excluded from the League of Nations, the spirit that actuates her will spread throughout the world like a slow consuming fire. Her sons will undermine the shaky pillars of the British empire, and the day may come, glimpsed by Lord Macaulay, when the traveller from New Zealand may take his stand upon a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's. We are not apostles of destruction, but apostles of peace. We wish not the death of nations, but their life, and we would gladly see all untrammelled pursue their just conception of happiness in the enjoyment of peace, liberty and equality.

H. J.



### ***Does Science Kill?***

**I**T IS interesting to note that the casualty lists of the present war have been much shorter than those of earlier wars. The strength of this assertion is supported by clear-cut, decisive, accurate figures. When we consider that out of a total of thirty-three or thirty-four millions of men, only fifteen per cent. have been killed on the field of battle, we are agreeably disappointed. We are hardly able to bridge the discrepancy between what liveliness of imagination would have us fancy, and what cold, mathematical computation must forcibly charge us to accept. We have been fed up so much with newspaper buncombe; we have so willingly denied ourselves the opportunity of taking issue with false figures and sensational generalizations; we have become so completely possessed of mob reason, mob mind, mob thought, that all sense and appreciation of truth unadulterated has been temporarily lost. Happily, however, science has intervened, and by the sharpness of her scrutiny, facts—solid facts—are furnished of whose existence we were ignorant and of whose very possibility we were skeptical.

Notwithstanding the long, printed casualty lists of the Great War, fought with all the skill and deadly contrivances of modern science, the loss of life is not nearly so great as in earlier wars. Then it was that short swords were used with such satiating lust for life. No gases, bombs, shells or trenches were there; not in protective dug-outs, shelters or subterranean passages, but out in the open, gladiators grappled, fought and died. The distance of combat was near, immense numbers were closely engaged, brute force was effectually employed; hence the mortality rate was very

high. It is no source of wonderment then that from sixty to seventy per cent. of whole armies were stricken down. In the memoirs of Caesar, it is reported that at the battle he fought near Namur with a force of Nervii not in excess of one hundred thousand, his soldiers slew over sixty thousand. Such was the character of ancient warfare. Such wars also did Alexander and Hannibal wage—wars eventuating in the success and victory of arms, but also in the wholesale mutilation of men, and in the wholesale destruction of human life.

War as now fought is less destructive for two reasons. To-day, soldiers are better armed and protected, more immune to danger and disease and consequent sacrifice of life. They have moreover learned systematically to trick, feign, camouflage. Again, armies are vast, brilliant, strategic groupings of manpower under command and obedience of capable generals. These generals are trained, proficient, skillful graduates of the school of intelligent warfare, exercising at all times the greatest foresight in formulating plans of aggression, ever giving careful consideration to men, supplies, provisions and ammunition. They are master minds in the mothering of men, solicitous for their welfare, physical, moral and spiritual. Wherefore, Science decrees that the more inventive genius man displays, the deeper his insight into the essentials and intricacies of military conduct, the loftier the heights to which his brilliancy ascends, the more painstakingly he protects and guards his human organism, so much the lower will be the toll of war. Astounding, indeed, all this is, but verified by reference to past and present war records. Does Science really kill?

JUSTIN J. GALLAGHER, '19.



### *The Returning Soldier.*

ONE of the most urgent economic questions awaiting solution to-day is that of the status of the returning soldier. With the country slowly issuing from the maze of war with all its varied implications, it would be grossly unfair if we should fail to consider those who have brought about the new order of things, which is sure to follow when the country once again finds itself on a peace footing. They left their positions, their homes, their loved ones, to take part in the Great Adventure—to face the horrors of war with all its hardships and



evils—to face even death itself. It would be unfitting if we of America, who pride ourselves on our fairness and justice, should ignore and belittle the very men who have proved their right to the title, “the world’s best fighters” by making the world a better place to live in.

Shall we allow the unscrupulous employer to deny the returning soldier the right which is his to live, by continuing to employ cheap labor? Is there no law, no legislation, that can put a stop to this evil? Shall the United States stand idly by while foreign governments “carry on”? Only recently Australian lawmakers passed a bill making it compulsory for firms to re-employ all soldiers who have returned from the war zone and who, previous to their enlistment, held positions with these respective firms.

Bread lines are again making their appearance all over the country, due practically to the inability of returning soldiers to find employment. Upwards of fifteen per cent. of those in the New York bread line—the first by the way since 1913—are soldiers recently discharged from the service. If such conditions exist at present, what will be the state of affairs when our million and a half of battle-scarred veterans return from overseas? The question is a grave one; it is for the American people to answer, and the answer must not be delayed.

JAMES J. MCCLOSKEY, '19.



### ***“Anent Victory Gardens.”***

**F**OR two years we have bent our every effort as a nation toward the winning of the war. We have measured every act and deed, even to the eating of food, by the single standard, does this help the cause? But though the shouting and tumult of battle have died away, and we are again enjoying the blessings of peace, our work is not yet done. We did not join the issue for military honors, nor for territorial gain, but to make the world safe for democracy. And, until that end is achieved, we shall not have accomplished the supreme purpose for which we gave our all—time, treasure and blood. We must carry on, and we must carry on by feeding the world.

Last year we were urged to plant War Gardens to help win the war. Some 5,000,000 people loyally responded. Now the call comes for further service. Our Government exhorts every American to plant a Victory Garden. She expects 10,000,000 of



us to hearken to her call. We have pledged 20,000,000 tons of food to starving Europe. This promise cannot be fulfilled unless *you* plant a Victory Garden. You have the splendid opportunity and pressing obligation of meeting the wants of these needy millions. Your Victory Garden is needed for accomplishing this mighty task.

The thing that broke the back of German morale—the thing that won the war for us—was the willingness of every American to do his bit. This willingness will again assert itself. Every home ought to have a garden. And every normal man, woman and child has a natural impulse to get out and dig when spring comes. Spring is here, so get out and dig. Victory Gardens are needed even worse than War Gardens were needed. We must still feed Europe, or else all our previous efforts for the winning of the war will have been unavailing. There can be no universal peace as long as the people are starving. Hunger knows no law. It is a natural right of man to preserve his own life, and if he is hungry he will use any means to appease his hunger on the plea that the world owes him a living. Hunger is largely responsible for Bolshevism. A decent provision for the hungry is the true test of civilization.

Plant your Victory Garden, and benefit yourself, your country, and humankind.

CYRIL J. KRONZ, '20.



## A Remarkable Book.

ONE of the most fruitful devotions of modern times, devotion to God the Holy Ghost, has seized upon the imagination and the hearts of the faithful as never before, and is destined in the near future to exercise a sway second only to that of the Sacred Heart. Yet, books on the subject are rare indeed, and these even insufficiently known. The late Right Rev. Monsignor Lambing, recognizing the wholesome influence this devotion is destined to exert over the hearts of the faithful, endeavored to supply the insufficiency of devotional works on the subject by his timely and much appreciated publication of *Come, Holy Ghost*. To supplement this work and to bring home the devotion to the Catholic laity, the Holy Ghost Fathers for years have been issuing a monthly magazine, *The Paraclete*, whose pur-

pose is to glorify the Holy Ghost and to disseminate a more general knowledge of the most adorable Third Person of the Blessed Trinity.

The press of the Divine Word, Techny, Ill., has just issued a truly admirable work entitled *Glories of the Holy Ghost*. The author, REV. WILLIAM F. STADELMAN, C. S. Sp., graduate of our class of '92, since honored with the degree of M. A., and now pastor of St. Benedict's Church, this city, has combined, in this handsome and instructive volume, theology and mysticism, poetry and music, painting and architecture, calculated to illustrate his subject and its history adown the ages. He is to be complimented on his patient and untiring research, rare qualities, crowned, we are pleased to say, in this instance with abundant profit for the devout aspirant to self-sanctification and the zealous guide along the path of perfection.

The first six chapters deal with topics that bear on the objective glory of the Divine Spirit; the remaining nineteen are concerned with His formal extrinsic glory, and show concretely how in times past loving souls have expressed their devotion to Him.

Apart from its devotional interest, the lover of Christian antiquities will find assembled in this volume detailed accounts of many organizations dedicated to the Holy Ghost, which flourished in the Middle Ages, enlivened with curious anecdotes from reliable though hitherto little known sources. Catholics of modern times will be surprised to learn that there are several religious orders of both men and women having the Divine Spirit for their titular.

The originals of the many handsome illustrations that adorn the production were procured at much expense and only after extensive correspondence with the printing companies and libraries of Europe. They richly enhance the value of a volume already meritorious in the priceless knowledge it conveys and the encouragement it communicates to the soul that longs to see God face to face.

We bespeak for this devotional work a wide publicity and an extensive sale. We feel confident that through the study and the meditation of its contents, many souls will be brought into closer union with the Source of Grace, and that they will be instrumental in bringing hosts of others to His knowledge and service.

H.—J.

# CHRONICLE

## College and High School.

The Fourth High class presented the last concert of the season. In point of enjoyment and completeness, it left little to be desired. An appropriate prologue to the Entertainments evening's entertainment by Paul Ubinger was received with appreciation. The most interesting feature of the evening was a playlet entitled "The Red Lamp", a story of mix-ups and crossed signals. The stage effects and costumes of the actors aided materially in the presentation. The following actors distinguished themselves: R. G. Reilly, T. R. Sullivan, C. Strobel, L. J. Cassidy, M. F. Walsh and E. J. Caye. To Father Malloy, with whom rested the work-up of coaching and stage arrangements, we present our compliments. The final number on the programme was a debate, "Resolved, That the Use of Tobacco Is Commendable"; J. L. Carl and T. R. Sullivan, of the Affirmative, secured the decision over C. Scrabis and L. J. Dooley, of the Negative.

The third term examinations were held during the first week of April, and the results were proclaimed on April 16th. The following students obtained first place in Examinations their respective classes: M. N. Glynn, A. J. King, F. V. Bielski, F. E. Braun, J. Mochary, F. R. Boyle, T. J. Burch, H. C. Murto, J. G. Ritter, A. M. Heim, E. J. Caye, J. B. Walsh, P. G. Sullivan, A. J. Blieszner, F. J. O'Neil, R. Slusarski, W. P. Kohler, W. O'Connor, M. K. Withee and C. F. Ruhe. Of course every one cannot head his class, but we must recognize merit and show appreciation of high percentages; this being the case, we congratulate R. E. Wehrheim, C. E. Dilmore, S. T. Gujski, J. G. Marecki, R. C. Ibitz, E. Baier, P. M. Reilly, R. W. Leonard, H. J. Myers, R. G. Reilly, J. Rozenas, R. H. Ackerman, M. J. Bostaph, R. C. Guthrie, J. A. Witt, W. Jacko, T. Kavney, W. J. Stebler, F. E. Snyder, V. A. O'Donnell, D. De Silvio and J. J. Los.

The Very Rev. President congratulated the students on the work done, and distributed one hundred and sixty-three honor cards—a decided increase over the last term's awards.



### Easter Vacation

The Easter holidays began on Holy Thursday and terminated the following Wednesday. The resident students took advantage of the respite and hurried home for Easter.

During the penitential season the Fathers preached Lenten sermons on Friday and Sunday evenings in different parishes of the city and outlying districts. Among these

Lenten Courses were the Very Rev. President, Reverends H. J. McDermott, B. Carey, M. S. Retka, J. P. Danner, J. F. Malloy, J. A. Rossenbach, E. N. McGuigan and P. M. Connolly.

The Fathers also accepted an invitation to sing the Passion in the Cathedral on Palm Sunday and Good Friday.

### Annual Play

The selection of the annual play may be announced at any moment. Several excellent productions have been under consideration, and the choice may be any of these three: *Seven Keys to Baldpate*, *The Wrong Mr. Wright* and *The Witching Hour*.

The following High School students have qualified for the public speaking contest, to be held in the University Hall, on the evening of May 2nd: Division I.—A. E.

Annual Public Blank, P. C. Demasch, V. J. McArdle and  
Speaking Contests W. J. Porter; Division II.—A. J. Blieszner,  
J. Carney, J. C. Moran, J. F. McCaffrey and  
J. T. Neuner; Division III.—R. H. Ackerman, C. J. Hoffmann,  
R. G. Reilly and F. B. Starzynski.

Silver medals will be awarded.

In the oratorical contest, to be held on the same evening, the following College men will compete for a gold medal: J. J. Gallagher, J. J. McCloskey, G. A. Schroth and M. Wolak.

In the preliminaries for these two contests, close to a hundred students were heard. Competition was exceedingly keen, and everything points to an excellent showing on the night of the finals.

### School of Accounts.

The Day School had examinations on the first three days of Holy Week, and then went on vacation until the following Tuesday.

Dr. F. C. Smith, C. P. A., inaugurated a class in the Accountancy of Investment on April 10th.



One of the most interesting classes recently started is the advanced conversational Spanish class. The instructor is Mrs. Joseph Corriols, the wife of our versatile Spanish teacher.

Our instructors who were absent in the service of Uncle Sam, are beginning to return. Lieut. R. M. Barth, C. P. A., who saw service overseas, and Ensign O. G. Richter, C. P. A., are back to lecture to the C. P. A. classes.

The new C. P. A. preparatory class started on April 7th with the largest enrollment of any group. The instructors include Messrs. Barnes, Snyder, Richter and Dr. Smith. Sessions are held on Mondays and Fridays.

The Hamilton Debating Society has very interesting debates every Friday: the comments of the critic not unfrequently cause further discussion. The Society has arranged to hold its annual banquet shortly after the Easter holidays.

George B. Fitzpatrick has been appointed Editor, and L. Patrick McGrath, Business Manager, of the Q. E. D., the Year Book of the School of Accounts.

On April 26th the Evening School Association held its dansant at Hotel Chatham. This annual event was attended by a large number of the Faculty and student body.

### **School of Law.**

Members of the Third Year are engrossed in the review for the final and State Board examinations.

The 1919 Law Bulletin will soon be issued.

It is remarked throughout the country that no schools were hit harder by the war than the Law Schools. The University of Pennsylvania has only sixty-four law students. We have more than half that number, and returning officers and soldiers will swell the roster very considerably when the school reopens next September.

### **School of Social Service.**

During the last month the enrollment has increased to two hundred, gratifying features being that many of these are young men ambitious to qualify for charitable work, and all are so interested that even the most unpropitious weather cannot deter them from attendance.

The lectures have been conducted according to schedule. Rev. Dr. Dewe has been treating of the nature of private property, and the way in which the distribution of wealth is affected by changes in private property. He dwelt on the signifi-

cance of the new labor platforms in England and the United States. He maintained and convincingly proved that the crying need of the times is a Catholic School of Economic Thought; in its own way it would accomplish more than the socialistic school, which now, either openly or under academic forms, struts menacingly across the world's stage.

L. J. McINTYRE, '22.



## Duquesnicula.

THREE O'CLOCK.

I'm usually here on time  
 Except when I am late,  
 And then before I hear a word  
 I know right well my fate.  
 I softly enter 3-0-3  
 So's not to cause a shock;  
 The Prof. he sweetly smiles on me;  
 He says, "You're rather late, I see:  
 Stay in at three o'clock."

Another day I'm here on time,  
 And, just to have some fun,  
 I start a little rough-house  
 With Foley or with Dunn;  
 And just when things are going fine  
 My head receives a knock;  
 I turn around in sudden fear:  
 The Prefect simply says, "Look here!  
 Stay in at three o'clock."

Perhaps I get to class all right,  
 And Latin's going strong:  
 I'm asked a question unawares;  
 Of course I get it wrong;  
 Instead of saying *hostibus*  
 I answer *hic, haec, hoc*:  
 I'm told that all I do not know  
 Would stock ten libraries, and so  
 Stay in at three o'clock.

When G'ometry is finished up  
 We think our work is done  
 And for the hand-ball alleys  
 We prepare to make a run.  
 The door is softly opened;  
 We almost die from shock:  
 Up looms a threatening figure there  
 We hear his words in deep despair—  
 "Stay in. It's three o'clock."

If I could get to Holland and  
 Lay hold of Kaiser Bill,  
 You may be sure I'd use my chance  
 To put him through the mill.  
 I wouldn't pump him full of lead,  
 Nor yet remove his block;  
 My punishment his soul would numb;  
 I'd say, "Look here! Your time has come.  
 Stay in at three o'clock."

The other night I dreamt I died,  
 And up to Heaven's gate  
 My spirit fled. St Peter there  
 Would let me know my fate:  
 His record he reviewed before  
 He'd let me join his flock.  
 "My boy," he said, "your notes are low.  
 You're not quite fit for Heaven, so  
 Stay in at three o'clock."

Ackerman, after getting 65 for application in Physics—"Throw Physics to the dogs; I'll none of it." The gesture was appropriate, of course.

The ball had gone over the fence as usual. "Which side did it go over?" inquired Barry breathlessly as he ran for the gate. "The top," Sheran informed him.

Who said Tolley was born to blush unseen?

"Fate" Stuart says that the Physical Torture in the morning is ruining his clothes. All his vest, shirt, collar and cuff buttons are gone. The only set left are his suspender buttons, and he suspects the reason for that is he wears a belt.

#### AT THE BALL GAME.

Oh, Archie, liased the gentle maid,  
 Would you please tell me why  
 They make such fuss about that man  
 Because he caught a fly?

Murphy told us the other day that it blew so hard early in April, Ed Quinn was obliged to put stones in his pockets to prevent his being blown away. Harp Flanagan wants to know how he managed to carry them around.

"First hit I got this season!" said Garrity, as the meter stick descended on his dome.

Heard in the 4th Hi: "How did you make out in your exams?"  
 "I sang bass."  
 "What are you giving us?"  
 "Well, my notes were mighty low."

Professor, 1st B—Define a broken line in geometry.  
 Klaser—Such as a drunk describes on his homeward way

Borrowed from the placard of a Milwaukee sausage maker :

Oh, the pup, the beautiful pup !  
 Drinking his milk from a china cup;  
 Gambolling round so frisky and free,  
 First gnawing a bone, then biting a flea;  
 Jumping.

Running,

After the pony.

Beautiful pup, you will soon be bolony !

PETREL STORM.

---

---

## ATHLETICS

### ' VARSITY.

Since the last issue of this periodical, the cold and sleet are gone. Old King Winter has departed for parts unknown, and in his stead have come the balmy days that foretell of spring, with its green grass and budding trees, but, most of all, of baseball bats and other things. Since the first robin was seen to chirp from the tops of the campus trees, there has always been seen a flock of "future greats" showing their wares upon the campus diamonds. Daily the meeting of the horsehide and the ash sends its sounds reverberating through the air down to the confines of the city's business center.

Duquesne has ever and always held sway among colleges of this district and we feel confident that this year will be no exception. Although there is a dearth of veteran material, since no member of the 1917 team has returned to school, we are nevertheless convinced that Coach Martin will have a team capable of coping with the best when the date for the opening game rolls around. At present he has some fine material to count on, and should be able to find a working combination. Some of those who have reported for the practice sessions are Vebelunas, Flanagan, McCann, Kettl, Topping, Marecki, Bittinger, Wolak, Davies, McGrath, Joyce, Krepley, Grecco, Bielski, Sabaniec, Garahan, Michler, Mulvehill and Ruffenbach. Manager James J McCloskey has almost completed his ' Varsity schedule, and among the teams to be seen on the Duke Campus are W. Virginia Wesleyan, Kiski, Westminster, Bethany, Indiana Normal, Muskingum and Waynesburg.

J. J. McCLOSKEY, '19.

### UNIVERSITY HIGH.

The University High squad should come up to expectations since a number of last year's men are available. They have been put through some very strenuous practice sessions and are in excellent condition.

Those who are trying for berths on the squad are Caye, Carl, Walsh. D. Rooney, the Ferguson twins, Hudock, Doyle, O'Neil, Cherdini, Cingolani and other lesser lights.

The schedule for the team is gradually rounding into shape; some of the best nines of the tri-district will meet the ' Varsity, while the High School is assured of meeting some of the strongest nines in this district.

J. A. DEASY, High, '20.



**DUKE JUNIORS.**

Thirty-three candidates applied for positions on the Duke Juniors. After a three weeks' practice, the following players were chosen: Walsh, Snyder and McQuade, catchers; Bick, Flynn and Rozenas, pitchers; Sullivan, Egan, Titz and Ritter, infielders; Hoffmann, Nee, Brice and Absalom, outfielders.

V. B. SMITH, High, '20.

**MINIMS.**

For the Minims nearly fifty aspirants to diamond fame assembled at the call of the Manager. Two weeks' practice under the keen eye of the Coach resulted in the elimination of thirty-three; the survivors are as follows: Barry, Boyle, Bullion, Collins, Curran, Dunn, Foley, Ibitz, Julius, Kaveny, McCaffrey, Regan, Savage, Sweeney and Wissenbach.

THOMAS KAVENY, High, '22.

**A REMARKABLE BOOK****GLORIES OF THE HOLY GHOST**

WITH 100 ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

REV. WILLIAM F. STADELMAN, C. S. Sp.

Author of *Eucharistic Soul Elevations*,  
*Sparks of Truth, Etc.*

PRICE \$3.50.

Address Mission Press, S. V. D., Techny, Ill.

**READ****THE PARACLETE**

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Honor of the Holy Ghost

Published by the Holy Ghost Fathers

And Containing Contributions by Leading Authors  
of the Day

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50

Address—Holy Ghost Fathers,

Cornwells Heights, Pa.

Prompt Attention

AUTOMOBILE SERVICE

Day and Night

**JOHN J. CARNEY**  
**FUNERAL DIRECTOR**

2524-2526 CARSON STREET, PITTSBURGH

Bell Phones, 1027 R Hemlock and 176 Hemlock

Hill Top Office, 247 Orchard Place, Knoxville

Bell Phone Hill 298

Established 1875

Thomas E. Wall

DRUGGIST

643 FIFTH AVENUE

PITTSBURGH

Let Us Do Your

PRINTING

and be satisfied

**FAHEY & CO.**

25 SHINGISS ST.

PITTSBURGH

Bell Phone 540 Hemlock.

**F. W. IMMEKUS**

Window Shades]

Paints

Linoleum and Wall Paper

1317-19 Carson Street, S. S.

Bell, 1856 Court

Plate Glass

Window Glass

Rough and Ribbed Skylight

Bent Glass

Ornamental Glass

**GEO. A. KIM & CO.**

318-320 FIRST AVE.

PITTSBURGH

Bet. Wood and Smithfield Streets

A famous New York hatter makes

*Oetting's Hats*

**OTTO OETTING,**

643 SMITHFIELD STREET

PITTSBURGH



Established 1865



Wants a Plumber, Quick

**BUERKLE PLUMBING CO.**

245 THIRD AVENUE, PITTSBURGH

Bell, 80 L Hemlock  
A. Rausch John Rausch Jos. Rausch  
Graining and Glazing  
Orders Attended to Promptly

## AUGUST RAUSCH & BROS.

House, Sign and Fresco

### PAINTERS

Estimates furnished on Cleaning all kinds of Paints. All kinds of Paints, mixed ready for use. Sole distributors of E-Z Paint and Varnish Cleaner.

94 Pius Street, S. S., Pittsburgh

---

## F. X. MANSMANN CO.

### MANX UNION SUITS a Specialty

Medium and Heavy Weights

\$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50, Up

Every Garment Guaranteed

FIFTH AVENUE ARCADE

PITTSBURGH, PA.

---

Established 1890

## LATSHAW-FEERST CO.

RECEIVERS AND SHIPPERS

### BUTTER and EGGS

202 FERRY STREET

PITTSBURGH

Bell, 9040 Court P. & A. 1369 Main

## JAS. W. FISHER

Wholesale  
and Retail

## FISH AND OYSTERS

66 Diamond Market

33 Diamond Square

PITTSBURGH

---

TELEPHONE GRANT 15

Fort Pitt

## Lithographing Co.

Engravers Printers

Lithographers Bank Stationers

701-703 Forbes Street

PITTSBURGH

---

## PENN SALES BOOK CO.

4070 Jenkins Arcade Bldg  
Pittsburgh.

### SALES BOOKS

All Styles

Duplicate and Triphcate

Telephone F. T. WINTER,

Grant 6856

---

# G. B. HURT

INCORPORATED

## Wholesale Grocers

HOTEL, BAKERS AND CONFECTIONERS SUPPLIES

PENN AVENUE and WATER STREET

PITTSBURGH

BELL PHONE 683 GRANT

# BURNS, FLEMING & CO.

## ENGINEERS and CONTRACTORS

Steam and Hot Water Heating and Ventilating Apparatus.  
General Steam Fitting and Power Plants.

815 FORBES STREET, PITTSBURGH, PA.

---

# PAINTS, VARNISHES AND BRUSHES

are like medicine. They are only cheap when you  
get the right kind for the right purpose  
To be sure of your painting material be sure of your dealer  
In business 68 years

## C. A. MICHEL & CO.

949 Liberty Avenue, Pittsburgh  
(OPPOSITE SMITHFIELD STREET)

---

JOHN DIMLING      H. B. DEMMLEE  
President.      V. Pres.  
C. A. MUEHLBRONNER, V. Pres.  
CHARLES E. SCHUETZ, Cashier  
JOHN H. DEMMLEE, Asst. Cashier

## Western Savings and Deposit Bank

OLIVER BUILDING, 533 Smithfield St  
PITTSBURGH

Accounts of Individuals and Corpora-  
tions Solicited.

4 per cent. paid on Time Deposits.

2 per cent. paid on Checking Accounts

COMPLIMENTS  
OF

## M. LETZELTER

4614-4616

LIBERTY AVENUE

---

FISK 156



*Ice Cream-Hermes-Milk*  
QUALITY

Scientifically  
pure

24 hours  
Fresher

Phones, Grant or Main 100

HERMES—O. & P. MILK CO.

THE BEST IN ROLLING MILL MACHINERY

Mackintosh-Hemphill & Co.

MANGANITE

ROLLS

STEEL



GILLESPIE BROS.  
Diamond Importers      Jewelers  
Second Floor Jenkins Arcade

Phone Hemlock 147

**Mrs. S. Kersting**

Religious Articles,  
School Books and Candles  
Wholesale and Retail

The Right Goods at the Right Place

104 PIUS STREET  
S. S., PITTSBURGH, PA.



F. N. HOFSTOT, President  
T. W. FRIEND, Vice President

GEORGE C. SCHMIDT, Cashier  
H. J. C. BREKER, Asst Cashier

# National Bank of America

709-711 East Ohio Street, Pittsburgh

CAPITAL \$200,000.00

SURPLUS \$350,000.00

---

**A. KLEIN**  
3705 Butler St., Pittsburg

**HOLIDAY SPECIALTIES**  
in Church Goods

Bell Phone, Fisk 1572

---



PITTSBURGH

Invites the Accounts of Individuals, Firms and Corporations  
Every courtesy extended Depositors  
without reference to size of their accounts.

Capital and Surplus, \$2,100,000.00

FIFTH AND LIBERTY AVENUES

---

## The Pittsburg Observer

\$1.50 a Year

AMERICA'S FOREMOST WEEKLY

---



*The Bank to Bank on and Bank in*  
423 WOOD ST. COR. WOOD  
AND DIAMOND

WHEN YOU'RE IN A HURRY



**Phone  
Hemlock 700**

THE KEYSTONE LUMBER CO., PITTSBURGH

---

**Let the 7 BAKER BROS. Do Your Baking**

**AND PROMOTE PITTSBURGH**

None but the best and purest of materials  
are used exclusively in our

**"HOLSUM"** Bakery Products

Your Grocer Has Them

---

**THE J. H. MACKALL CO.**

Manufacturers of

**CAKES, CRACKERS, CANDY**

Successors to  
E. Maginn

**OYSTER CRACKERS**

OUR SPECIALTY

---



**WM. WUERTHELE**

Manufacturer and Dealer in  
New and Second Hand

**BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES**

Bowling Alley Supplies. Repairing of Tables  
our Specialty. Turning of Billiard, Pool  
and Bowling Balls and Cues to Order.

**412 Diamond Street PITTSBURGH**



**INKS**

Library  
Paste  
Mucilage  
and  
Glue

**J. C. SWEARINGEN INK CO**

**Pittsburgh**

# GRAFNER BROS.

## Wholesale JEWELERS

IMPORTERS OF DIAMONDS

811 Liberty Avenue  
Pittsburgh

---

Bell, 9424 Grant P. & A. 5491 M Pitt

## SNIGO'S

Ice Cream and Ices  
Have No Equal

Brick Cream a Specialty  
Any Flavor Desired at Short Notice  
Wholesale and Retail

607 FIFTH AVE., PITTSBURGH

---

## Eugene S. Reilly & Co.

### REAL ESTATE

Mortgages Insurance

430-432 Fourth Avenue  
PITTSBURGH

Private Exchange Court No. 1

---

## GROGAN COMPANY

Direct your attention to  
their stock of

Jewelry Silverware  
Watches and Clocks

At all times complete and of the  
highest quality

Wood Street and Sixth Avenue  
PITTSBURGH

Edward S. Bily H. G. Stratman  
E. A. Williams

## CHARLES BILY CO. TAILORS

Suite 219-21-23 Union Arcade  
Pittsburgh

Bell Tel. 2568 Grant

---

## Bailey-Farrell Manufacturing Co.

Plumbing Supplies  
Heating Supplies

---

Oldest House in the line  
in Western Penn'a.

---

Office and Warehouse  
Third and Ross

EXHIBIT ROOMS  
UNION ARCADE  
PITTSBURGH

---



"Her Favorite"  
Chocolates



Phone 1107 Court.

**STALL 74**

**Some people eat good meat  
some of the time, but those  
who deal at Schlelein's eat  
good meat all the time.**

**Positively the one best quality of Home-  
dressed and Government-inspected Meats**

**J. & W. SCHLELEIN**

**PITTSBURGH MARKET**

---

**Our Sausage and Bologna have no equal**

---

**MANSMANN'S**  
UPTOWN DAYLIGHT STORE

**5911-5915 PENN AVENUE**

**East End**

**PITTSBURGH**

---

What Eichenlaub's Sell You is Good

**EICHENLAUB'S**  
**FURNITURE, RUGS, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES**  
**3501-3503 Butler Street, Pittsburgh**

---

**TERHEYDEN CO.**

**DIAMONDS**

**530 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh**

ESTABLISHED 1884

The Oldest Popular Price Tailor in  
Greater Pittsburgh

Suits Made to Your Order

\$15, 18, 20, 22, 25

Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed or Money Refunded

**LEEDS COMPANY**

**PROGRESSIVE TAILORS**

128 Sixth Street, opp. Alvin

6225 Frankstown Avenue, E. E.  
10 doors from Penn Avenue

150 Carson Street, S. S.

**PITTSBURGH**

---

NEW GALLERIES

**Wunderly Bros.**

*Fine Art Dealers*

512 Wood St. 306-8-10 Oliver Ave.

**PITTSBURGH**

---

**White**

**Transfer & Storage Co.**

Furniture Storage Only

Separate Apartments Low Prices

Motor Trucks, Vans or Wagons for  
Moving

Office 708 Duquesne Way and  
715 Seal Street

No North Side Branch

---

**D. Rosser**  
**STUDIO**

347 Fifth Avenue

**PITTSBURGH**

Work of this Studio Awarded Twenty  
Nine National and State Awards

---

Bell Phone 1086 Fisk

Carriages

Automobiles

**O. J. GOETZ, F. D**

*Leichenbestatter*

**3509 Penn Avenue**

**PITTSBURGH**

# D'YOUVILLE COLLEGE

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Under the Direction of the Grey Nuns

A College for Women, chartered by Act of Legislature of the State of New York. Registered with the University of the State of New York.

---

Courses leading to degrees in *Arts, Science, Pedagogy, Literature and Music*  
Special preparation for High School Teaching.  
Design and Painting, under Male Instructor.

RIGHT REV. DENIS J. DOUGHERTY, D. D., Chancellor.

SISTER ST. STANISLAUS,  
President.

WILLIAM A. MARTIN, M. A.  
Director of Studies.

## FACULTY :

Members of the Grey Nuns' Community, Members of the Clergy,  
and Men and Women Lay Specialists.

---

## Holy Angels' Academy

In Connection with D'Youville College

College Preparatory and General Culture Courses. Music, Languages,  
Design and Painting. New York State Regents' Diplomas.

---

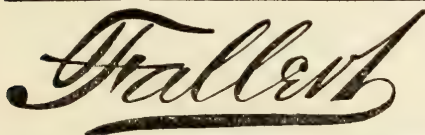
## BOLD'S HOME-MADE BREAD

BAKED FRESH EVERY DAY.

It is so manifestly good and fresh that it produces a light,  
flaky crust that melts deliciously in the mouth, and there  
is no soaking in of the filling, nor soginess, no indigestion.  
Every Loaf is of Uniform Excellence, the Standard by which  
others are judged.

AUGUST BOLD, 821-29 Industry St., Pittsburgh

---



Bell Phones: Hemlock 308 R

Hill 412 W

Commercial Photography

Photographer

Portraits in Crayon, Oil and Water Color Paintings

1207 Carson Street and Post Office Building, Mt. Oliver

---

## WAGNER BROS. SHOE CO.

WHOLESALE SHOES

429 LIBERTY AVENUE

PITTSBURGH

# Duquesne Monthly

A Literary Magazine

Vol. XXVI.

JUNE, 1919

No. 9

---

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR  
BY THE STUDENTS OF DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY

---

TERMS : ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE  
ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

Address, Duquesne Monthly, Duquesne University, Pittsburgh, Pa.

---

Entered as second-class matter, at the Pittsburgh  
Postoffice, April 30, 1911

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103,  
Act of October 3, 1917, authorized October 22, 1918.

---

JUSTIN J. GALLAGHER, '19, Editor-in-Chief

JAMES J. McCLOSKEY, '19	CYRIL J. KRONZ, '20	Associate Editors
FRANCIS J. LIGDAY, '20	ANDREW J. KING, '22	Exchanges
M. NOON GLYNN, '20	.	Alumni
LEO J. MCINTYRE, '22	.	Chronicle
T. ROBERT SULLIVAN, '19 (H. S.)	.	Athletics

The U. S. Post Office has asked us to announce that there is still great need for magazines for soldiers, sailors, and marines, and that unwrapped magazines intended for them should bear the following modification of the previous notice:—

#### NOTICE TO READER.

When you finish reading a magazine bearing this notice, place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers, sailors or marines. No Wrapping—No Address.

A. S. BURLESON,  
Postmaster General.



# Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXVI.

JUNE, 1919.

Number 9

## Duquesne's Song.

### I.

**H**AVE you been to the school on the Bluff's high hill,  
That of old foreknew she'd a work to fulfil,  
Have you been to the school that is glorious still  
With the laurels her fair brow adorning?

### CHORUS.

For the sound of her name stirs the heart of a throng,  
And the colors she boasts cause their cheers to prolong.  
Glorious Duquesne! loyal sons raise their song:  
God preserve thee fore'er, Alma Mater!

### II.

Yes, I've been to the school and the campus too:  
Olden wisdom I've learned that is yet ever new,  
Endless faith I have sworn to the friends tried and true  
That I met in the glow of life's morning.

### III.

Hail to thee, old Duquesne, tender youth's sure guide!  
Lead thy sons to the truth that shall ever abide.  
They shall lavish on thee all their love and their pride,  
Whom they first learned to love in life's morning.

J. F. MALLOY, '04.

## My Experiences at the Front.

**A**T the earnest request of the editors of the MONTHLY, I have consented to reproduce for publication recollections of my experiences at the front. As in the case of the heroes of the Civil War, to whose stories we listened with an absorbing interest in our youthful and trusting years, it may be that after some decade of years, fancy will weave into the web and woof of my memoir threads of vivid portrayals of battlefields I have not seen, and of personal encounters at the point of pistol and bayonet yet undreamed of, all of which doubtless will tend to encircle my brow with a halo of glory and to enhance my narrative with a fascination that it does not now possess. Regardless of what embellishments the future and a fertile imagination may suggest, I purpose now to attempt nothing more ambitious than a plain, unvarnished tale, recording the events succinctly and unadorned from the day of my enlistment until I became the occupant of a cot in a French hospital, victim of German mustard gas.

I enlisted in the 110th Infantry and had my preliminary training at Camp Hancock, Ga. Early in May, 1918, we left for France, and reached it by way of Liverpool, Dover, and Calais. Our overseas training was conducted until July; on the 4th of that month, at two in the morning, we were ordered to prepare for service in the line of support along the Marne river.

We arrived near the front just when the Germans were about to begin their Victory Drive, the attack that was to carry them on to Paris, there to dictate to the allies the terms of peace. They were but forty kilometres from their grand objective, and they imagined that with one overwhelming rush they could brush aside all opposition and thoroughly dishearten even the most hopeful of the French. We occupied a blind valley—it had no opening except that by which we had entered. We were to serve as a support in the attack, and had already spent a week unnoticed awaiting the memorable fourteenth of July, the day selected by the enemy for his final spurt. But we had been spotted from the sky, and at 3 o'clock in the morning Jerry sent his shrapnel over us. The shells came sometimes one every minute, and sometimes in flocks. We had been instructed to seek shelter in a creek hard by in case of attack, and I may mention that we appropriated the creek and its watery floor in record-breaking time. It was anything but comforting to hear the minnie balls whistling through the air and the bursting shells sending their splinters around with a whine until they struck the

earth with a thud and buried themselves deep in the surrounding hillsides. Some shells made holes so large that it was necessary only to dig corners in them to have cellars ready made for good-sized buildings. We suffered very few casualties on this occasion as the shelter was near and the men lost no time in reaching it. The American soldier is as fearless as any man, but his natural caution asserted itself, and every now and then we could hear such expressions as "Hey, bud, duck that match," "Put out that cigarette." We were anxious to prevent the enemy from discovering our retreat.

The following day we received orders to move closer to the front. We were marching out of the valley in platoon sections of combatant groups at intervals of from three to five hundred yards. Fritz was still shelling this valley as we swung along headed towards the line. Two miles farther on, the valley made an abrupt turn and we came under the observation of two balloons. The enemy artillery got our range, and a well-directed shell struck our platoon and literally tore it to shreds, wounding at the same time two French officers and mangling their horses. Splinters from the shell would have accounted for me and those in my immediate neighborhood had they not been buried in the horses. We could not stop to help the wounded; to tarry would be inviting death, for another shell might burst there at any moment. We felt miserable as we pushed on with the moans and groans of forty-three out of our fifty-seven men assailing our ears, but later the news that the following platoon had rushed them to the first medical station, cheered us considerably.

We were taken into a neighboring valley for replacements; then we continued our forward march until we arrived as night fell within half a mile of the Marne river. For the first and last time we entered small trenches. From these we saw a German patrol of a hundred men annihilated by our artillery. It had broken through the French line, and had entered a large building. Our guns got the range and razed the building to the ground, not a man escaping.

Our artillery was roaring day and night, lighting up the hills and thundering through the valleys. The Germans replied with every denomination of shell from one to twelve inches. Some whined as they came over; others sounded like freight trains; some just whistled, and others made a noise very much like G. I. cans. The Austrian eighty-eight, the fastest gun in the war, vomited out shells which we called whizzie-bangs; they could be heard

coming a mile away, and before we could bat an eye they had exploded perilously near us. About eighty per cent. of the American soldiers attribute their wounds to exploding shells, splinters from an ounce to a pound flying in every direction.

As day began to break we were relieved from the front line, and retired to the line of support half a kilometre from the town of Courville. As we occupied the ridge of a hill we could look over this town and watch Fritz's bursting shells. They would start off with a whine, describe a graceful curve, and gain slightly in speed as they assumed their downward course; they would burst with a roar, scattering clay and rocks or razing houses to the ground.

We were out next night, helping the engineers to string barbed wire between the front line and the line of support when Fritz sent a hail of one-pounders right at us. They came in tens with scarcely an interval between them, but as the first fell short we made a quick get-a-way to our fox holes—little trenches dug in the ground, six feet long and about four feet deep. From the dull thud with which they exploded, we concluded that they were gas shells.

From the support line we were ordered to the firing line, a few kilometres from Chateau-Thierry. We advanced in a single file column, the men being five yards apart. After marching a kilometre in this order, we were thrown into combatant groups—an excellent formation designed to protect the men from being wounded in large bodies, and favoring the organization of first and second wave men, with the automatic squads capable of taking up a position on either flank. We had just got into platoon sections of combatant groups when the Germans threw a barrage over us. The sensation of having shells bursting close to us, and of splinters whistling through the air at the rate of miles a minute, was anything but pleasant. Every nerve was strained and tense, and every moment, we thought, would be our last. On we went, however, in trepidation but in safety. We arrived on the firing line as skirmishers. Our objective was a forest. A few Frenchies were with us as guides. They were full of "pep" and courage. They would cautiously advance a few steps, stop and listen. At a signal communicated along the line, our rifles would come up with a snap and pour a volley into the forest. After a few more steps, another batch of good Amex lead would be sent in to greet the Fritzies. When we had reached the outskirts of the forest, one of the guides listened awhile and then



said something in German. Immediately out came a string of thirty Fritzies surrendering as our prisoners. They were big men well developed. At first they seemed ill at ease as their officers had told them that the Amexes were Indians who would scalp them and then torture them to death. Soon, however, they seemed glad to have been taken. They belonged to the Prussian Guard, the very flower of the Kaiser's troops, but every time the 110th advanced against them, they just drooped and withered away. We out-pointed and out-fought them in every department of warfare. For the American soldier is trained to take orders but also to use his own initiative and to think intelligently. A little strategy has saved the life of many a soldier. To illustrate: a report of "gas" came down the line; a soldier lying beside the automatic gunner exposed himself for a moment whilst adjusting his mask, and immediately was picked off by a sniper. The gunner was shot at but missed. In a flash he realized his danger, and rolled over on his side as if hit; but, as he rolled, he kept his automatic trained on the spot occupied by the snipers. Soon he avenged his fallen comrade. As two of the Germans exposed themselves, he turned his automatic loose, and a steady stream of bullets did the work.

At midnight we were relieved by a Michigan division. We tramped till five in the morning and then lay down in a large field to sleep. At noon we were awakened and marched off to a forest two kilometres away, there to camouflage ourselves and await developments. We thought we were safe, but early in the morning we were aroused from a sound sleep by the bursting of shells in our midst. We were being bombed, and the bombs played havoc with our regiment. I had a narrow escape; a splinter of a shell cut down a young locust tree hard by, and for a while I was entangled in the branches. The moans of the wounded were heart-rending; their bodies were torn and broken. So numerous were the dead that the regimental kitchens were kept busy all that day making crosses to indicate their last resting places. In the evening we changed our position lest we might again be attacked.

Wherever we met the French soldiers we got along with them admirably. One would imagine we had been acquainted for years. The French civilians liked the Americans too, but they liked our money better. The story goes that if a Frenchman enters a store, he gets what he wants for perhaps two francs. The Canadian gets the same article for five, but the wily French-

man knows that the Yank has *beaucoup de francs*, and taxes him accordingly to the extent of twice what the Canadian has paid. Our experiences seem to confirm the story. We knew about four words, and *combien* was one of them. When the doughboy said *combien* on making a purchase, the native answered in his own tongue, leaving the purchaser as wise or as ignorant as he was before; scratching his head in perplexity, he would pull out a handful of coins and let the Frenchman take what he pleased. Both seemed satisfied on the conclusion of the deal, but I feel safe in asserting that the Amex soldier made many a prosperous French civilian.

After we left the forest where we had been bombed, we were taken to a camp within half a kilometre of the city. Here we remained three days and saw the first air raids. A squadron of German planes came nightly and bombed the town. Searchlights operating in the country round flashed in every direction across the murky heavens, lighting them up, and occasionally locating a plane. Immediately the aviator would resort to all kinds of manoeuvres to escape into the darkness and usually he would succeed after a few minutes of dare-devil flying; in the meantime he had to take his chances from the anti-aircraft guns sending up their shells at every angle. We looked on as mere spectators with nothing to risk, and we even laughed at the five hundred Chinese laborers scampering from their camp to the dug-outs at the sound of the first shot fired. We did not realize the devastation that air bombs could create; we were but green troops just entering the death struggle and yet unfamiliar with the stern realities of war. But after the first grim experience we lost no time in seeking safety at the announcement of danger from the clouds.

While in the support lines at Chateau-Thierry, we saw Quentin Roosevelt fall to his death. A squadron of twelve planes were engaged in reconnoitring the German lines, and the German Archies were fairly making a seething volcano of the sky. Their shells appeared to burst about ten yards apart to a depth of fifty yards, but all close to the tails of the airplanes. The shells seemed countless in number; that only one plane was hit surprised us. It was Quentin Roosevelt's. His fall was peculiar; the machine made complete revolutions from wing tip to wing tip until it disappeared behind a hill within the German lines. The rest of the fleet, incapable of coming to his aid, calmly kept on until their reconnaissance was completed.

When attacking our observation balloons, the German machines just seemed to come from nowhere; they might as well have dropped from the sky. Not unfrequently they were disguised with our insignia. Immediately on being attacked, the balloon observers leap out with their parachutes; those in charge below begin to haul down the bag, and the anti-aircraft guns get busy. In the meantime the enemy plane from above makes a target of the bag with his solid and incendiary bullets; round and round he circles or manoeuvres at unexpected angles, pumping his machine-gun at the envelope, and with his usual luck he escapes as soon as he notices a tiny flame bursting out from a rent in the balloon and gradually increasing in volume as it licks its destructive way upward. From his eyrie 'neath a cloud he sees its downward crash, and in his glee thinks little of the storm of hate and vengeance that is brewing against him and about to burst with irresistible fury.

When the infantry is advancing, observation balloons attached to trucks reconnoitre the enemy's location and direct the fire of the artillery. When the German planes reconnoitre our lines they approach in a combatant formation in the form of the letter V; as soon as they arrive directly over our lines, they assume another formation in the form of a circle for their mutual protection, several being able to come quickly to the aid of the one that is attacked.

While in support at the Vesle river, a few of us went down to a spring to replenish our canteens. From there we saw a big German Albatross airplane flying from our back areas towards his own lines. There was not an allied plane in sight. We got under a tree to escape notice. Suddenly and to our great surprise we heard machine-gun firing; three French Spads had assembled from apparently nowhere and were flying straight at the German machine. One of the Spads attacked, and the other two followed closely. It looked like a toothpick in comparison with the immense Albatross. Its movements mystified the occupants of the larger machine; it flew over them, under them, around them, and with such lightning-like rapidity that it appeared everywhere at once, peppering them at the same time with a stream of machine-gun bullets. The bullets took effect and the German fell zigzagging through the air like a bird in pursuit of an elusive insect.

A few days later an anti-aircraft gun brought down a German plane by striking it in a vital part of the engine. The



occupants shut off the power and glided down within our lines. One of them attempted to destroy the plane but a chorus of yells and the threatening points of a number of bayonets caused him to desist. A couple of blood-thirsty Algerians arrived on the spot and were for killing the captives with the knives they brandished. We secured a number of souvenirs, the most prized being two pairs of field glasses far surpassing in clearness and focusing facilities anything that the allies had so far produced.

We held the line at Fismes for seven days, the 110th Machine-Gun Battalion from three to five hundred yards in our rear. This is the position the supporting line usually holds. But when we advanced the machine-guns were right with us, one man carrying the machine-gun barrel, another the tripod on which it stands, and a third the ammunition clips ready for use. When the first few hundred yards have been covered, the advance is stopped, the machine-gun is set up, the gunner takes up his position, and sprays bullets all over the places he has reasons for believing the enemy occupies. The same tactics are repeated until the objective is reached. At the Vesle river the machine-guns were from one to two hundred yards apart. During the night these guns would be fired off, one here, one there, to show the enemy that we were on the alert ready to give him a warm reception should he decide to attack. In this case, his machine-guns fire faster than usual and Vary lights illumine the heavens, turning night into day. Then woe betide the unwary American that exposes himself for an instant. The sniper or the Baby Maxim gets him. The German Baby Maxim is set up on bipods; it can be shot from the hip as the gunner advances; the cartridges are fed into it from a canvas belt thirty feet long; one belt can be attached to another; three bullets have already entered the barrel before the first one issues. It has several points of advantage over the French Shoo Shot Gun; the latter sprays its shot irregularly, jumps around, and is easily put out of commission. Each company was supplied with eight of these guns.

For three days we had not tasted any food, as permission from battalion headquarters had not arrived, permitting us to eat our iron rations. These rations consisted of two cans of bully beef (monkey meat, the boys called it) and two packages of crackers. I was one of a party detailed to locate the ration dump, and bring up supplies. For days we scouted about looking for that ration dump. Fortunately ours was not the only party sent out in search of it. A couple of runners notified us



that it had been found and that we should return to our company. On the arrival of the supplies we dined luxuriously on soup, bread and canned salmon. The inner man was satisfied. A surprise was awaiting us. We were to organize a raid at three next morning. As the zero hour approached, signs of nervousness manifested themselves more and more, but the moment the fateful hour arrived and the men issued from the holes they occupied, all were steady again with their nerves in perfect control. Armed with rifles and supplied with hand grenades we advanced slowly and cautiously. The German lines were only two hundred yards away when the Vary lights betrayed us. At once infantry and machine-gun fire raised such a racket as if the nether regions had been let loose and the red flares of the enemy called for a curtain of fire. To wait a moment or two would mean that the barrage would cut us off from retreat, and we would be captured or killed. We scampered to our fox holes with break-neck speed, and, oh, boy, that little retreat of mine seemed to me the best spot on old man Foch's map. Some of course had not been able to get back quickly enough. A boy from the South had his legs punctured with machine-gun bullets; that was bad enough, but a few seconds later a German tomato-masher came over and exploded beside him. He sustained twenty-seven wounds, and yet was able to get back to the lines with a little support. He is now being treated at the Parkview hospital.

The next period of rest we enjoyed, we devoted to the destruction of cooties, the most persistent little parasites that the soldier encounters. They are unlimited in number and animated with a passion for movement as resistless as that of the Wandering Jew. A series of baths treated with chemicals and an absolutely fresh supply of clothing seem to be the only means effectively to get rid of them. They keep the soldier busy by day and restless by night; if they were only unanimous they could pull him whither they willed.

Our next move was to the front line. An attack was expected. At daybreak, after breakfast, we advanced in a single file column, through valleys and over hills, the file stretching for a couple of miles behind us. As soon as we had reached what had been No Man's Land, my squad was detailed off for patrol work, and the rest of the platoon was ordered into a valley to await further instructions. Having crossed the Vesle river in front of Fismes, we fell into skirmish formation and advanced to the plateau overlooking the valley. Here we came under the enemy's fire and had to seek safety in shell holes until we could

emerge with safety. We were able to locate the enemy's guns. At midnight we started off in search of the twenty-seventh division. A gap extended between their flank and ours. Were the Germans to discover the opening, they would use it to our ruin. Having acquired the information needed, we dispatched runners to apprise headquarters. The rest of us retired to a cave we had run across in our peregrinations. It had probably been used by the Germans as a first aid station. It was large enough to accommodate a battalion. The fact that there was considerable smoke within did not alarm us or excite our suspicions, and we lay down to sleep until the following morning. We were awakened several times by small explosions that seemed to occur at half-hour intervals. We attributed the noise to the explosion of cartridges coming in contact with the spreading fire, and paid little attention to it. About three o'clock in the morning four of us were sent out on post duty. Two hours later those we had left behind came out of the cave the very picture of misery and vomiting severely. What we had taken for cartridge discharges were really time gas-bomb explosions. We sent the men back to the first aid station. We had not yet felt any of the effects of the gas.

At half-past six that morning the seventy-seventh infantry passed us as we were going up to the plateau to attack from our left. A few German aeroplanes hovered over us, taking observations of the line and of the troops advancing to the attack. Soon shells of every variety were hurled at us. When the fire became too hot we dropped to the ground, and waited for a lull in the tempest. Then we marched forward in platoon sections of combatant groups, later resolving ourselves into skirmishing lines. The gas soon began to show its effects. Our eyes burned, and we felt wretched inwardly. However, "the labor we delighted in physicked pain," and we kept on peppering the Germans till we had them headed on a fast run towards the river Rhine. Then only did we yield to the pressing need of medical attention. The doctors had us taken to the nearest hospital. For weeks we could not speak above a whisper, but gradually we improved and in less than two months we were ready for the line again. Just when we were feeling in the finest fettle, the armistice was signed. We were amongst the first to profit of its blessings and to ship for home. The trip across the Atlantic was uneventful. We were impatient to be back; our hearts thrilled with joy as the look-out announced "Land!" Immediately

"The soldiers sighed as rose their native shore  
And climbed the mast to feast their eyes once more."

WILLIAM R. VEBELUNAS, 4th Hi.

## The Invisible Detective.

“THIS crime wave has got to be stopped,” declared Chief of Police Farrell, positively. “The first thing we know, some of these reformers will be wanting to oust us.”

“That’s the seventh time you’ve said that,” growled Taylor, head of the detective bureau, biting savagely on the end of a very black cigar. “Suppose you suggest some way of stopping it. I’m sure I’ve sat up nights for a month trying to think of some idea of putting those thugs in the coop. I’ve had my men on the job night and day. We’ve caught a good many foot-pads, but it still goes on. Besides, the ones we’ve caught are only rank amateurs. Those fellows who’ve been doing the real rough work, safe-cracking and so forth, have made pretty sure of their getaway before they did anything. The men on the force are just ordinary ‘bulls’. They’re not Sherlock Holmeses.”

“Speaking of Sherlock Holmes, I certainly wish we had him here,” remarked Farrell, “He’d surely—”

“Pardon me, gentlemen,” cut in a voice at my side, “but your speaking of Sherlock Holmes gives me an idea.”

The two police officers turned curiously. I did likewise, and found myself looking into the face of a young man, about twenty-five years of age. He was dressed quietly, and had the general appearance of a cub reporter on one of the city’s large dailies.

“Speak up, then, young man,” commanded the detective chief, “that is if it has anything to do with running down those thugs who have been operating lately.”

“Very well, sir,” replied the young reporter, “but first of all, let me tell you that it is rather a hazy suggestion at best, and perhaps you will think it impracticable.”

“Tell it anyway,” urged Chief Farrell. “It’s better than nothing at all. At least, it’s worth hearing.”

“I suppose you gentlemen know that I’m a stranger in this office,” began the young man. “In fact this is my first real assignment, but I’ve made something of a study of criminals, and among other things, I’ve found that there’s nothing the average criminal fears more than a man who has a reputation for fathoming mysteries, and for laying his hand on the guilty party. Now the men whom you gentlemen have captured are mostly petty thieves. As Mr. Taylor has said, the real criminals are at large.

“For, as far as I know, there is no crook around these parts, who is what may be called a real genius in crime. They



possess plenty of mechanical ability, but they lack real intelligence.

"Well, here's my idea. As you gentlemen probably know, it's a great deal easier to scare an ignorant man than an educated one, for the latter has both brains and brawn for means of escape, while the former possesses brute strength only.

"Any crook is equal to an ordinary policeman, who has to catch the crook in the act, or let him get away altogether. But let that same crook get up against a man with brains, who can pick up a cold trail and follow it till he lands his man,—well, the crook will be pretty sure to get 'cold feet', and either adopt some other profession, or leave the district.

"Now my idea is this: import a noted foreign detective, and give him plenty of publicity."

He was interrupted by Detective Taylor. "We'll hear the rest of your story in private, young man," he said curtly.

I took the hint, and said, "Good afternoon."

The following day I arrived bright and early at headquarters, and asked to see Chief Farrell. I was ushered into the police head's presence without delay.

"Hello, Morrison," greeted Farrell, as I entered.

"Good morning, Chief," I returned. "I've just come over to see if you'd found a way of stopping these crooks who've been operating around here lately. By the way, how about that little idea that young fellow was explaining yesterday?"

"You mean Mr. Keating?" inquired the chief, cautiously.

"I guess that's whom I mean," I replied. "I don't know his name."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Morrison," said Chief Farrell sympathetically, "but I am not in a position to disclose anything to the press just yet. The fact is, we haven't fully decided upon the plan. Besides, Mr. Keating has requested that it be kept dark until it is an assured success. There are some features which we cannot allow to become public at all."

"I realize your position, Mr. Farrell, I said hastily. "Just so I get it when the other papers do, I'm satisfied."

I picked up my hat and started for the door.

"Oh, yes, Morrison, I almost forgot," called the chief after me. "If you'll be around here at two o'clock this afternoon, I may have something that will interest you."

"Thanks, Mr. Farrell, I replied, "I'll be here at two. Good morning."



I left the building, and busied myself on several minor assignments, which occupied the rest of the morning.

Promptly at two o'clock, I presented myself at the police chief's office.

He greeted me warmly, and led me into his private room behind the office. There I found representatives of the different dailies of the city, who had also been summoned by Chief Farrell.

"Well, gentlemen," began the chief, "I have just received a 'phone call from Mr. Taylor. He says he has made all arrangements for carrying out Mr. Keating's scheme. All I am to do just now is to give you reporters the news as it comes in.

"But before I say anything, I must tell you that it is absolutely necessary for the police department to have the complete co-operation of the press. You must do exactly as I say, and must print nothing about this matter without permission from Mr. Taylor or myself. Will you all do this? Remember it is for the good of the people of this city."

Each reporter in the room nodded his assent to Chief Farrell's appeal, and leaned forward in his chair, eager to catch every word spoken by him.

"Very well, gentlemen," said the chief with a pleased smile. "Here is the first item: It must go on the front page, with a large type headline, and must be written so as to make it appear as if it had leaked out, without official announcement. Don't drop the least hint of any plan. Have you all your writing material ready?"

Again each reporter nodded his head, and this time bent over his writing-pad.

"All right," spoke Farrell, "now get this. A famous French detective is coming to this city. He has been visiting America under an assumed name. He is said to be the man who was instrumental in sending the most dangerous gang of apaches in Paris to prison, thus putting to an end a long string of assaults and robberies. In a career extending over fifteen years he has failed to land his man only on two occasions, and on these two only because the men left the country on the night of their crimes, before they (the crimes) were discovered.

"The reason for the Frenchman's being in America, was because the leader of these apaches had succeeded in reaching New York. This apache was the cleverest crook and thug in France. This detective came to New York, caught his man

among the six million residents of that city, secured permission from Washington to deport the criminal, and sent him back to Paris to stand trial for half a dozen murders.

"The police department of this city heard of the Frenchman in an indirect way, despite the fact that his latest capture was not published in the American press, and has prevailed upon him to come and see what he can do to stop the crime wave here. He is expected to arrive the day after to-morrow.

"That'll be all for to-day. Remember what I said about the front page. If you have any trouble with your editors, 'phone me and I'll fix it up. I am giving you no name for the detective. You'll not know at what time he'll arrive, or where he'll stay. All you know is that he's coming. That is sufficient. You gentlemen may go."

The reporters, including myself, gathered up their paraphernalia, thanked the chief and departed.

I made record time to the office, sat down before a typewriter, and began pounding out my account of the French detective. For half an hour I clicked away. I tore up several sheets, but in the end I had one of the best stories I have ever written.

The next thing on the programme was to tell the managing editor what the chief of police required to be done. This task was comparatively easy, and in five minutes he had given orders to have my story put in, word for word, on the front page as the feature of the day. My friends on the other papers had done the same thing, and that night, the city was talking of nothing but the coming of the mysterious French detective whose name no one knew. Everyone had his own theory which he exchanged with his friend. His friend passed it on to someone else, after adding his own idea. The story grew like a snow-ball rolling down a steep hill. By ten o'clock these scrambled theories had become a more or less definite rumor. By twelve it had become a conviction. A famous French detective was about to come to end the robberies and murders which had been going on for the past six weeks. He was to bring with him a score of lesser lights from his own country, who would arrive at different stations from different cities where they had been rounding up men suspected of espionage. Then would begin the grand clean-up. Not a crook would be left in that part of the state.

The morning papers explained all this fully. They also gave a list of exactly twenty-three hold-ups, eleven burglaries, and two

murders. The crime wave was going on strong as ever.

As I was eating my breakfast the telephone rang sharply. I set down my cup of coffee, stepped across the room and picked up the receiver.

It was Chief of Police Farrell who answered my "Hello, Morrison speaking." He told me to hurry over to headquarters immediately. Then he rang off.

I forced down the remainder of my food, donned my hat and coat, and inside of five minutes was on my way down town.

On reaching the station I was at once admitted into the chief's office. Several men from other dailies had already arrived, and within five minutes after my coming, the representatives of the remaining papers made their appearance.

As soon as everyone was seated, and had his note paper ready, Farrell began to speak.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "you certainly have begun your part of this business in fine style. Everyone in town is talking about the coming of the famous detective. I trust the rest of this little scheme will prove successful.

"Here are your instructions for to-day. Everyone be sure to get them. The police department denies that a foreign detective is coming here to-morrow. Place special emphasis on the to-morrow part of it. Make it read as if the department were trying to cover up something. You might hint at this. However, you must say nothing to anyone about that part of it, not even to your editors. Just print the denial and insert the rest as if it were your own idea. Above all, let no one get an inkling that you are receiving instructions from headquarters. That's all just now, so hurry back to your offices and write your story. Run it as a feature. Good morning, gentlemen."

The reporters returned the "good morning" according to their respective dispositions or humors and filed out.

I made my way to the office and began composing the second chapter of my part in Keating's plan. The story I got out that day was very fair, if I do say so myself, and those of my contemporaries were equally creditable. They brought their meaning home to the public in such a manner that, while no one doubted that the denial was genuine, still there was left that feeling which said that the police were holding something back. A sense of uncertainty, much like that noticed on the night of a close election, pervaded the atmosphere.

The announcements of the past two days were the sole



topics of conversation in home, club, and café. Some persons believed that the detective's coming was a myth, since it was denied by the police, but the consensus of opinion was that headquarters knew more than it was willing to tell. The insertion of "to-morrow" in Chief Farrell's statement was played up by the writers, and it led to the belief that the Frenchman might have arrived already, or that he would arrive soon.

However, nothing developed during the next few days. The chief rang me up on the 'phone, and instructed me to keep the matter before the public, but not to feature it. He said it would be unnecessary for me to call on him, as he would send for me if I was needed.

For two days I was about as busy as I had ever been before in my life. A prominent lawyer had been mysteriously murdered in his own home. The safe had been blown open, and a considerable quantity of currency and several valuable legal documents had been stolen. The circumstances of the crime had baffled the local detectives completely. Not a clue had been found as to the identity of the murderer. After forty-eight hours of continued searching, Taylor decided that his men could do no more, and ordered them to devote their energies to other cases. I had covered this murder for the paper and had given the plain-clothesmen all the assistance I could, which I must say wasn't a great deal.

I was given another assignment on the same day the investigators left and thought no more of the matter. That was on a Friday.

By Monday morning most people in town had forgotten the murder. Monday evening it was brought to their minds again with renewed force. Sammy Curwin, a notorious jail bird from the Pacific coast, had been arrested, and after a grueling third-degree had broken down, and admitted that it was he who had killed the famous legal-light.

No one knew who arrested Curwin, or where the information leading up to it had been found. A veil of mystery surrounded the whole incident.

Then someone was struck by a brilliant idea. "It's the French detective, I'll bet a hat," he exclaimed to his friends. His friends were struck by the probability of the surmise, and they passed it on to other friends, and the story grew, much as the story of the same crime investigator's coming had grown.

The morning papers gave their version of the affair, and all



agreed that the Frenchman must have arrived and had had a hand in it. They also noted that out of fourteen attempted hold-ups, eleven had been unsuccessful, and the foot-pads had been locked up. This unusually high percentage of arrests was generally attributed to the "twenty-odd assistants" of the unknown criminal expert.

About noon, as I entered the office after covering a trolley wreck uptown, I was accosted by Larkin, the city editor.

"Farrell wants you to report at headquarters immediately," he said. "Very important. Give me those notes of the accident, Don't lose a minute."

I gave him the notes, and almost ran the two blocks to the station. The doorman admitted me to Chief Farrell's sanctum without delay. The chief was alone and busy, but he dropped his work when I entered and bade me sit down.

"I have some instructions for you, Morrison," he began. "I can give this to one paper only, and I've selected yours because I know you better than the others."

I thanked him for the favor, but he waved my gratitude aside.

"Never mind that sort of thing," he said hastily, "here's what I want to tell you. Be sure to understand me clearly.

"I find that this matter of the French detective must be put before the public a little more strongly, and I've selected your editor to do it. I want you to hint to him that if he'll come down here I'll give him the facts about our distinguished visitor. Get him to come over right away. I want an editorial in the evening paper. Don't tell him I'm having you do this. Hurry along now."

Five minutes later I was back at the office. I strolled over to the editor's desk, and remarked casually: "Say, Mr. Parsons, would you like to get a little inside stuff about our visitor?"

"What visitor?" demanded Parsons, a little impatiently.

"Oh, that Frenchman who put Sammy Curwin behind the bars," I replied in an offhand manner.

"I certainly would. Tell me about him."

"I don't know anything at all except what everyone knows."

"Then why in blazes are you taking up my time?" exclaimed the editor angrily. "Get out of here."

"Just a moment, I haven't finished yet," I spoke soothingly. "Here's a little tip that may give you a scoop. When I was over to see Farrell just now, he talked as though he were about ready to let something out about the Frenchman. I'd have pumped him

myself, but he won't talk to a reporter about it. Says they're indiscreet. I thought maybe if you'd go over, you might be able to get something out of him. It'd be a big feather in your cap if you 'scooped' the other dailies on this."

Parsons sat a moment, thinking. Some people might have imagined that he wouldn't go, but I knew that the possibility of a "beat" would get him. Ever since our paper had been the only one in town to miss the big "Consolidated Iron" deal, he had been dreaming of getting some important piece of news before anyone else, and here was his chance.

"By George," he muttered at last, "I'll do it."

I pretended not to hear him, and walked away, humming to myself. My part of the afternoon's work was finished any way.

At four o'clock the last edition of the paper came off the press. Exactly one minute and thirty seconds later, I was reading a front page editorial containing an account of our editor's visit to the chief of police. In it Mr. Parsons told how our paper had come to the conclusion, that the public must be told more about this French inspector. Accordingly, the editor had called upon Chief Farrell, and put the question squarely to him: "Is there or is there not a foreign crime investigator in the city?"

The chief, although the question was fairly put, had answered evasively that he was not in a position to reply in the affirmative. From this, Mr. Parsons drew the inference that the department was receiving outside help, but would not admit it, as it would cast a slur on its efficiency. He had nothing definite to say regarding the assistants of the imported specialist, but he pointed to the large number of arrests on the preceding night as evidence of more than one man's activity. In concluding, he denounced the reticence of police headquarters, and ventured to hope that the future would bring with it police chiefs who weren't afraid to make known their short-comings.

The editorial was widely read, and it convinced those few persons who believed that the police force was still struggling along on its own efforts and that assistance was at hand.

That night, though fewer crimes were reported, there were two more arrests than on the one before. Only three thugs made a clean get-a-way.

On Thursday I made a pilgrimage to that part of the town where the rough element holds forth. The bad, bold highway-men were conspicuous by their absence. In vain I searched the resorts where they usually gathered. The back room of Rourke's

saloon was deserted. Kaninski's pool tables were covered with dust. Not even in the "gymnasium" of the Up-town A. C. could a "tough mug" be seen. They seemed to have disappeared completely from the face of the earth.

About ten o'clock the same evening, a well-known foot-pad tapped a peace-loving citizen on the head, extracted his wallet, and—walked straight into the waiting hand-cuffs of a strange plainclothesman with a thick moustache and a foreign accent.

The next morning this same foot-pad was visited in his cell by a pal, to whom he told the whole story, not forgetting the part about the moustache and the accent.

I saw the pal leave the station-house, and by the way his feet were moving, he must have reached Rourke's back room, a mile and a half away, in four minutes, flat.

From what I heard from one of my detective friends, what happened that afternoon made the "Migration of Nations" look like a family excursion. Big crooks and little crooks, thin crooks and a few stout crooks headed for the Union depot. All carried valises, and looked as if they had decided to leave the city permanently. It was so easy for the plain-clothesmen that it was a shame. All they had to do was take their pick. They told me that five patrol wagons were kept busy all afternoon and half the night, and that the number of thugs pulled in wasn't a drop in the bucket beside the number they let go.

That ended the crime wave, as far as most people were concerned; but, being a reporter and of a naturally curious nature, I decided to find out a few things about our friends, the Frenchmen, the next time I met Chief Farrell privately. My opportunity was not long delayed. One evening I was at the "Press Club" for dinner, and as I passed out of the dining-room into the lounge, I espied the chief with a young man whom I recognized as Keating. I watched my chance, and as soon as I saw their conversation beginning to lag, I sauntered over.

"Won't you present me to your friend, chief?" I inquired, from behind Farrell's chair.

The chief looked up quickly. "Why, hello, Morrison," he exclaimed, seeing who I was. "Of course I'll introduce you. Mr. Keating, meet Mr. Morrison."

Keating shook the hand which I extended, heartily.

"Pleased to meet you," he said pleasantly.

"The pleasure is all mine, I assure you," I replied, "but haven't I seen you before somewhere, Mr. Keating?"



"Certainly you have," cut in the chief, jovially. "Don't you remember that day in my office when Mr. Keating showed us how to rid the city of its undesirable population?"

"I remember the day, all right," I rejoined, "and, now that you mention it, I remember that Mr. Keating started to explain something, but I'm hanged if I can remember the details of the explanation."

Chief Farrell grinned broadly.

"I see what you're driving at now," he said. "You want us to tell you all about the French detective and his twenty odd assistants. Well, I can see no reason why we shouldn't tell you now. But before doing so, you'll have to give me your word not to tell a soul until this thing blows over. Even then you mustn't publish it in the paper."

"I give you my word," I said solemnly.

"All right, Morrison, I accept it," he answered. "Suppose you tell him the first part of it, Keating."

"Just as you want it, Mr. Farrell," rejoined the youngster.

"I said that it was a simple matter to scare the ordinary criminal. I suggested that if some person with the faculty of rounding up men who had committed baffling crimes were to be brought here secretly, just dropping one little hint to let 'em know he was here, and if that person were to make several mysterious arrests, the underworld would be terrified, and the crooks would probably leave for parts unknown.

"All we did was follow that idea as closely as possible. I gave Chief Farrell all the help I could, but he and Mr. Taylor did all the real work. I think the chief can tell the rest of this better than I can."

"Keating is right," declared the chief. "We gave you fellows the tip that started the ball rolling. Then we got you to feature it. A half-denial created a very fair atmosphere of suspense and uncertainty. Everyone was certain that someone was in town who would make it hot for the crooks. No one knew, or even thought they knew, anyone who could possibly be such a detective. No one even professed to know where he could be staying.

"Then came this affair which is sending Curwin to the 'chair'. It was cleaned up rather neatly, eh?"

"Say, chief," I burst out, rather angrily, "you're kidding me. I know all this, and a little more. You know a lot more. How did that French detective get Sammy Curwin?"



"French detective?" repeated the chief, his face the picture of innocence. "Why, I haven't said a thing about a French detective. Besides, I'm absolutely certain that it was an Irish detective who pulled in Curwin. His name is Burke, and he's been on the force for years. A stool-pigeon squealed on Curwin, and I sent Burke down for him. We just made it look mysterious to awe the minds of the rest of Curwin's ilk."

"Well, even so," I exclaimed, "how about all those arrests on those two nights? You never got that percentage unaided."

"Quite a simple matter, I assure you," replied Farrell. "We merely saw to it that only a few of the successful hold-ups were recorded. You know when the food-pads read that their pals were being locked up, they decided to stop while they had a chance. Anything else?"

"Yes," I answered. "I happen to know that the crook who was pinched on that last night described the bull who made the catch as a small, dark man with a waxed moustache and a queer accent. That doesn't fit anyone on the force, but it does describe a good many Frenchmen. If no outsider was around, who was that?"

Farrell did not answer for a moment. Instead, he reached into an inside pocket, and produced three articles. One was a piece of hair, pointed sharply at either end. The second was a small note-book which he opened at a certain page. The third was a photograph of someone.

"Put these things together and you have your man," declared the chief, handing me first the piece of hair which I saw was a false waxed moustache, then the book which he had opened at the page marked, "Pronunciations and accents of English letters and diphthongs in the French language." Lastly, he gave me the photograph. It was the likeness of a small, dark man, and at the bottom was written "Sincerely, Charles B. Taylor."

Then the whole affair dawned on me.

"Gentlemen," I exclaimed admiringly, "you have me. Come into the café; the refreshments are on me."

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, 2 Hi A.





## Echoes From Camp and Battle Front.

### XVIII.

Lieutenant George P. O'Leary, 806th Pioneer Infantry, writes that he is in charge of fifty colored men doing road repair work at Nangis, France, a town of some four thousand people, and situated about sixty miles southeast of Paris. His great regret at present is that he failed to seize in college the opportunities he had of learning French. He writes: "Some perfectly nice Frenchman addresses me in an endeavor to be polite and kindly to the *officier américain*, as they call me. I blurt out something that sounds like a gargle, gaze around wild-eyed, seeking an avenue of escape, and leave him hurriedly as if I were going to a fire or a baseball game. And, so, another prospective friend is lost. My French is like a Ford that's out of gas; it flounders along on one cylinder and then dies with a weak gasp on the first verb. However, I have not allowed this to interfere with my vision in any way, and have come to like the country and the people. At first I did not, but after becoming acquainted with their customs and a few of their ideas, and realizing the terrific struggle they had to go through, my sympathies went out to them wholeheartedly.

"For the time, I am billeted here with a middle-aged lady and her son. She has come to treat me almost as a boy of her own, taking a personal interest in my welfare, and doing many things for me that are not included in billeting regulations.

"Since I came over here last September I have seen quite a deal of France, especially since my release from the hospital. Before we were moved away from the front I met Lieutenant Colonel Joe Thompson, the old football star. He was with the 28th Division, and has a mighty fine record.

"Easter Sunday I spent in Paris; in the course of the morning I went to Solemn High Mass in the Church of the Madeleine. It was wonderful. The ceremony, the music, the people, and the magnificent church made up a scene I shall never forget. The choir was composed of the best singers in Paris, including boy sopranos; the accompaniment by a string orchestra and an auxiliary organ, furnished harmony to suit the most fastidious.

At the offertory, the grand organ pealed out and filled the vast church with the melody of Heaven. I distinctly remember wondering what sort of man that organist could be, for he played as if his soul was in his finger-tips, and he was offering it to God. The jangling of the bell—I say jangling advisedly—sounded harsh and out of place, and brought me unwilling back to earth, but the memory of those moments of real devotion, which I shall cherish ever, it could not impair. At the consecration, the sun broke through the clouds and shone brightly on the altar through the pictured windows, as if in token of God's sanction, and as a sign that we should renew our faith and strengthen our hope.

"On my way back to the West and home, I will not fail to drop in at old Duquesne."

---

Sergeant William P. Cunningham informs us that he is now a student in the Sorbonne University, Paris. After peace had been signed, he got his choice of going to Oxford, Cambridge, or the Sorbonne. Owing to the knowledge of French he had acquired in school, he was urged to select the Paris institution. The course of studies he is pursuing is to be completed by the end of July.

---

Elmer Ellsworth Locke, Co. F, 112th Infantry, 28th Division, is back from the war at his home in Wilkinsburg. He figured in stemming the 5th German onrush and in the operations along the Ourcq and Vesle from July 3rd to August 8th. Many details of his experiences appeared in a previous issue of the MONTHLY. These we briefly supplement. On the 16th of July in the neighborhood of Chateau-Thierry, he was one of a detail to bury thirteen of his companions killed in action. The graves having been dug, the dead bodies were lowered in a blanket, and the dead soldier's helmet was placed as a protection over his face. Four feet of clay was thrown in, the surface smoothed over, a wooden cross was erected at the head, and from it was suspended the dead soldier's identification tag.

At Fismes Elmer was occupying a dug-out along the road when a mustard-gas shell burst hard by; himself and three others were affected with a burning sensation across the stomach and in the hands. Three weeks at the base hospital 46 at Neufchateau fitted them for return to the front at Pontois. There, at Chelles, at the headquarters of the 158th regiment and in Paris, he occupied a clerical position in the receiving office.

Of his company comprising 250 men, 47 were killed, and all the rest save 20 were wounded, a record which goes to show that it was ever in the thick of the fighting.

---

Tom Kenny is back, decorated with the *Croix de Guerre* and the Distinguished Service Medal. We hope to have from him a personal account of his experiences, one of which only we shall confide to our readers in this issue of the MONTHLY. At Belleau Woods, if we are not mistaken, his commanding officer directed him to locate, if possible, some German guns whose attentions were more marked than desirable. At the end of four hours Tom returned, not only with the information, but also with fifteen gay Lotharios and the two seventy-seven millimetre guns with which they were serenading the American marines. Tom, as a reward, was offered a lieutenancy, an honor he declined, preferring to continue with his men as top sergeant, a capacity in which he had often led them to victory, when the higher command had fallen in the attack.

---

Ralph J. Criste reports that there are 20,000 men in his regiment, the 20th Engineers. So far, only two battalions have been sent home. "After we clean up a forestry operation," he writes, "and ship the timber, we turn over our men for a period of road repair work before they can be released for return to the U. S. I expect to stay here with the regimental headquarters for four or five months longer. At present I am sporting two gold chevrons; I would prefer to get home at once than to wait for the lapse of the third period of six months and the chevron that accompanies it. I am in the best of health. Daily at noon for the past two weeks I have been having a spring workout for baseball.

---

Theodore Houston has returned from overseas. He was with the Tank Service and saw action at Chateau-Thierry. Of the one hundred tanks in his section that went into the fight, all but three were damaged. His own was blown up with a direct hit from an 8-inch Bertha, and his back was extensively tattooed with shrapnel. Seven of the fifteen men in the tank were killed. He looks fresh and youthful in spite of his grilling. He displays a wildcat on his left arm.



Mat Breen, Top Sergeant of a Tank Co., is back, safe and sound, after participating in six engagements.

---

Ensign Leonard Kane is at present cruising the deep sea in the U. S. Destroyer *Balch*. He expects to be part of the patrol during the Trans-Atlantic flight of the American aeroplanes. He finds a destroyer "some tosser" in a rough sea, yet life has many charms as he is always on the go.

---

When last heard from, Leo Kelly was in Camp Forrest, Ga., and William Sehn in the Medical Corps, Camp Houston.

---

Harry Walsh is home from Paris Island, and looks the better for his training and experience.

---

Emmet Ricards is home unscathed from the front. He was in the same machine-gun battalion as Cyril Bearer.

H. J.



## **The Key of Heaven.**

We pass through life only once. Therefore, whatever our hand finds to do of good or kind or charitable day by day, let us resolve to do it with good will and in all earnestness—and so make the world a little brighter, a little happier, a little better, for our passing through it. We shall not pass this way a second time. Nor is it easy getting to Heaven alone—you must do all you can to bring others with you. You will do this best of all by aiding the holy Childhood.

REV. M. J. HYLAND, C. S. Sp., in the Irish  
*Annals of the Holy Childhood.*



# SANCTUM

## EDITORIAL

### *Charges Against the Y. M. C. A.*

**R**ETURNING soldiers are loud in their praises of the substantial services rendered by the K. of C. and the Salvation Army. These organizations contributed liberally to the comfort and happiness of our brothers across the seas, whose gratitude in turn is freely expressed and cordially cherished. It is not so, however, with their memories of the Y. M. C. A. Their charges of heartlessness and selfishness are frequently and indignantly uttered, and are not confined to any one section of the country, but are broadcast and emphatic. So general is the dissatisfaction that Secretary Baker has been obliged to take cognizance of them, and to circulate among the forces in France a questionnaire regarding the work of the Y. M. C. A. During the current month another order has been issued inviting any person having information, which he desires to submit on the subject, to forward it to the War Department. Of course, every allegation must be supported with written evidence.

The charges formulated against the Y. M. C. A. are many and grave including the following: excessive canteen prices, overcharges for tobacco, partiality shown to officers in the matter of stationery, sale of commissary articles at advanced prices, refusal to sell matches and cigarettes except for cash, jealousy between chaplains and workers, discreditable conduct of members of the personnel, grudging exercise of duties, lack of initiative, and the prevailing belief that a soldier's life is necessarily demoralizing.

This list of charges, considerably curtailed, does not include the application of funds donated for the relief of soldiers, to the proselytizing campaign the Y. M. C. A. has inaugurated amongst

the Catholic children of France and Belgium. Instead of spending time and money amongst a Christian people, let them employ the funds at their disposal, with the consent of the givers, to the spiritual enlightenment of the millions of pagans in their own land or in those lands where the light of the Gospel has not been enkindled by the Catholic missionary.

The findings of the court of enquiry will be of general interest, and of particular interest especially to those Catholic young men whose lack of good judgment and self-respect was a factor in their enrollment in an organization which formally excludes them from aspiring to official positions amongst the members.



### *The Luxury Tax.*

NOT the most pleasant item in the war's aftermath is the heavy debt incurred through it. America always pays her debts. To a great extent she made her own the slogan, "Pay as you go," during the superlatively busy months of training, feeding, equipping and transporting soldiers, sailors, airmen and nurses. People learned to think in billions, such was the gigantic scale of the operations involved. The billions were gathered and disbursed, and thus we kept fairly well apace of our liabilities. Obviously, however, on many counts payment had to be deferred till after the war.

Now, while loans like the five great Liberty Loans are eminently suited to times of unusual stress, the ordinary mode of liquidating the public debt is some form of taxation. The government has placed a war tax on many things, but the latest tax is peculiarly appropriate in war time. The American people indulge very freely in luxuries. The "latest modern conveniences" have been multiplied in number and variety, and have been put within the reach of millions. But certainly, those who would have luxuries when half the world is in dire distress, ought to pay for them dearly. And as few among us show any disposition to forego the delicacies and the amusements to which they have been accustomed—well, so much the better for the country's finances!

One need not be an ascetic to deplore the unreasonable lengths to which the pleasure-seeking tendency is carried. If the "luxury tax" brings about a diminution of this extravagance, it will have done a greater good than that which its framers had in mind when they proposed it.

C. J. KRONZ, '20.



## Alumni.

THE stage has lost a first-class comedian in the person of JOHN C. LARKIN. As an entertainer he has few equals, and as a humorist of the most sparkling species he shines with an unborrowed light in every social gathering of his friends. Practically ever since his graduation he was identified with the Fleming Drug Co., Market Street. Recently he announced his purchase of the Schenley Pharmacy, 5th Avenue and Neville Street. He makes a specialty of prescriptions for the sick, of cigars for the healthy, of perfumes for the ladies, of fountain delicacies for the enamored, of kodaks and travelling accessories for the victims of wanderlust, of pathological and biological products for the wise ones, and of candies and confections for everybody. He has oxygen always on hand; his observations on people and things are an inexhaustible source of laughing gas.

REV. HENRY B. ALTMAYER, LL. D., of Huntington, W. Va., has just issued two books entitled *Sermons and Discourses* and the *Way of the Cross*. Of the former, the Rt. Rev. P. J. Donahue, Bishop of Wheeling, writes: "It contains beautiful and practical discourses for the various Sundays of the year, panegyrics of the saints, and occasional addresses. It is marked throughout by a very deep spirit of faith and a great unction." His *Way of the Cross* "is", according to our Very Rev. President, "suggestive of many holy, practical thoughts." It is a most appropriate booklet for all who reverently love to follow the footsteps of their Divine Master from Pilate's hall to the gloom and sorrow of Calvary's Hill. We commend both books to our readers in search of lucid explanation of the chief points of Catholic doctrine, or of meditations and prayers bearing upon them the stamp of deep thought and manly piety.

JAMES P. BURKE, of Struthers, Ohio, is always a welcome visitor. He it is that drew the design for our exercise books. During the war he tested steel for the American and British governments. In his leisure hours he designs objects of common use to replace the more expensive articles at present in the market. Lately he has had patented in the U. S., Canada, and Great Britain a Locking Hair Pin. He expects to sell the rights accruing from its manufacture to an enterprising company in the vicinity of Pittsbmrgh. Just now he is inviting bids on a Fabric Fastener and a Safety Push Pin.

FRANK J. NEILAN, B. A., '05, B. Sc., '06, M. A., '07, spent a few hours with us in the handball courts and on the diamond on



May 11. He rejoices in the possession of a symbothetic wife and six promising children. The world has smiled upon his endeavors to the extent of \$10,000 a year, and holds out prospects of an ever-brightening future. He is superintendent for Joseph E. Thropp, of Saxton, Pa., with charge of eight coal mines, two saw-mills, two coke plants and three stores. All this is not sufficient to exhaust his activities. He is also president and treasurer of the Neilan Coal Co. In his school days Frank distinguished himself on the gridiron and diamond, and out-classed the best long-distance runners open meets could induce to enter the lists in Schenley Park. The diamonds he won would grace a wealthy debutante.

DR. GABRIEL F. GURLEY, the young man of sweet smiles and 'witching ways, has returned from the army, and has announced the opening of a dental office at 903 East End Trust Building. The very fascination of his manner unaided by cocaine, would render painless the extracting even of one's wisdom teeth.

MIKE OBRUBA, the joy of our rooters, and the despair of opponents, has shaken the smoke of Duquesne from his heels and has become a matter-of-fact denizen of Youngstown, O., abiding at 1676 Wilson Avenue, when not occupying a respected seat in the Claims Department of the Ohio Steel Works. For an initial compensation of \$175 a month, he spends his eight hours a day passing on claims and serving as interpreter. The Company very considerably allows its employes, when injured, two-thirds of their wages. Michael has all of Sunday and half of Saturday free to spend as he listeth. So far he has turned a deaf ear to remunerative offers to play professional baseball. We believe that Mrs. Obruba will be a factor in every polite but firm refusal on his part to emulate Ty Cobb, Hans Wagner or Mugsy McGraw.

JOSEPH S. SZEPE, B. A., '15, LL. B., '18, announces that he has opened offices for the general practice of Law in Suite 706-7-8 Berger Building. Practice, we are glad to say, is coming to him with a rush.

H. J.



# CHRONICLE

## College and High School.

On the evening of May 2, the annual public speaking and oratorical contests were held. An appreciative audience turned out to hear the speeches of the youthful

**Annual Public Speaking Contests** aspirants. William J. Brennen, Esq., one of Pittsburgh's most successful attorneys, acted as presiding judge. In announcing the decisions, Attorney Brennen commended the students for their efficient work, and the University for giving them the opportunity of practice in an art that should be of inestimable service to them in after life. Competition was so keen that the judges experienced much difficulty in determining upon the relative merits of the speakers. The final choices of the judges were, for oratory, J. J. Gallagher; for public speaking, R. H. Ackerman, J. F. McCaffrey and W. J. Porter. The programme will appear in the annual catalogue.

In the Duquesne Theatre on the evenings of June 4 and 5, the Red Masquers will present Geo. M. Cohan's three act melodramatic farce, *Seven Keys To Baldpate*.

**Annual Play** The cast comprises J. A. Monteverde, R. N. Baum, T. C. Brown, M. Wolak, W. J. Turley, J. F. Murphy, K. A. Leopold, J. L. McIntyre, E. J. Caye, R. H. Ackerman, Miss Dixon, Miss Hoffmann, Miss Joy and Miss Leopold. Rehearsals under the experienced direction of Doctor Lloyd, forecast a brilliant performance. Instrumental and vocal music and a gymnastic exhibition will be added attractions. Mr. Weis is in charge of the music, Fathers Malloy and Williams of the singing, and Father McGuigan of the gymnastics. An elaborate programme will serve as a handsome souvenir. As in past years, we expect an audience of at least two thousand relatives of the students and friends of the University. Father Danner offers handsome prizes as inducements for the advance sale of tickets.

Early in May the following appointments of cadet officers were announced by 1st Lieut. Warren R. Canright, professor of military science and tactics: Cadet Major, R. O. T. C. Officers Charles J. McFadden; Cadet 1st Lieuts. Appointed John J. Kane, John C. Davies, John E. McGee, John A. Briley; Battalion Sgt.-Major, John L. Kettl. Further appointments will be made in a short time.

Our unit of Reserve Officers' Training Corps was inspected May 1 by Col. J. B. Douglas, War Plans Division, General Staff, Washington. The companies were found to

R. O. T. C. be in excellent condition after less than four  
Inspections months' drill, and the unit as a whole was  
satisfactory to the inspecting officer.

On May 16, Col. F. W. Rowell, district inspector of the Third District, Philadelphia, paid a visit to the unit. He addressed the entire student body on the importance of exactness in physical training. He said that precision in executing the various movements trained the student to exactness in whatever line of work he followed later in life. His remarks were of great benefit to the students and much commented on by them. Col. Rowell also expressed himself as well pleased with the progress made by the local unit.

With one million dollars as its quota, the Reserve Officers' Training Corps sold twelve times that amount of notes in the recent Victory Loan campaign, and Duquesne

R. O. T. C. Aids University unit more than did its share in  
Victory Loan the work.

In the Third district of twenty-eight schools, Duquesne stood seventh, with sales of \$26,350.00, being exceeded only by schools much larger and operating under more favorable conditions.

The R. O. T. C. companies were organized into teams, and all worked hard to win out. Co. "A" sold the largest amount, with Co. "B" a close second. Co. "B", however, turned in the largest number of subscriptions. The campaign showed Duquesne students what can be accomplished if every student will stand back of a movement and push for its success.

Col. F. W. Rowell, district inspector of the Third District, in an address to the students, Friday, May 16, congratulated them on their splendid showing in furthering the Victory Loan.

Morning physical drill for all students was inaugurated several weeks ago, under the direction of 1st Lieut. Warren R. Canright.

Physical Drill While this physical training class is not  
For All Students a part of the military training, the system  
used is the regular U. S. army setting-up  
drill, found by war tests to be of the utmost value in building up  
the body and improving the general health of the men.



The morning drill necessitates starting classes at 8:45 A. M. instead of 9 as formerly.

On May 14, Rev. M. Dolan said Mass for the students and addressed them on the subject of the Chinese Missions. Ireland has ever been distinguished as a missionary Chinese Missions country; at present there is a widespread and enthusiastic movement in that land in favor of the "heathen Chinese". Some years ago the Rev. E. J. Galvin, a zealous Irish pastor in the city of Brooklyn, had the religious needs of China forcibly impressed upon him. He sacrificed his position and friends to devote his life to its evangelization. After five years' profitable labor in the country, he realized that the work could never be effectively accomplished except through an association of apostolic priests under the sanction of the hierarchy. A happy inspiration suggested to him a visit to his native land and to the bishops who preside over its spiritual destinies. His presentation of the claims of China met with a response that far exceeded his most sanguine expectations, and a seminary was at once opened for the preparation of missionaries for the hallowed work. Distinguished professors from Maynooth Seminary and scholarly priests from the Dunboyne Institute volunteered their services. Aspirants claimed admission; soon all available space was taxed to its capacity, and one hundred and thirty applicants had to be disappointed. To help finance the undertaking Father Dolan is appealing to congregations throughout the States to help the good cause along by subscribing the modest sum of one dollar for the *Far East*, a missionary publication edited at St. Columban's Mission, Omaha, Nebraska. We bespeak for the *Far East* an extensive circulation amongst the student body.

With due appreciation we acknowledge the receipt of several complete sets of musical numbers from  
**Acknowledgment** Messrs. M. Witmark & Son, secured through the courtesy of Mr. Geo. W. Bridgeman, 302 Cameraphone Building.

### School of Law.

The Faculty of the School of Law were dined in the University on May 27th, according to a time-honored custom. The occasion was utilized, as usual, in discussing the work of the year and in making suggestions for its greater efficiency.



The Bulletin for the current year will soon be issued from the *Pittsburgh Observer* press.

It has been decided to hold the final examinations of the third year between May 19th and June 5th. The results will be announced on June 9th.

### School of Commerce.

A request preferred by our Very Rev. President to the State Board of Law Examiners to accept our degree of Bachelor of Science in Economics as an equivalent for the B. A. degree and in lieu of the usual examinations prescribed for registration as law students has elicited the following favorable reply:—

#### STATE BOARD OF LAW EXAMINERS Commonwealth of Pennsylvania

May 9, 1919.

My dear Father Hehir,

Referring to your letter of April 23rd, regarding the acceptance of Duquesne University's B. S. in Economics degree for the purpose of the registration of law students, I beg to advise you that the Board has decided, pursuant to authority conferred upon it by the Court, that your degree of B. S. in Economics should stand on the same basis as the similar degree conferred by the University of Pittsburgh and the University of Pennsylvania. In the case of the latter institutions, we require an applicant holding this degree to pass an examination in Latin but in no other subject, for the reason that the degree does not represent "either in course or as an entrance requirement Latin courses equivalent to the Latin requirement of the rules of Court". The Court's rule is that in such a case the applicant must in any event pass an examination in Latin, and it leaves to the discretion of the State Board the question of whether he shall pass an examination in the other subjects also. As I say, the Board requires the holders of the degree of B. S. in Economics from the University of Pennsylvania and the University of Pittsburgh to pass an examination in Latin only, and feels that your degree of B. S. in Economics should be put on the same basis.

Yours very truly,

CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN,

*Secretary.*

The V. Rev. M. A. Hehir, C. S. Sp.,  
President Duquesne University of the Holy Ghost,  
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

The class in the History of Commercial Education intended for Commercial teachers ended on May 23. The inauguration, development, needs, extent, content and variety of subjects taught in Commercial schools, both public and private, were discussed. Interesting and practical researches in topics, such as commerce, writing, mathematics, accounting, typewriting and business English, were made by the members of the class. The curriculum in the school, college and university at different periods was the subject of several lectures by the teacher.

### School of Social Service.

The School of Social Service will close a most instructive series of lectures on June 2nd, with an address on The Family and Insurance by one of the leading Pittsburgh authorities on the subject, F. W. Ries, Esq., graduate of the class of 1914.

---

### Duquesnicula.

Bald-headed Professor under electric light—"Here's where I shine."

"Do we," said Wolak, during the Senior Finals, "have to parse everything in the first sentence?"

"Everything," said the Professor, "except the punctuation marks."

"Kirk must be frightened all the time," said Witt in an undertone.

"Why so?" asked Sheran.

"His hair is always standing on end," answered the intelligent youth.

Listen to Kettl's lyric:—

"A fearful cold on a poor man's chest;  
Yo ho for a bottle of rum,  
But the state was dry, so he's gone to rest.  
Yo, ho! but the laws are bum."

Willie Titz sends in a Foxburg anecdote.

A Pitcher up that way recently killed a batter. "Hit him with the ball?" "Oh, no! You see he curved it so strongly around the batter's neck, that it choked him to death."

You'll have to admit that it's real hard luck when a chap who depends entirely on the trolley to get to school, falls sick the very first day of the car-strike.

Codori had learned for the first time that the higher the barometer was brought the more it fell, and *vice versa* the lower its level the higher it rose. "Then," he said, "when an aviator is coming down his barometer is going up!" "Precisely." "Well, why the dickens don't those chaps hold on to their barometers when they're falling?"

Extract from a Caesar exercise: "The soldiers were 'lead' through." They must certainly have encountered a terrific hail of bullets if they were "lead" through.

Anyone who has occupied a seat on our grandstand during a ball game will vouch for the truth of the following:—

"Strike one." "Oh! the rummy. 'Way over his head,  
And he swung at it. Gee, he's a fool."  
"Strike two." "Can you beat it? He let it go by!  
It came over as straight as a rule."  
"Foul ball." "He just tipped it. I bet he strikes out.  
A kid could do better than that." [Crack]  
"Over the fence, kid. That's just what I thought;  
I knew that old geezer could bat."

PETREL STORM, '19.



#### THE ' VARSITY.

Since the last issue of the MONTHLY Duquesne's diamond season was started and is now in full swing. Already the 'Varsity has engaged in five games; two others have been postponed until a later date, due to inclement weather.

The Dukes opened with Carnegie Tech and lost in a close and interesting struggle by the score of 5-3. Their next opponents were from Waynesburg College. This game showed the Bluffites at their best form, and they succeeded in downing the Green County contingent by a score of 7-2. Kiski was the next to visit the Bluff campus, and they romped home with a 3-1 victory, although Vebelunas did not allow them a hit or a run after the second inning. Then came the most crushing defeat the team has experienced so far. West Virginia Wesleyan, with its veteran aggregation, administered the brush to the locals by the score of 13-0. Indiana Normal won on our grounds by a 4-3 score. The two games postponed were those scheduled with Indiana Normal, at Indiana, and Wilkinsburg Baseball Club.

The defeats that have been sustained must not be ascribed to inferior battery work. In every game Vebelunas and McGrath pitched what, under ordinary circumstances, would prove winning ball; no pitcher can win games unless he has a batting team to support him, and our team this year is by no means a batting team.

J. J. McCLOSKEY, '19.

#### UNIVERSITY HIGH.

The University High squad have won five out of six games, defeating Rockwood, Schenley, Monaca, Woodlawn and South High Schools, and meeting

their only reverse when Monaca High downed them 7 to 4 in a very hard fought contest.

With three pitchers of the caliber of McMahon, Grecco and Finn; with Captain Walt Doyle holding down the receiving position in fine style, with Bielski alternating with Doyle in the right field and on the receiving end, with Mike Walsh at first, Carl at second, Cherdini at short, and Hurley at third; with Micher, Caye and Mulvehill in the outfield, the High nine this year should experience little difficulty in showing their superiority over the teams of this district which they are still to meet—Elizabeth, St. Mary's, Union High of Turtle Creek, Swissvale, Duquesne and Westinghouse High Schools.

The scores:—U. H. 2, Rockwood 1; U. H. 13, Schenley 5; U. H. 13, Monaca 5; U. H. 10; Woodlawn 9; U. H. 4, Monaca 7; U. H. 6, South High 2.

W. J. DOYLE, H. S., '19.

### THE JUNIORS.

The Juniors, 15 strong, have played six games and have won six victories. The pitching corps comprises Aul, Bick, Rozenas and McQuaide. Flynn, regarded as the pitching ace, is being held in reserve for warmer weather; however, he demonstrated his ability as a relief twirler when he converted the Riverside and Westinghouse contests, threatened defeats, into well-earned victories.

The fleet-footed Ritter and argus-eyed Walsh were selected as captains. Sullivan and Absalom alternate at first; Hoffmann, Nee and Witt at second; Ritter at third, and Titz at short—making in all a splendid infield combination. The outer garden is well taken care of by Egan, Snyder, Brice and Smith.

The Dukelings are not a heavy hitting team, a fact due partly to size and partly to inexperience. Flynn, Egan, Hoffmann and Snyder wield the bat consistently. The scores:—Juniors 10, Sacred Heart High 7; Juniors 7, Ambridge Nationals 4; Juniors 13, St. Rosalia High 6; Juniors 11, St. Peter's High 7; Juniors 4, Riverside High 3; Juniors 3, Westinghouse High Juniors, 2.

We append, omitting the box score, a newspaper account of the last game played.

"By agreement the seven-inning game at Sheraden between the Duquesne University Juniors and the Riverside High School went an extra inning, the Dukes winning, 4 to 3. The little Dukes had the Riverside lads blanked up until the sixth, when two hits and two errors netted three runs, making a 3 to 3 deadlock. With second and third occupied, and no outs, Flynn was sent to the mound. On throws by Sullivan and Flynn, Walsh, the heady little catcher, put both runners out at home plate, and Flynn fanned the next batsman. In the eighth inning the Dukelings romped away with their fifth consecutive victory, when Captain Ritter poked out a Texas leaguer, and Snyder crossed the platter for the winning run."

V. B. SMITH, H. S., '20.

### THE MINIMS.

The abuse which regularly would have been bestowed on teams that might have beaten us, or on umpires that featured in such contests, we transfer



to the Right Dishonorable Jupiter Pluvius, who unwarrantedly called off three perfectly legitimate games. Two luckily were staged when he was off duty : in both of these the Minims were victorious. St. Stephen's was beaten 11-3 and St. Rosalia's, 10-4. Gunde pitched both games : he had plenty of speed and showed admirable control.

Captain McCaffrey is doing admirably in the field, and is ably assisted by the other giant J. Bullion. Dunn and Julius are proving very apt with the stick and should yet rival Babe Ruth.

A chance to show their mettle is all these doughty warriors demand, and this they will be given if only the above-mentioned Jupiter Pluvius will take the hint.

THOMAS KAVENY, H. S., '22.

A REMARKABLE BOOK

## GLORIES OF THE HOLY GHOST

WITH 100 ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

REV. WILLIAM F. STADELMAN, C. S. Sp.

*Author of Eucharistic Soul Elevations,  
Sparks of Truth, Etc.*

PRICE \$3.50.

Address Mission Press, S. V. D., Techny, Ill.

READ

## THE PARACLETE

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Honor of the Holy Ghost

Published by the Holy Ghost Fathers

And Containing Contributions by Leading Authors  
of the Day

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50

Address—Holy Ghost Fathers,  
Cornwells Heights, Pa.

Prompt Attention

AUTOMOBILE SERVICE

Day and Night

## JOHN J. CARNEY FUNERAL DIRECTOR

2524-2526 CARSON STREET, PITTSBURGH

Bell Phones, 1027 R Hemlock and 176 Hemlock

Hill Top Office, 247 Orchard Place, Knoxville

Bell Phone Hill 298

Established 1875

**Thomas E. Wall**

**DRUGGIST**

643 FIFTH AVENUE

PITTSBURGH

Let Us Do Your

**PRINTING**

and be satisfied

**FAHEY & CO.**

25 SHINGISS ST.

PITTSBURGH

Bell Phone 540 Hemlock.

**F. W. IMMEKUS**

Window Shades]

Paints

Linoleum and Wall Paper

1317-19 Carson Street, S. S.

Plate Glass

Window Glass

Rough and Ribbed Skylight

Bent Glass

Ornamental Glass

**GEO. A. KIM & CO.**

318-320 FIRST AVE.

PITTSBURGH

Bet. Wood and Smithfield Streets

A famous New York hatter makes

**Oetting's Hats**

**OTTO OETTING,**

643 SMITHFIELD STREET

PITTSBURGH



Bell, 1856 Court

Established 1865



Wants a Plumber, Quick

**BUERKLE PLUMBING CO.**

245 THIRD AVENUE, PITTSBURGH

WHEN YOU'RE IN A HURRY



**Phone  
Hemlock 700**

THE KEYSTONE LUMBER CO., PITTSBURGH

---

**Let the 7 BAKER BROS. Do Your Baking**

**AND PROMOTE PITTSBURGH**

None but the best and purest of materials  
are used exclusively in our

**"HOLSUM"** Bakery Products

Your Grocer Has Them

---

**THE J. H. MACKALL CO.**

Manufacturers of

**CAKES, CRACKERS, CANDY**

Successors to  
E. Maginn

**OYSTER CRACKERS**

OUR SPECIALTY

---



**WM. WUERTHELE**

Manufacturer and Dealer in  
New and Second Hand

**BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES**

Bowling Alley Supplies, Repairing of Tables  
our Specialty. Turning of Billiard, Pool  
and Bowling Balls and Cues to Order.

413 Diamond Street PITTSBURGH



**INKS**

Library  
Paste  
Mucilage  
and  
Glue

**J. C. SWEARINGEN INK CO**

**Pittsburgh**

Bell, 80 L Hemlock  
A. Rausch John Rausch Jos. Rausch  
Graining and Glazing  
Orders Attended to Promptly

## AUGUST RAUSCH & BROS.

House, Sign and Fresco

### PAINTERS

Estimates furnished on Cleaning all  
kinds of Paints. All kinds of Paints,  
mixed ready for use. Sole distributors  
of E-Z Paint and Varnish Cleaner.

94 Plus Street, S. S., Pittsburgh

## F. X. MANSMANN CO.

### MANX UNION SUITS a Specialty

Medium and Heavy Weights

\$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50, Up

Every Garment Guaranteed

FIFTH AVENUE ARCADE

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Established 1890

## LATSHAW-FEERST CO.

RECEIVERS AND SHIPPERS

### BUTTER and EGGS

202 FERRY STREET

PITTSBURGH

Bell, 9046 Court P. & A. 1366 Main

## JAS. W. FISHER

Wholesale  
and Retail

## FISH AND OYSTERS

66 Diamond Market

33 Diamond Square

PITTSBURGH

TELEPHONE GRANT 15

Fort Pitt

## Lithographing Co.

Engravers Printers

Lithographers Bank Stationers

701-703 Forbes Street

PITTSBURGH

## PENN SALES BOOK CO.

4070 Jenkins Arcade Bldg  
Pittsburgh.

### SALES BOOKS

All Styles

Duplicate and Triplicate

Telephone F. T. WINTER,  
Grant 6856

# G. B. HURT

INCORPORATED

## Wholesale Grocers

HOTEL, BAKERS AND CONFECTIONERS SUPPLIES

PENN AVENUE and WATER STREET

PITTSBURGH



F. N. HORSTOT, President  
T. W. FRIEND, Vice President

GEORGE C. SCHMIDT, Cashier  
H. J. C. BREKER, Asst Cashier

# National Bank of America

709-711 East Ohio Street, Pittsburgh

CAPITAL \$200,000.00

SURPLUS \$350,000.00

---

**A. KLEIN**  
3705 Butler St., Pittsburgh

**HOLIDAY SPECIALTIES**  
in Church Goods

Bell Phone, Fisk 1572

---



PITTSBURGH

Invites the Accounts of Individuals, Firms and Corporations  
Every courtesy extended Depositors  
without reference to size of their accounts.

Capital and Surplus, \$2,100,000.00

FIFTH AND LIBERTY AVENUES

---

## The Pittsburg Observer

\$1.50 a Year

AMERICA'S FOREMOST WEEKLY

---



*The Bank to Bank on and Bank in*  
423 WOOD ST. COR. WOOD AND DIAMOND

# GRAFNER BROS.

## Wholesale JEWELERS

IMPORTERS OF DIAMONDS

811 Liberty Avenue  
Pittsburgh

---

Bell, 9424 Grant P. & A. 5491 M Pitt

**SNIGO'S**  
Ice Cream and Ices  
Have No Equal

Brick Cream a Specialty  
Any Flavor Desired at Short Notice  
Wholesale and Retail

607 FIFTH AVE., PITTSBURGH

---

## Eugene S. Reilly & Co.

**REAL ESTATE**  
Mortgages Insurance

430-432 Fourth Avenue  
PITTSBURGH

Private Exchange Court No. 1

---

## GROGAN COMPANY

Direct your attention to  
their stock of

Jewelry Silverware  
Watches and Clocks

At all times complete and of the  
highest quality

Wood Street and Sixth Avenue  
PITTSBURGH

Edward S. Bily H. G. Stratman  
E. A. Williams

## CHARLES BILY CO. TAILORS

Suite 219-21-23 Union Arcade  
Pittsburgh

Bell Tel. 2568 Grant

---

## Bailey-Farrell Manufacturing Co.

Plumbing Supplies  
Heating Supplies

---

Oldest House in the line  
in Western Penn'a.

---

Office and Warehouse  
Third and Ross

EXHIBIT ROOMS  
UNION ARCADE  
PITTSBURGH

---



"Her Favorite"  
Chocolates

BELL PHONE 688 GRANT

## BURNS, FLEMING & CO.

ENGINEERS and CONTRACTORS

Steam and Hot Water Heating and Ventilating Apparatus.

General Steam Fitting and Power Plants.

815 FORBES STREET,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

---

## PAINTS, VARNISHES AND BRUSHES

are like medicine. They are only cheap when you  
get the right kind for the right purpose

To be sure of your painting material be sure of your dealer

In business 68 years

## C. A. MICHEL & CO.

949 Liberty Avenue,

Pittsburgh

(OPPOSITE SMITHFIELD STREET)

---

JOHN DIMLING

President.

H. B. DEMMLER

V. Pres.

C. A. MUEHLBRONNER, V. Pres.

CHARLES E. SCHUETTE, Cashier

JOHN H. DEMMLER, Asst. Cashier

## Western Savings and Deposit Bank

OLIVER BUILDING, 533 Smithfield St

PITTSBURGH

Accounts of Individuals and Corpora-  
tions Solicited.

4 per cent. paid on Time Deposits.

2 per cent. paid on Checking Accounts

COMPLIMENTS  
OF

## M. LETZELTER

4614-4616

LIBERTY AVENUE

---

FISK 156

*The Cream-Hermes-Milk*  
QUALITY

Scientifically  
pure

24 hours  
Fresher

Phones, Grant or Main 100

HERMES—O. & P. MILK CO.

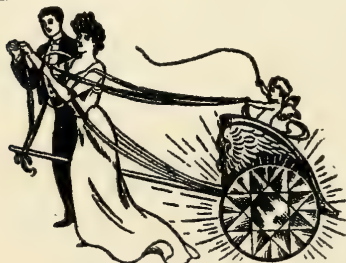
THE BEST IN ROLLING MILL MACHINERY

**Mackintosh-Hemphill & Co.**

MANGANITE

ROLLS

STEEL



**GILLESPIE BROS.**  
Diamond Importers      Jewelers  
Second Floor Jenkins Arcade

Phone Hemlock 147

**Mrs. S. Kersting**

Religious Articles,  
School Books and Candles  
Wholesale and Retail

The Right Goods at the Right Place

104 PIUS STREET  
S. S., PITTSBURGH, PA.





When You Eat Meat Be Sure It Is The Best

Compare Ours With Others For Quality

**J. & W. SCHLELEIN**

**FOR BETTER MEAT**

We Deal in Supreme Quality of Home-Dressed Meats

---

**Stand 36 Diamond Market, Pittsburgh**

BELL PHONE 1107

---

**MANSMANN'S**

UPTOWN DAYLIGHT STORE

**5911-5915 PENN AVENUE**

**East End**

**PITTSBURGH**

---

What Eichenlaub's Sell You is Good

**EICHENLAUB'S**

**FURNITURE, RUGS, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES**

**3501-3503 Butler Street, Pittsburgh**

---

**TERHEYDEN CO.**

**DIAMONDS**

**530 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh**

ESTABLISHED 1884

The Oldest Popular Price Tailor in  
Greater Pittsburgh

Suits Made to Your Order

\$15, 18, 20, 22, 25

Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed or Money Refunded

LEEDS COMPANY

PROGRESSIVE TAILORS

128 Sixth Street, opp. Alvin

6225 Frankstown Avenue, E. E.  
10 doors from Penn Avenue

150 Carson Street, S. S.

PITTSBURGH

---

NEW GALLERIES

*Wunderly Bros.*

*Fine Art Dealers*

512 Wood St. 306-8-10 Oliver Ave.

PITTSBURGH

---

White

Transfer & Storage Co.

Furniture Storage Only

Separate Apartments Low Prices

Motor Trucks, Vans or Wagons for  
Moving

Office 708 Duquesne Way and  
715 Seal Street

No North Side Branch

---

D. Rosser  
STUDIO

347 Fifth Avenue

PITTSBURGH

Work of this Studio Awarded Twenty  
Nine National and State Awards

---

Bell Phone 1086 Fisk

Carriages

Automobiles

O. J. GOETZ, F. D

Leichenbestatter

3509 Penn Avenue

PITTSBURGH

# D'YOUVILLE COLLEGE

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Under the Direction of the Grey Nuns

A College for Women, chartered by Act of Legislature of the State of New York. Registered with the University of the State of New York.

---

Courses leading to degrees in *Arts, Science, Pedagogy, Literature and Music*  
Special preparation for High School Teaching.  
Design and Painting, under Male Instructor.

RIGHT REV. DENIS J. DOUGHERTY, D. D., Chancellor.

SISTER ST. STANISLAUS,  
President.

WILLIAM A. MARTIN, M. A.  
Director of Studies.

#### FACULTY :

Members of the Grey Nuns' Community, Members of the Clergy,  
and Men and Women Lay Specialists.

---

## Holy Angels' Academy

In Connection with D'Youville College

College Preparatory and General Culture Courses. Musio, Languages,  
Design and Painting. New York State Regents' Diplomas.

---

## BOLD'S HOME-MADE BREAD

BAKED FRESH EVERY DAY.

It is so manifestly good and fresh that it produces a light,  
flaky crust that melts deliciously in the mouth, and there  
is no soaking in of the filling, nor sogginess, no indigestion.  
Every Loaf is of Uniform Excellence, the Standard by which  
others are judged.

AUGUST BOLD,

821-29 Industry St., Pittsburgh

---



Bell Phones: Hemlock 308 R

Hill 412 W

Commercial Photography

Photographer

Portraits in Crayon, Oil and Water Color Paintings

1405 Carson Street and Post Office Building, Mt. Oliver

---

## WAGNER BROS. SHOE CO.

WHOLESALE SHOES

429 LIBERTY AVENUE

PITTSBURGH

# Duquesne Monthly

A Literary Magazine

Vol. XXVI.

JULY, 1919

No. 10

---

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR  
BY THE STUDENTS OF DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY

---

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE  
ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

Address, Duquesne Monthly, Duquesne University, Pittsburgh, Pa.

---

Entered as second-class matter, at the Pittsburgh  
Postoffice, April 30, 1911

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103,  
Act of October 3, 1917, authorized October 22, 1918.

---

JUSTIN J. GALLAGHER, '19, Editor-in-Chief

JAMES J. McCLOSKEY, '19	CYRIL J. KRONZ, '20	Associate Editors
FRANCIS J. LIGDAY, '20	ANDREW J. KING, '22	Exchanges
M. NOON GLYNN, '20	.	Alumni
LEO J. McINTYRE, '22	.	Chronicle
T. ROBERT SULLIVAN, '19 (H. S.)	.	Athletics

The U. S. Post Office has asked us to announce that there is still great need for magazines for soldiers, sailors, and marines, and that unwrapped magazines intended for them should bear the following modification of the previous notice:—

#### NOTICE TO READER.

When you finish reading a magazine bearing this notice, place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers, sailors or marines. No Wrapping—No Address.

A. S. BURLESON,  
Postmaster General.



# Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXVI.

JULY, 1919.

Number 10

## Vacation Time.

CLOSE the books, their time is over,  
Summer calls us; let's away !  
Let us cease from toilsome study;  
Now's the time to rest and play.

Trees and fields and streams are calling;  
Hearken to their gentle sound  
Lest, absorbed in selfish striving,  
We forget the world around.

Pausing for a space to ponder  
Keeps the mind and heart at peace.  
So, through all our life, 'tis wisest  
Now and then from toil to cease;

Thus we may, when troubles harass,  
From our petty woes arise,  
See the things the great Creator  
Holds for us beyond the skies.

PETREL STORM, '19.



# Purpose of the R. O. T. C.

Lieutenant W. R. Canright.

**T**O enlist the coöperation of the educational institutions of the country in the national defense, is the main purpose of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps, a junior unit of which is being maintained at Duquesne University.

As paragraph 2, General Orders 49, War Department, says: "It should be the aim of every educational institution to maintain one or more units of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps, in order that in time of national emergency there may be a sufficient number of educated men, trained in military science and tactics, to officer and lead intelligently the units of the large armies upon which the safety of the country will depend."

The contribution of the colleges in time of war is so fresh in the minds of all that it needs no further emphasis. The undergraduates and younger graduates of the colleges must be relied on largely to supply the active junior officers of any temporary army that may need to be raised in time of national emergency. The scientific, technical, and industrial aspects of war, which have been so enormously developed, require trained experts such as the civilian educational institutions alone can produce.

## I. THE R. O. T. C. FROM THE STANDPOINT OF THE INSTITUTION.

1. The colleges find in the R. O. T. C. an opportunity of direct participation in the plans and policies of the War Department with reference to national defense, and receive the stimulus of contributing directly to the solution of national problems.

2. The R. O. T. C. serves to continue the contact and channels of communication with the War Department, built up through the S. A. T. C., so that the response of the institutions may be both prompt and well organized in case of national emergency.

3. The R. O. T. C. enables the institution to train reserve officers of infantry, coast and field artillery, medical department, signal, quartermaster and ordnance corps, military aeronautics, chemical warfare service, etc. These trained leaders cannot be produced instantly when the time of need arises. They must be produced in advance, and they must be produced continually in order that at any given time there may be a sufficient number who will be young and vigorous enough to bear the hardships of war.

4. The officer detailed to the college is a member of the

faculty, thus adding to the teaching force, but in no way complicating the administrative organization of the institution.

5. The R. O. T. C. also develops in the college an interest in military affairs, and, in this war, greatly assisted in the formation of an enlightened public opinion in the matter among the educated citizens of the country.

6. Institutions which maintain units of the technical branches of the Army, such as field and coast artillery, the signal, ordnance, medical, and quartermaster corps, the air service, the chemical warfare service, etc., receive special apparatus, scientific equipment, and materials which enrich their general educational facilities.

7. In order to make the R. O. T. C. work of the institution as little wasteful and arbitrary as possible, every effort is made to adapt the work in each case to the peculiar resources, circumstances, traditions, and aims of the individual institutions.

## II. THE R. O. T. C. FROM THE STANDPOINT OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

1. The student joins the R. O. T. C. in the future for the same reasons which led him to do so a year ago. The R. O. T. C. gives him an opportunity to make himself fit to fight in the hour of national need.

2. The R. O. T. C. is a federal organization, and enables the individual student to feel that he is, even during his period of training, participating directly in national service.

3. By joining the R. O. T. C. the student obtains an opportunity of assuming a position of leadership in time of war.

4. In the R. O. T. C. a man learns the lessons of discipline, which means that he will learn both to lead and to be led and to cooperate effectively with others. These are lessons worth learning, whether one goes to war or not.

5. The R. O. T. C., as developed in the future, will aim to make every man physically sound and to teach him habits of self-care. No other form of physical training equals in soundness and efficiency that afforded by drill in the open and by mass athletics, both designed to develop the mind and body by certain well-defined movements. Drill and physical exercise, properly given, will fit the student to endure physical hardships; will discipline him in accuracy, orderliness, punctuality, and alertness, insuring quickness, precision, and the habit of concentrated attention. It will accustom the student to cooperation and team-

work, promote comradeship, and emphasize the spirit of duty and service.

6. By joining the R. O. T. C. the student has the opportunity of earning a commission as second lieutenant in the reserve.

7. By joining the R. O. T. C. the student has the opportunity to secure service with the Regular Army as temporary second lieutenant, and in some cases to earn commissions in the Regular Army.

8. Students who enter the advanced course, receive a scholarship in the form of commutation of subsistence amounting to from \$120 to \$140 per year for the last two years of study.

9. Members of the R. O. T. C., upon the completion of two years' work, enjoy the opportunity of attending summer camps, with transportation and expenses paid.

10. Members of the R. O. T. C. receive uniforms, an overcoat, and the use of Government equipment.



## Our Annual Play.

### "Seven Keys to Baldpate."

#### SYNOPSIS.

#### Introductory.

**W**E hear much, to-day, of personal efficiency and of intensive methods. "Business efficiency" and "intensive farming" are phrases that we might instance as in such common use that they are almost trite. But who has ever thought of speaking of novel-writing in terms of intensiveness or of efficiency, one might ask. Yet Mr. Earl Der Biggers has not only thought of this idea, but has written one of the best stories around the theme of novel-writing efficiency and intensiveness. His novel, "Seven Keys to Baldpate," treats entirely of this interesting idea; and Mr. George M. Cohan has dramatized the Der Biggers novel. The result of their combined efforts furnishes so much entertainment in one evening that there is plenty of room for praise for both craftsmen.

The play of Mr. Cohan has had a most successful and signal



life on the stage. Its initial success at the Astor Theatre was so pronounced that a second company was immediately organized and sent to the Grand Opera House in Chicago for an extended run, and several "road" companies were sent out all of which achieved fame and fortune. The present production is the only one ever made in Pittsburgh outside of the professional organizations—the Red Masquers being probably the first non-professional company to present the play.

"Seven Keys to Baldpate" is arranged to be played in two acts, with a Prologue and Epilogue. The scene is laid in the office of Baldpate Inn, high up in the mountains. It is winter, and the Inn has been closed for several months. William Hollowell Magee, a writer of sensational novels, has laid a wager with its owner that he can write a complete novel in twenty-four hours, this with the understanding that he is not to be disturbed. The Inn has been selected as the loneliest place possible; the owner has given Magee a key to "Baldpate," and has assured him that it is the only key in existence.

#### PROLOGUE.

The Prologue introduces us to the caretaker and his good wife, who have come to the Inn, just before midnight, to prepare it for the novelist. The night is bitter cold; and as "Baldpate" has been deserted since summer and as, moreover, a ghost has been reported to have been seen on Baldpate Mountain, and likewise as the old man and his wife have been summoned by telegram, the whole situation is one filled with mystery for them.

Magee appears, and after being made as comfortable as is reasonable under the untoward conditions, he reads a letter to the caretaker and his mystified wife, which explains to them the nature of his errand to "Baldpate." They are to call at exactly twelve o'clock the following night, receive from Magee the finished manuscript and report to Mr. Bentley, the owner of the Inn. They go out into the night, leaving in the possession of Magee the ONLY key to "Baldpate." Magee, after locking the door and assuring himself that he will not be disturbed, takes his typewriter into the room set apart for him. As the curtain descends on the Prologue you hear the click of the typewriter keys and know that the winning the wager is launched.

#### ACT I.

Immediately after the rise of the curtain on the first act of the play, proper, a face is seen through the glass door, a key is

inserted into the lock and a man enters. He goes to the telephone, calls up an accomplice, and then places a package of money containing \$200,000.00 in the hotel safe. Magee hears him and comes down stairs, demanding where he secured the key to "Baldpate."

This key is a forerunner of other keys which dramatically and almost uncannily appear. There occurs a series of incidents, almost unbelievable and yet plausible and logical. Magee is kept so busy with blackmailers, safe robbers, ghosts, crooked politicians, newspaper reporters, etc., that it is apparent he will have no time to write a novel.

## ACT II.

This same condition prevails in the second act, but naturally intensified. Magee has succeeded in holding this unusual gathering of people in check while he dispatches the money package to town. At least he had planned to have it delivered, but it never reaches its destination, being stolen from the messenger on the way down the mountain. Magee has seen enacted before him scenes more vivid and lurid than he had ever written. He has fallen in love "at first sight," and has experienced in his own person many things which critics of his novels have "roasted" as being impossible. Tickle and thrill alternate with such startling rapidity that you begin to wonder if such a thing as logic, or even an ordinary semblance of reality, ever existed. And yet, in spite of the interruptions, Magee works on his novel, determined to win the wager. Does he win it? and if he does, how? Watch the Epilogue; it will tell you.

## EPILOGUE.

The Epilogue re-introduces you to the Caretaker and his wife, and furnishes an explanation of the extraordinary happenings that have preceded, which is baffling enough to take your breath away, and yet so plausible that you wonder you did not see it from the start.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

(Named in the order in which they appear)

Elijah Quimby, the caretaker at Baldpate Inn,	William J. Turley
Mrs. Quimby, the caretaker's wife	Lenita M. Leopold
William Hallowell Magee, the novelist	Joseph A. Monteverde
John Bland, the millionaire's right hand man,	Thomas C. Brown
Mary Norton, the newspaper reporter	Mary L. Dixon

Mrs. Rhodes, the charming widow . . . Selean A. Joy  
 Peters, the hermit of Baldpate . . . Leo J. McIntyre  
 Myra Thornhill, the blackmailer . . . Mercedes M. Hoffmann  
 Lou Max, the mayor's man "Friday" . . . Kenneth A. Leopold  
 Jim Cargan, the crooked mayor of Reuton . . . Michael F. Wolak  
 Thomas Hayden, the president of the R. & A.

Suburban R. R. . . . Richard H. Ackerman  
 Jiggs Kennedy, chief of police of

Asquewan Falls . . . Raymond N. Baum  
 The Owner of Baldpate . . . Edward J. Caye

The Pittsburgh morning and afternoon papers had very flattering notices on the entertainment. We appreciated especially the write-up in the columns of the *Dispatch* of June 5, and reproduce it with pleasure.

### Duquesne Students Delight Audience With Production.

Duquesne University filled the Duquesne Theater to its capacity, before and behind the footlights, last night, when a big cast of the Red Masquers gave "Seven Keys to Baldpate," and 216 gymnasts gave a sample of the physical education they are receiving.

The play was admirably rendered. Joseph A. Monteverde essayed the role of the novelist who sets out to write a book in Baldpate in 24 hours. He played up to the farcical and melodramatic demands of the part with commendable versatility. William J. Turley and Lenita M. Leopold, as Mr. and Mrs. Quimby, caretakers of the Inn, the only other real persons in the play, did good character bits.

The preposterous novel people all rose to the occasion. Mercedes Hoffman had the role of the blackmailer assigned to her, and did capital work all through her two acts. As crooks, Kenneth A. Leopold and Thomas C. Brown were quite convincing. Mary L. Dixon and Selean A. Joy realized the newspaper woman and her chaperon to perfection. Michael F. Wolak looked and acted the part of the mayor, and Richard H. Ackerman filled the bill as the suburban railway president.

The chief of police, impersonated by Raymond N. Baum, dominated the situation from his first entrance. Leo J. McIntyre Edward J. Caye, James Murphy, Terence Tamburini and Francis Vaughan enacted the small roles entrusted to them with considerable skill. The setting, built especially for this performance,



is atmospheric and an unusual one in many respects. Clinton E. Lloyd directed the production.

The afterpiece, consisting of music and gymnastics, evidently appealed to the audience. It opened with the new college song, "Duquesne," sung by a chorus of 220, and directed by its composer, Rev. John F. Malloy. Then followed two part-songs, pleasingly rendered by the Glee Club, under Rev. F. X. Williams.

The programme closed with some pretty flag, dumbbell and wand drills, some strenuous vaulting exercises, and some artistic tableaux, arranged by Rev. Eugene N. McGuigan. Throughout the evening the University orchestra, directed by Professor C. B. Weis, discoursed classical and popular music. The entertainment will be repeated this evening.

We wish to convey our sincere thanks for services graciously rendered by Mr. R. E. Evans, Mgr., Duquesne Theatre; Messrs. Frank and Seder; Messrs. Wunderly Bros.; Mr. John J. Giltinan, Whittington Dress Suit Co., Commissioner Peter P. Walsh, and Doubleday-Hill Co.



## Commencement.

ON Tuesday evening, June 17th, in Soldiers' Memorial Hall, Duquesne University closed the exercises of her forty-first commencement week by conferring degrees on forty-eight men and women. Class dinners and other reunions had opened the week's activities. The High School graduation exercises had taken place with suitable solemnity on Sunday evening, when forty-one young men received diplomas and medals. The programme was as follows:

March, Bride Elect, <i>Sousa</i> ,	. . . . .	Students' Orchestra
Salutatory,	. . . . .	Robert G. Reilly
Violin Solo, Hungarian Rhapsody, Op. 43, <i>Miska Hauser</i> ,	. . . . .	

Leo P. Dooley

Part Songs, Jim, A Storiette, <i>Parks</i> ,	. . . . .	Double Quartet
Valse, Naomi, <i>F. E. Vandersloot</i> ,	. . . . .	Students' Orchestra

### CONFERRING OF CERTIFICATES AND MEDALS.

Address,	. . . . .	Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, LL. D., President
Chorus, Duquesne, <i>Rev. J. F. Malloy</i> , <i>C. S. Sp.</i> ,	. . . . .	Graduates
Valedictory, What My High School Course Has Meant to Me,		

Edward J. Caye



Exit March, A Rose of No Man's Land, *Gaddigan*, . . .  
Students' Orchestra

Vocal Director, Rev. John F. Malloy, C. S. Sp.

Accompanist, Rev. J. A. Dewe, D. Litt.

Director of Orchestra, Professor Charles B. Weis

The Class Roll is subjoined :

A certificate in typewriting was awarded to William Anthony Schwab; a certificate in accounting was awarded to James Charles McFall; certificates in stenography were awarded to Francis Edward Braun, Richard Anthony Connolly, James Quinn Fagan, James Raymond Harvey, William Thomas McNulty, Clement John Mulvehill, Edward Joseph Sweeney, Edwin Francis Sweeney. On completion of the academic course (a) testimonials were awarded to Alphonsus Raymond Braun, Laurence Michael Brennen, Stanley Martin Dembinski, Thomas McCaffrey, Jr., Joseph Charles Hogan, Thomas Joseph Mahony, William Regis Vebelunas; (b) certificates were awarded to William Edward Boggs, John Anthony Briley, James Louis Carl, Leo Francis Cassidy, Edward Joseph Caye, Leo Pierre Dooley, Walter Jerome Doyle, John Louis Imhof, John Joseph Laffey, Paul Anthony McCrory, Zenon Francis Novicki, Robert George Reilly, Charles Robert Scrabis, Clement Michael Strobel, Edward Leo Sullivan, Thomas Robert Sullivan, Francis Joseph Thompson, Paul Joseph Ubinger, Ernest George Wassel, Michael Francis Walsh.

Medals were awarded as follows :

Silver medals for public speaking, Division I, William J. Porter; Division II., James F. McCaffrey; Division III., Richard H. Ackerman. Gold medals, for Christian doctrine, Paul G. Sullivan; for stenography, Francis E. Braun; for excellence in academic department, Edward J. Caye.

The baccalaureate address was delivered Tuesday morning by Rev. William J. Keaney, of the mathematical faculty, at the solemn high Mass of thanksgiving. At this sacred function Rev. M. S. Retka was celebrant, Rev. Joseph A. Rossenbach, deacon, and Rev. John Fitzpatrick, subdeacon. The graduates assisted in cap and gown, and the whole student body received holy communion.

At ten o'clock the undergraduates assembled in the University hall to hear the results of the final examinations. One hundred and twenty-two certificates, representing honorable passage of all the quarterly examinations, were distributed; prizes were awarded to students that showed their loyalty by selling a

notably large number of tickets for the annual play; and twenty student athletes received their "D".

The commencement proper brought a very select audience to Soldiers' Memorial.

Of those receiving degrees, one Master of Arts, two Bachelors of Arts, and eight Bachelors of Commercial Science were recently discharged from active service in the army or navy. Altogether Duquesne students and alumni in the service numbered 850, and fifteen of these made the supreme sacrifice.

Programme of exercises :

March, Great Western, <i>Gernert</i> ,	Students' Orchestra
Latin Salutatory,	Francis X. Kuzniewski
Oration, "We Are Here, Lafayette",	James J. McCloskey
Overture, The Monk of St. Bernard, <i>Isenman</i> ,	Students' Orchestra
Oration, The Supreme Court, Our Constitutional Guardian,	William L. Jacob
Master's Oration, A United Country,	Bernard J. McKenna
Selection, When You Look in the Heart of a Rose, <i>Gillespie</i> ,	Students' Orchestra

CONFERRING OF DIPLOMAS AND MEDALS.

Address,	Right Rev. J. F. Regis Canevin, D. D., Bishop of Pittsburgh Chancellor of the University
Valedictory, Catholic Philosophy and the Future,	Justin J. Gallagher
Exit March, <i>Weis</i> ,	Students' Orchestra
	Director of Orchestra, Professor Charles B. Weis

Dean Walker of the School of Accounts announced the following graduates :

Bachelor of commercial science, Joseph Francis Finerty, George Bernard Fitzpatrick, Adam Aloysius Gorski, George Fink Joseph, Bruno Vincent Kwiatkoski, Paul Charles Ruffenach, Francis Joseph Scott, Myron Henry Wagner, Sylvester Nicholas Wagner, Jr.; bachelor of science in economics, D. Clyde Beighey, Walter Edwin Crim, Arthur E. Cole, William Prout Henning. The Very Rev. President announced the following graduates of the college of arts : Bachelor of philosophy, John Lyons; bachelor of arts, Michael Joseph Brannigan, Thomas Charles Brown, Mark Paul Flanagan, Justin Joseph Gallagher, Joseph Kline, Francis Xavier Kuzniewski, James Joseph McCloskey, William George McMenemy, Sister Mary Stanislaus McVay, Edward Joseph

Quinn, Joseph John Sabaniec, Francis Henry Topping, Michael Alexander Wolak, Stanislaus Marion Zaborowski. The school of law conferred the degree of bachelor of laws on the following, who were announced by the Dean, Judge Swearingen: William Alexander Blair, Joseph Louis Campbell, Oscar R. Cummins, Constantine Dimitrion Diamantopulos (Diamond), Alexander Albert Garroway, William Lawrence Jacob, Gilmore Roy Keitzer, William Clarence McDougall, Leo James McGlinchey, Herbert Eusebius Pilgram, Benjamin Trotzky, Blythe Scott Weddell. The following honorary degrees were bestowed by the Very Rev. President: Master of arts, Rev. Charles Bernard Hannigan, C. S. Sp., B. A., '07; Rev. Eugene Nicholas McGuigan, C. S. Sp., B. A., '06; Bernard James McKenna, B. A., '11, LL. B., '14; Rev. Joseph Anthony Rossenbach, C. S. Sp., B. A., '08; Rev. Francis Stanislaus Szumierski, C. S. Sp., B. A., '05. The degree of doctor of laws was conferred on Honorable Charles Howard Kline, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas; Very Reverend Francis Joseph McCabe, V. F., Pastor of the Church of the Annunciation, North Side; Reverend Louis Mary James Woelfel, pastor of the Church of St. Martin, West End.

Gold medals were awarded to graduates of the college of arts as follows: For oratory, Justin J. Gallagher; for English, Thomas C. Brown; for mathematics, James J. McCloskey; for philosophy and classics, Francis X. Kuzniewski; for general excellence, Justin J. Gallagher.

Medals were donated by the late Right Rev. R. Phelan, D. D.; Right Rev. Mgr. F. Keane, P. R., LL. D., Sacred Heart Church, Pittsburgh; Rev. B. J. Hynes, P. R., St. John the Evangelist's, S. S., Pittsburgh; Rev. E. M. McKeever, LL. D., St. John the Baptist's, Pittsburgh; Rev. I. McGovern, Assumption Church, Pittsburgh; Rev. C. M. Keane, Assistant Rector, St. Canice's, Pittsburgh; Dr. E. A. Weisser, Pittsburgh; Mr. F. T. Lauinger, Pittsburgh; the late Mr. R. E. Walsh, Crafton, Pa.; to each of whom the Faculty return their cordial thanks.

The Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, President of the University, announced that during the year 1511 students had been enrolled, 486 in the main building for the College of Arts and Sciences, 1025 in the Vandergrift Building, on Fourth Avenue, where are held the Schools of Law, Finance, Education and Social Service. During the year the University took an active part in the Military work which all educational institutions were called upon to perform. Twenty of its professors and graduates took the



Special Training Course last summer, and received commissions in the army. The S. A. T. C. unit was organized last fall; since its demobilization in December, the R. O. T. C. has been trained regularly by a Commanding Officer. Father Hehir emphasized the need of more education for our young men, especially higher education, but higher education along Christian lines of right and justice, so necessary for the period of reconstruction, now after the great world war.

#### BISHOP CANEVIN'S ADDRESS.

Duquesne University has closed another successful year in the great, arduous and important work of higher education. While the University is making progress from year to year; while it is adding course after course, department after department, yet there are a number of chairs to be founded before it takes its place among the great universities of the world. In this completeness the university cannot be established and perfected without generous coöperation and assistance from its friends. No institution can hope to educate a large number of students without endowments and assistance outside of the income of the school itself. Very few students are sufficiently wealthy to pay the full expenses of a university course. For that reason, the State of Pennsylvania comes to the aid of the schools of higher learning within its limits, to give to the average young man that opportunity for self-improvement which he could not possibly purchase for himself.

There never has been a time when universities did not depend upon generous benefactors. While in our day millions are contributed by large-hearted men to the great work of education, yet the great generosity manifested by the friends of education in the Middle Ages has not been surpassed, has not even been equalled anywhere at the present day. An old writer said it was hard for a young man of the thirteenth century to escape university education, so easy was it for him to stay at the great schools and acquire all branches of knowledge then accessible. Not only were students taken without tuition, but books, food and clothing were furnished to them gratis. In some of those universities there were as many as ten, fifteen or twenty thousand pursuing the higher courses of studies. In proportion to the population of Europe, the number of students was far greater than it is at the present time, and, in proportion to the means of the people, the diffusion of education was far more general than anything we ever dream of to-day. Think of



10,000, 15,000, 20,000 at Paris, Oxford or Padua, educated, clothed, lodged at the expense of the university!

There were great scholars in those days. While the mediaeval schools had not made the advances in physical science and material progress with which we are acquainted, all that we have to-day of classical literature from pagan times, all that we have of painting, of music, of philosophy, and of biblical knowledge, were copied and stored up in the universities of those days. It was there that men studied the great philosophers of ancient times. It was St. Thomas of Aquin that took the philosophy of Aristotle, his logic and metaphysics, and remodeled it as we have it to-day. Like Samson, he took the jaw-bone of an ass to slaughter the lion of materialism and rationalism of his time.

Our people have not imitated in their dealings with Duquesne University the traditions of generosity that marked the history of earlier times. In some countries a person, no matter how great or how small his fortune, considered it a disgrace not to leave some bequest for higher education and for the public good in the community where he had made his money and spent his life. Many among us die without ever thinking of this. So there is one thought that I wish to place before you. It is your solemn duty to aid Duquesne University of the Holy Ghost to continue the traditions of Christian education that belong to her from the day of Pentecost down to the present hour. Our Catholic people must awaken to the fact that on them devolves the duty of maintaining in our midst the love of higher learning, that is our heritage from the past, showing to the world that our schools are worthy successors of those in other days and in other lands that gave us all of learning and all of art that is our pride in the twentieth century.

## Baccalaureate Address.

By William J. Keaney.

*"Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving yourselves."*  
*St. James, Chap. 1, Verse 22.*

GENTLEMEN:—

It is always pleasant to listen to an educated man—to one who has ability to see the point, and ability to talk to the point. It is still more pleasant to listen to an educated educator—to one who is in reality and not merely in his own subjective estimation

a master in that domain where all branches of knowledge receive their law of formation. And if he explains the nature of true education, the juncture of man and subject has nothing lacking as an object to engage our deepest interest.

The Apostle whose words express the central thought of the present discourse, had passed the test in the school of the greatest educator the world has ever seen. He had received his commission as an educator from his Master when the latter on His ascension to the throne of His Father in Heaven, had turned over the visible conduct of His school to His disciples. And after more than a score of years spent in fruitful activity as head of the church of Jerusalem, the cousin of the Lord addresses a letter to all the faithful in which he sets forth the nature of real education, not as a theorist who dreams, but as a practical man who knows. Not an essay is his letter, but a code.

Recognizing as he does the importance of knowledge as one of the two essential elements of education, he insists on the far greater importance of translating knowledge into terms of action. He emphasizes the fact that knowledge, howsoever exalted in its object, howsoever luminous in conception, howsoever brilliant in expression by word of mouth, is useless, worse than useless, unless it be bodied forth in life, for otherwise it brings about in the soul a state of sterilization which the Apostle thinks it is sufficient to name self-deception, to induce all to avoid it.

Education, then, in the highest sense of the word, is not only conception of the truth in the noblest form in which it manifests itself, but over and above that, reproduction and birth of it as a vital force energizing as the mainspring of life. It is adequate and complete re-action to whatever is worthy of stimulating the intellect and will as faculties that constitute man the image of the Creator.

Education is, of course, an abstract term, but that is no reason for viewing in an abstract manner the thing denoted by it; so let us turn to consider the principles of your education working out in the concrete, for, by giving articulateness and voice to the law of their operation in the past, it will be possible to bestow clearer and more definite expression on the rule of your life in the future.

To divide the subject according to its natural cleavage :

1. You were sent into this world to be educated.
2. You came to this University to be educated.
3. You are now going forth into the arena of life to be educated.

4. The day will come when you will leave this world to be educated. These are lines of division, not as between different kinds of education, but as between distinct stages of what is essentially one and the same process.

You were sent into this world to be educated. Before you were, you were not altogether nothing. You were not a contradiction in terms. You were a possibility, and a possibility of no mean order. You were the object of divine thought and divine love which took effective shape in preserving the universe for the day of your coming. At the behest of those who desired a living, eternal image of their own mutual affection and love, the Creator of the world who is obeyed by the things that are not no less than by the things that are, summoned your soul from nothing and it came. This was the first step in your education—the being brought from a state of mere potentiality into actual existence. You were by that very act constituted the image of God, having faculties enabling you to know and love Him, but unlike the angelic spirits, whose minds are radiant with thought at the first instant of their creation, your soul had only dormant powers. God could, indeed, have quickened them into activity by direct command and action, but He prefers to show the greatness of His wisdom and might by operating through secondary causes whenever possible. Now we know from our own experience that matter can act upon the soul, and hence God in creating your soul placed it in the shrine prepared for it. In the hierarchy of powers wherewith the soul is endowed, the vegetative powers were first excited into activity and under the divine guidance built up the wondrous organism that was to serve as a transformer between the external world and the vital principle of human life.

On your coming to the light of day, your external senses were acted upon by light and sound and resistance and odor and taste as by so many vibrators massaging the infant senses and projecting the quickening currents along the channels of knowledge arousing the interior senses and awakening the sleeping soul. You had become conscious of yourself. At first there was a blur of color on the retina, a tingling of sound in the ear—a dream, but gradually you perceived that it was not all a dream; you noticed that the color and sound came from an object outside yourself. You thus obtained the concept of an external world, of your distinctness from it, and a clearer conception of your own identity.



Your curiosity as to this external world being stirred up, you discovered that it was not one but many things, and you got increasingly clearer focus on its multiplicity. Observing more closely, you remarked that one thing proceeded from another, and you thus acquired the concept of cause. Beholding the play of cause in ever-broadening scope, you discerned a hierarchy of causes, lesser causes being grouped under greater and these under still greater until the very momentum of the thought carried you on to the idea of one cause of all things, and you thus arrived at the idea of God. And when upon asking your mother: Who made the world? you heard in reply: God made the world, you received from her, not a new idea, but merely a name for an idea you had already more or less clearly conceived. Having arrived at the idea of the First Cause of all things, you had arrived at the idea of One from whom you came, of One to whom you owed your existence and your life, not only the life of vegetation and sensation which you have in common with the plant and brute creation, but the life also by which you are differentiated from them—the life of the intellect and will. Having conceived God as the first cause of all things, you were led instinctively to conceive Him as the final end of all, and consequently as the supreme lawgiver, judge, and remunerator. You had now a complete conception of the cycle of your existence. You had obtained the essentials of a liberal education. Hence it has been well said that one's education is complete before one begins to go to school. All the rest of life could have but one purpose—to intensify this knowledge, to fill in the details of the picture, and above all to live the sublime truth that you had greater kinship with your Maker through possessing intellect and will by which you could know and love Him, than you had with the plant or brute creation through possessing vegetative or sensory powers which the Creator had designed merely as tools and instruments to quicken your intellect and will from potential into actual knowledge and love.

You came to this University to be educated. In stillly watches of the night when she received her child from the hands of its Creator, there came from the lips of a greater than the daughter of Pharaoh the words spoken centuries ago on the banks of the Nile to the mother of Moses: "Take this child and raise him up for me, and I will pay you your wages." By that charge your parents were constituted your teachers by inalienable right, responsible to God alone, and only in default of their grave



obligations to Him, amenable to any civil authority whatsoever.

It is only in a simple state of society, however, that all necessities can be supplied from the home itself. The more complex material civilization becomes, the greater grows the need for a division of labor. In the exacting demands of the present age, your parents would have found it difficult along with their other duties to give the knowledge requisite to enable you to keep abreast of the best in thought and action. And so in the exercise of their rights and duties they delegated others to impart in their name the more intensive and extensive knowledge desired for you. The school then is not an institution where you unlearn the substantial truths taught in the home. On the contrary, it is a continuation instrument taking up the unfinished web of education to carry it out according to the original design.

Your first years of school-life were employed in acquiring knowledge of reading or the art of deciphering those conventional symbols by which men exchange with one another or store up for posterity the findings they have made in analyzing and interpreting the phenomena of nature or of social activity. You acquire a knowledge of mathematics so as to have precise ideas of measure of space or time or number or the rhythm pervading nature, and you thus became more fit to use qualitative knowledge by rendering it quantitative also. You were trained in the art of self-expression by written or spoken word so as to become a helpful and agreeable companion through ability to set forth your ideas with accuracy, clearness, force and elegance. Theory and practice were ever coupled as the years went by and the fund of knowledge was added to, until the time was at hand when your past proficiency justified your desire to equip yourselves by means of a college education for a professional career or general ability for leadership in the world at large. And in accordance with your parents' desire, you entered Duquesne University.

What is the purpose of a college education? The president of one university, a man of international reputation, in addressing some years ago the young men and women just entering college, told them that the purpose of a college education is to root out the stampeding instinct. You know what is meant by the expression—that tendency to follow the crowd, to do what the pack does simply because the pack is doing it. It is the ever-ready response to the appeal, "Everybody's doing it," whereas a rational being should follow reason as a guide, undertaking a thing only because of its intrinsic worth and true human value,

recking naught of so utterly an extrinsic motive as the example of the head.

Precisely how his institution or any secular institution was organized for the primary purpose of curing mass psychology or eradicating from its wards the concupiscence of the flesh, the concupiscence of the eyes or the pride of life, he failed to state—a regrettable omission, indeed, if there be any secular university with so interesting a machinery.

The president of another university, likewise a man of international renown, takes apparently the opposite view of the matter. He tells us that character is a by-product of education. In other words, that definite stamp on an individual singling him out as immune from the stampeding instinct, is not at all the primary aim of education, but merely something given off during the process and not thrown away only because in spite of its not being principally intended, it has enough value to justify the overhead expense entailed in its not being at once consigned to the scrap-heap.

Now, in coming to Duquesne University, you came to a college which has for its purpose the rooting out of the stampeding instinct; you came to a college which regards character not as a by-product, but as the essential purpose of education. Character, while formally a fixity or attachment of the will to principle, is based on an intellectual apprehension of right principle. It consists, therefore, in knowing the truth and living the truth, in hearing the word and doing the word. Character is complete education: without it all other activity is self-delusion.

What grander principle of right conduct could be set before anyone than that set before you here! Starting from the obvious truth that anything exists in order to reach its own intrinsic perfection by exercising its highest powers on the noblest object, you have had pointed out to you that your highest powers, those which distinguish you from the brute, those which bestow on you your title to the kingship of nature, are intellect by which you are capable of knowing the truth and will by which you are able to love it, and that the noblest object with regard to which those powers can be exercised, is God Himself; whence the conclusion follows that you are to reach your own intrinsic perfection as human beings by knowing and loving your Creator.

And when you hear it said that God created man for His own glory, you are not led through ignorance to take the divine purpose amiss as though it were selfish on His part. On the

contrary, you find additional inspiration in thought because you know from the definition of glory as being clear knowledge of greatness with ensuing praise, that your own intrinsic perfection and God's glory are not two different things but one and the same thing viewed from both sides of the essential relation of the rational creature to the Creator, and together making up in their verbal expression a complete statement of the identity of interest between man and his Maker.

Thus love having been aroused for the Senior partner of the firm whose profits all go to yourself—this love is further enlightened when the answer is pointed out to you to the objection urged against the Church—that its attitude is all wrong, because it places the final object of existence on the other side of the grave, whereas right reason demands that human life should have a purpose intrinsic to it here. You have been taught to recognize the utter injustice of the complaint, through seeing the misapprehension on which it is based. It is only knowledge of God by sight that is deferred to the hereafter, but not all knowledge is put off till then. On the contrary, you have been taught that your inherent business on earth, the one relatively to which all other activities hold subordinate rank, the one alone from which they derive their intrinsic worth, is to begin now to know and love the Creator, and not merely to get the substance of that knowledge and love, but to increase from day to day, using even the interest that accrues in terms of physical, mental, social or external well being, to augment the capital. Surely this is an end intrinsic to human life, so intrinsic that as a matter of universal experience fulfilment of it brings mental and moral satisfaction; non-fulfilment leaves a void, for which the brain of man has never yet devised a remedy, however much wealth, culture, external honor, pleasure, social activity, business interests or any other object of pursuit have been used as palliatives or followed as will-o'-the-wisps to lure their victims to self-destruction.

Not only has birth and increase in knowledge and love of your Maker been proposed to you as the essential business of life, which alone it is profitable to follow; there has furthermore been given to you a potent incentive to live up to this ideal in as much as the fulfilment of so grand a calling established an identity of relation between your life and God's life in heaven.

You know from reason that God's own life is one eternal act of infinite knowledge and infinite love of His infinite perfections.



Consequently, when the developing forces of nature had brought about in your soul the idea of a first cause, your soul became a shadowgraph, a screen on which the Creator's own life in heaven was projected. Surely no sublimer principle of activity, no grander model of action, could be proposed to man than to reflect in his own person the essential life of his Creator, and to be not only by nature but in his activity also the image, the living image, of His Maker's own activity, and going forward in divine knowledge and love to make his life a close-up movement wherein the lineaments of God's image in the soul come out more and more distinctly day by day, strengthening mind and heart in preparation for the eternal day, so as to be able to gaze upon his Creator's face without breaking down or crumbling under the overwhelming weight of infinite and eternal glory.

Duquesne University thus has a source of direction, and gives it to her children. She has charted for you with no uncertain hand the sea of life, and now bids you manfully breast the wind and the waves, going undeviatingly on your way to the final goal, ever following the magnetic compass with which she has adorned your souls. She follows you with eyes and heart, knowing that departing from her tutelage you will be true to the principles she has taught. She has taught the folly of the stampeding instinct, she has implanted character as the primary purpose for which she received you into her charge. Her final words are a loving request to exemplify in your lives the maxims wherein the Greeks summed up all wisdom: Know thyself. Follow God.

"Follow the deer? follow the Christ, the King,  
Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King—  
Else, wherefore born?"—Tennyson, *Idylls of the King*.





## The Missing Platinum.

TERRY DUCK, of the Quimperton detective staff, was rudely awakened one Monday morning by the jangling of the telephone bell. Over the wire he heard a voice that quivered with alarm.

"Is this Terry Duck?"

"Yes, this is Mr. Duck speaking."

"This is Curtiss, president of the Hamilton Trust Company. I wish you would call this morning at my home on Longshore Drive as I must discuss with you a topic of the utmost importance."

"I will be down immediately."

Terry made a hurried toilet, jumped into his high-powered roadster and was soon speeding towards the Curtiss residence.

When Terry had been shown in by the maid, he found the banker pacing rapidly to and fro in the hall. After a short pause, in which he showed no sign of recognizing that a guest was present, Curtiss motioned him to a seat in the library.

Curtiss seated himself opposite him and began in a business-like manner.

"Last night—or possibly Saturday night—the bank was broken into, and a small but valuable amount of platinum entrusted to my care by the Government, was taken from the vault. Nothing else was missing besides this."

Terry, who had written down in his memory every word spoken, replied, "I would like to go over the scene of the robbery."

They soon arrived at the bank in the detective's car. Entering by a rear door, so as not to arouse suspicion, he began a thorough examination of the room, and found the window had been opened by a piece being cut out above the lock. When his eyes fell upon the iron bars he exclaimed in a tone of conviction, "Eaten away with an acid!" Not a nook or corner escaped the eye of the investigator. Minutely he inspected the door of the vault and there was no evidence that it had been tampered with.

So far not a clue had been left behind by the nocturnal visitant.

Terry seemed puzzled.

"Open the vault," he commanded. The huge door was swung open.

As Terry walked around in the vault he detected a slight noise beneath him like the sound of falling gravel. Testing the floor with his cane he got a hollow sound. After considerable maneuvering, with the aid of his lens, he found a large circular

crack in the cement floor. He chiseled a groove in the crack, and with the help of his companion, he pried the concrete up, revealing what seemed be a cave under the vault.

"I see!" he cried. "Hand me that flashlight."

The banker, too astonished to reply, obeyed. Terry made his way through an underground passage for about ten feet. He was confronted by a wall of earth which appeared to be solid, but after patient examination, he found a hole barely large enough to let a man pass through. He made his way through this opening into a more roomy chamber, and after crawling a few feet, was startled by the sight of a man lying in the passage. Beside him lay a small bag containing the missing platinum. The ground around the man's body was moist, and as Terry crawled along in the same direction, the hand which he held foremost in making his way, plunged deeply into a pool of muddy water. He drew it out and retraced his tracks and returned to the vault with the missing platinum and the body of the culprit.

Curtiss was wildly excited upon seeing the lost treasure. It was a full half minute before he found voice to speak. At last he cried, "The platinum,—the thief,—explain."

When Curtiss had quieted down Terry was ready to give him a full explanation.

"Where does that tunnel end?" asked the president in the middle of the detective's explanation.

He answered, "You see, after the culprit had broken the window, merely as a ruse to fool the investigators, he entered a plumbing shop, where he was employed, two doors below the bank. He made his way to the basement of the building where the underground passage began. After walking along the passage—which, by the way, had taken him a month to complete—he entered the vault by making a hole in the floor. He made away with the platinum and after cementing the floor back into place he started to return. When he had crossed under the adjoining building, and had reached the wall separating the plumbing shop from the building, he found the water main had burst and cut off his means of escape."

J. EDWARD DIEMER, Sc., '21.





## From Training Camp and Battle Front.

XIX.

Paul J. Gillespie, K. of C. Secretary, writes from Le Mans, France.

Our new hut is immense. The boys are all scattered, some writing home, others staring into space, one playing the piano, and the more lively of the lot playing baseball and rooting with all the enthusiasm of school boys.

I sit in a cozy little corner at the counter heaped with chocolates, almond bars, chewing tobacco, corn-cob pipes, Bull Durham, cigarettes, cigarette paper and soap. A suggestion of summer is in the sun's rays, and the sweet perfume of lilacs is in the air.

Last Sunday the good people of Le Mans paid us a visit. They explored every corner of the camp, the small boy being especially in evidence. The rows of steaming kitchens with their savory odors had their attractions. The visitors watched with keenest interest the long files of Yanks receive their rations in metal cups and pans. We had all kinds of races and other sports. The society ladies of Le Mans, including three Countesses, handed out good things to eat. General Petain paid us a visit. Two crack American bands played alternately all the afternoon. We have recourse to many expedients to keep up the spirits of the boys; they are weary of France, and long for home.

To-morrow, May 11, is Mother's Day. It will be observed by the A. E. F. in Le Mans. At the club in town, lemonade and home-made cookies will be served.

Every day I enjoy a delightful walk into the country. The roads are lined with a double row of trees. The farm houses are all of stone, surrounded with flowers. Fine estates are distinguished by handsome mansions set off with charming flower gardens. Grand old castles and moss-covered churches diversify the landscape.

Next Sunday about a hundred American soldiers are to be confirmed with the French children. It will be a gala day in town.

Before I return I expect to see southern France and Italy.



John P. Schmidt, Corporal, Co. I, 109th Regiment, saw much active service along the Marne, the Vesle, the Meuse and in the Argonne. He had a weird experience on the Vesle after a daylight attack. Rumor had it that many Germans wanted to surrender, and he was commissioned to enter No Man's Land and invite them over. Soon after the parley had begun, a corporal, armed with a rifle, advanced as if to speak to him. Corporal Schmidt sensed danger and bade the advancing soldier to lay down his gun. In reply the gun was quickly brought to the shoulder and fired, but fortunately with indifferent aim. A machine gun was now turned on the intruder, and Corporal Schmidt was lucky in a hail of bullets to escape with one through his shoulder and another through his helmet. He refused to go to the hospital, and was satisfied with the attentions he received at the first aid station.

For a week his regiment held an almost untenable position. It was shelled on three sides. Provisions had to be conveyed over a foot board spanning the river; the wounded and prisoners crossed by the same frail bridge. Food was so scarce that he had to live on what he found on the dead. Ammunition and guns were plentiful, but casualties were numerous. His company lost one-fifth of its effectives. On one occasion, a German shell exploded in an observation post, killing five men, blowing one to bits, and wounding two others, one of whom having lost an arm and a leg died soon after.

Joseph Burkley was sergeant in the Ammunition Corps working in conjunction with the same 109th Infantry.

---

Bernard P. Fisher, 99th Aero Squadron, spent some eighteen months across the seas. The squadron to which he was attached, was composed of two hundred men, comprising mechanics, laborers, cooks, photographers, intelligence officers, observers, pilots and commander-in-chief. On his return from France, he called to see us. Of the interesting things he told us we reproduce his description of an air fight he witnessed at Souilly.

"While our organization was stationed in the zone of advance near the front, it was not an uncommon sight to see the enemy planes hovering above us. In fact, every day that the weather was good, airplanes would make a flight over our territory for the purpose of taking photographs and of observing what might have taken place since the day before. The reception given them was not a pleasant one, for the anti-aircraft guns shot hundreds of shells at them. Although they were seldom



brought down by the shells from these guns, they took a big chance by lingering any length of time in one place.

"The battle I am going to describe occurred a mile from Souilly in the St. Mihiel sector. We had just finished supper and were making our way to our quarters when our attention was attracted by the firing of the anti-aircraft guns at a German plane flying about three thousand feet above us. For a few minutes the enemy paid no attention to the force of the explosions about him nor to the shrieking shrapnel bursting in all directions, but kept straight on over the allied lines. It was not long before he changed his course from a westerly to a south-east direction. The sky was quite clear with the exception of a small cloud which was not far ahead of him in the path he had chosen to take. When he had arrived within a short distance of the cloud, out flew three French fighting machines from behind the cloud. In a short time, they had headed him off and the guns from the ground ceased. Although, the French outnumbered their opponent, they showed a sense of sportsmanship in the fight that followed. Only one machine of the three took up the attack; the other two cut off all chance of escape. Those who are familiar with the different types of machines used, know that the observation machine, such as was used by the Germans, is well armed, having four mounted machine guns, two of which can be operated at mostly any angle. This feature amounted to a decided advantage over the Chase plane which has only two guns that are stationary. This necessitates the pointing of the whole machine, if the pilot decides to fire, and gave the advantage to the enemy.

"When the fight began, the French aviator took up the offensive, holding it till the finish. We watched the progress of the battle with breathless interest, especially when the enemy plane would dive downward with the smaller plane hot in pursuit. Three times he rose again going through the cloud with the hope of eluding his opponent, but in this he was not successful. For no matter what manoeuvres he executed, he could not shake off his opponent. After the German had ascended for the third time and had steered in several directions in vain efforts to escape, it suddenly became evident that he had been mortally wounded, for his machine nosed downward and continued in its fatal descent until cut off from our view by a ridge of hills.

"A short time later, the pilot who had gained the victory, being in need of gasoline, landed in our field to refill his tanks. He informed us that the observer of the enemy plane had been

killed early in the fight, and that the end came only when the pilot had been mortally wounded."

---

William F. Graham, color-sergeant of the 107th Field Artillery, figured at the Marne, Aine, Oise, Argonne, and in Belgium. Edward J. Edmundson was a motor cyclist in the company with him and Robert McCarter.

---

Hynes, a dashing seaman on board a submarine patrol, was awarded the *Croix de Guerre* for heroically participating in rescues from sinking ships.

---

Joseph C. Hannegan, 103rd Signal Battalion, took an active part in resisting the Fifth German offensive July 14 to 27, in the advance on the Ourcq and Vesle Rivers, July 28 to September 7, in the engagements on the Meuse and in the Argonne from September 26 to October 9, and October 30 to November 1.

---

George Rudolph, Co. H, 56th Engineers, spent two weeks of his seven months in France, in the St. Mihiel sector, working a searchlight to detect enemy planes on air raids bent.

---

Michael McGurk was in all the actions in which the 325th Regiment distinguished itself.

---

Ensign "Towie" Kane, after attending "June week" at the Naval Academy, left for the West Indies, Panama, and South America, on the Middies' Cruise, acting as instructor and duty officer.

---

First Lieutenant John P. Egan, U. S. Ordnance, wound up his service overseas by bringing a train of German artillery ammunition across France to St. Loubes, near Bordeaux. On the way he met George Doris and Eugene Hoffmann.

---

Paul M. McAteer, 125th Regiment, has interesting stories to tell of his sixteen months in the army. His regiment coöperated with the British at the Marne, subsequently was stationed near Belfort, and saw a great deal of Alsace.

---

Rev. Bernard McGuigan considers Dan Becker, captain in the 331st Field Artillery, the most efficient and at the same time the most popular American officer he met abroad.

---

Rev. J. D. Hagan, chaplain of the 30th Infantry, is with the army of occupation in Germany. His postal card bears a beautiful picture of a handsome castle on the Mosel, the roofs tilted at a generous angle to guard against the piling of snow during the strenuous winter season.

H. J.



# SANCTUM

## EDITORIAL

### *A Year That Was Different.*

THE strangest year in the history of the University has come to an end. The war cloud that gathered over our heads a year ago last spring gave us cause to fear that there would be no session of '18-'19; instead, the session has been one of unusual prosperity. True, the college and law school sent their eighty per cent. into the service, and for two or three years we must expect very small graduating classes from these departments. But in all the other courses the attendance was more than satisfactory. The S. A. T. C. was pronounced "the most interesting innovation ever introduced at D. U.", and everyone regretted its early demobilization. But the military idea has come to stay, and when the S. A. T. C. went out, the R. O. T. C. came in. The discipline and earnestness that characterized these enterprises left its impress on the class-work and the general conduct of the student body; as the chronicler records elsewhere, a very high standard of excellence in scholarship has been reached. Extra-class activities have not suffered notably as a result of the war; our Euchre and Reception was the biggest ever, our entertainments have drawn large and appreciative audiences, and enthusiasm for athletics has been normal. However, it is undeniable that, despite this enthusiasm, lack of material in the upper classes has hampered the activity of coaches and cheer leaders, and though our seasons were not inglorious, the records achieved have not been up to the Duquesne standard. Time will remove the cause.

The year 1918-'19 was somewhat away from the beaten path, but it gave us a shaking up of which we are bound to profit in the end.



# CHRONICLE

In a letter to the President of the University announcing the final settlement of all the 685 contracts of the Student Army Training Corps, the Business Director of the Committee on Education and Special Contracts Training under the War Department made the following remarks:

I wish to take this opportunity personally to express the appreciation of this Department for the magnificent coöperation which we have had from the colleges of the country in making these adjustments. I can readily understand that in some cases there may have been a feeling that the Department has perhaps not been as liberal as it might, but on the other hand I am sure that you will appreciate that it was our duty to protect the interests of the Government as well as the interests of the institutions. What we have endeavored to do was to protect both and at the same time proceed as expeditiously as possible in order to relieve the colleges of financial embarrassment.

While we would have been glad to complete the settlements earlier, it has not proved possible to do so, but it may be some satisfaction for the colleges to know that the S. A. T. C. contract is the first Government contract to be entirely cleaned up and settled.

Again assuring you of our appreciation of your coöperation in bringing this matter to a conclusion and of the spirit in which you have met and dealt with the representatives of this Department, I am,

Very truly yours,

E. K. HALL, *Business Director.*

We published in June the result of the campaign for the Victory Loan conducted by our unit of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps. Colonel F. W. Rowell, dis-

R. O. T. C. in district inspector of the Third District, has Victory Loan recently forwarded to the President of the University the following letter from the Chief of Staff, "that all concerned may be advised of the sincere appreciation of the War Department for their efforts in 'Finishing the Job'":

"I have been informed that the Reserve Officers' Training



Corps in its campaign instituted during the Victory Drive has secured subscriptions to date amounting to \$12,283,500. I desire to congratulate the Committee on Education and Special Training, and through it the officers and members of the R. O. T. C. for this extraordinary manifestation of patriotic spirit. This is only an example of the splendid attitude of educational institutions toward all questions of national service. The students of the country nobly answered the call to duty in 1917 and 1918, and they have again shown clearly that the American boy stands behind his Government at all times.

(Signed) PEYTON C. MARCH, *Chief of Staff*.

Elsewhere in this number we record the impression produced on the general public by the big play, "Seven Keys to Baldpate", as expressed in the columns of the daily press. The success was due in no small measure to Mr. R. E. Evans, manager of the theatre, whom we have not elsewhere had the opportunity to thank for his many great courtesies. Many persons have remarked that "Seven Keys" was a University play to a greater extent than its predecessors, since every department except the Law School contributed to the cast. The Red Masquers are looking forward to a year of greatly expanded activities in '19-'20.

### College and High Schools.

The final examinations for the college graduates were conducted during the second week of May; those of the high school graduates were held during the closing days of the month.

We congratulate the successful graduates in both departments on the completion of their courses.

June 11, 12 and 13, were devoted to the fourth quarterly examinations for undergraduates. At the proclamation of the results of these tests, forty honor cards and one hundred and twenty-two certificates (the former referring to the fourth term only, the latter covering the whole year's work) were awarded. First places with exceptionally high averages were obtained as follows: Junior, M. N. Glynn; Freshman, Andrew J. King; Third High, Richard H. Ackerman, 90.5 per cent.; Second High A, Paul G. Sullivan, 93.5 per cent.; Second High B, William Jacko, 93 per cent.; First High A, Vincent O'Donnell; First

High B, Robert Slusarski, 95.4 per cent.; First High C, William Kohler, 91.9 per cent.; Third Scientific, Harry C. Murto; Second Scientific, Joseph Ritter, 92.9 per cent.; First Scientific, Aloysius Heim, 93.2 per cent.; Third Commercial, John Mochary; Second Commercial, Ernest Baier; First Commercial, Thomas Burch, 95.8 per cent. Other high percentages were obtained by Joseph Rozenas, 89.5; John Briley Walsh, 89.4; Marion Bostaph, 90; Raymond Wilhelm, 89.9; and Adalbert Blieszner, 89.7.

### Christian Doctrine Contest

The yearly examination in Christian Doctrine for a gold medal, in which high school students compete, took place on Friday, June 6. To Paul G. Sullivan, whose paper was adjudged the winner, we present our compliments.

### No More Preps

An important announcement made at the reading of notes was that the Preparatory Department is to be discontinued.

When this issue of the MONTHLY reaches its readers several extensive and much desired improvements will be well under way. At the foot of the main stairway a

**Improvements** general lavatory is being installed, containing ten basins, six showers, locker space, and convenient toilet facilities. It will be accessible to all the students and to people assisting at field sports.

By the removal of the boarders' dormitories to the eastern half of the present commercial hall, not only are more spacious and airy sleeping quarters provided for the boys that make their homes at Duquesne, but four handsome recitation rooms are released for the accommodation of classes, very much congested in recent years. New lockers and toilet space will be provided on both floors. The rearrangement is also advantageous to the students in the commercial high school. Compactness, co-ordination, and bright, cheerful, business-like surroundings make them the gainers by the new move.

The stage of our auditorium, already fairly well provided with scenery, has up to the present lacked adequate lighting equipment; hence the efforts of the budding Thespians, however earnest, have thus far been crowned with only partial success. This want, too, is to be made up before September.

While the students are on vacation, the old school is a busy workshop, you see! Well, enjoy your days of irresponsible pleasure, boys, and come back renovated to a renovated school!

We wish to convey to the parents of Anthony Vaktor the expression of our most sincere sympathy for his untimely end.

Sympathy      He had just completed his second year here at school, standing well in his classes and respected generally for his good behavior.

On Monday morning, June 30, when attempting to board a McKees Rocks car, he fell under the trailer and was instantly crushed to death. The students, especially the members of First High C, will mourn his loss.

To enable those students who failed in certain subjects of their course to qualify for promotion, summer classes to run from 9 to 12 during five weeks, were inaugurated on June 30. We expect excellent results from the sacrifices entailed.

It gives us genuine pleasure to be able to announce that Paul Clougherty, injured by a motor truck when crossing Fifth Avenue during the street car strike in May,

Cordial      shows signs of steady improvement. There  
 Congratulations      was a time when his life was despaired of, and, later, fears were entertained that he might never be able to walk unaided. Thank God, he has progressed far beyond what the most sanguine of us dared to hope. His unalterable cheerfulness and optimistic spirits, even when his case was most serious, impressed every observer, and secured a steady flow of visitors to his room in the Mercy Hospital. We rejoice with his parents and many friends that he has been spared, we believe, for the better things of life, and for the edification and possibly the salvation of others.

LEO J. MCINTYRE, '22.

---

## The Clock On the Stairs.

Even the oldest of our alumni have regarded the clock on the stairs with a certain degree of veneration; it was there before they came, and it continued to tick off the laggard seconds of class and the fleeting minutes of recreation long after their tardy steps had resounded on the stairway in the morning or their twinkling feet had tripped it lightly to the campus or the family larder when three bells dismissed them in the afternoon. No clock can last for ever. The tall mahogany frame has gallantly withstood the onslaughts of revolving years and the enfeebling changes of temperature; the heart, however, and the lungs and the digestive organs, so to speak, gave out at last, but not without a warning. Brother Fritz, of happy memory, sensed its approaching dissolution when on winding it after night prayer it rang out one hundred and seven o'clock, and elicited from him his favorite expression when surprised, an



explosive "Donner und blitzen"! Though he thought it demanded exorcism rather than attention, he coaxed it and cajoled it and humored it, until he got the hands to indicate the correct hour, but the striking apparatus, he found, was Cromwellian in its non-conformity. A strange thing is a clock; it strikes and keeps on working. What a contradiction! Well, the attachment of the hands to the pivot, like most human affections, was weakened in the course of decades, and they hung limply downwards in protest against the ravages of time. Father Danner reverently performed an autopsy, and consigned the relics to a not ignoble grave in the sacred precincts of his museum. A substitute has been found. It does its work well, and like most good workers it does that work in silence. With its fair and beaming countenance radiating a welcome and dispensing information as cheerfully and effectively as the professors in their class rooms, it will be an inducement to students to come early and look with admiring inquisitiveness for the message it conveys.

OLD TIMER.

---

---

### The Grand Old Clock.

You've seen, no doubt, the grand old clock  
That many years went tick-a-tock  
Upon the second floor.  
Well, clocks like dogs must have their day,  
And after that they pass away;  
So ours is now no more.

But be not taken unawares  
By what, when you ascend the stairs,  
Upon your eye shall fall.  
The old clock's "outsides" still remain;  
Inside another clock doth reign—  
'Tis camouflage, that's all.

PETREL STORM, '19.

---

---

### Alumni.

Rev. R. L. Hayes, D. D., superintendent of the Pittsburgh parochial schools; Rev. W. A. Kane, LL. D., superintendent of the Cleveland parochial schools; Rev. J. H. Ryan, D. D., of St. Mary of the Woods College, Terre Haute, and our Professor Moran figured prominently in the discussions on primary education in the annual meeting of the Catholic Education Association at St. Louis, Mo., June 23 to 26. Rev. H. J. McDermott attended the sessions of the College Department.

We note with satisfaction in the Catholic Directory, included in the list of Deans, the names of Very Rev. M. A. McGarey, Very Rev. R. Hamilton, Very Rev. J. L. Martin, and Very Rev. A. J. Wigley.

Of the recently returned army chaplains, Rev. B. G. Mc-



Guigan has been assigned to St. Mary's of the Mount, and Rev. J. E. McNanamy, to St. John the Baptist's. Rev. William Ryan is still in France: it is said that he is the most popular chaplain with the American Expeditionary Force; his old-time qualifications as an entertainer have improved with years.

Jason Strong, now Brother Adalbert, is teacher of Latin in St. Xavier's College, Louisville, Ky. Brother Adalbert has been a member of the Xaverian Brothers for the last eight years.

Wilfred Emmons and Florence Ubinger were ordained priests in the Passionist Order on Saturday, the fourteenth of August. The solemn and impressive ceremony took place in St. Michael's Monastery, West Hoboken, N. J.

Rev. Joseph B. Halba celebrated his first holy Mass in the Immaculate Conception Church, Pittsburgh, on June 29. The Very Rev. President enhanced the occasion with his presence.

First Lieutenant Stanislaus L. Kalinowski, recently discharged from the Dental Service in the Army, has, we hear, just taken to himself a partner for life.

Eugene Ford, of the Class of '18, has thrown in his lot with the American Express Co. We predict for Eugene a bright future and for the Express Company more efficient service.

The Pennsylvania Council of the Knights of Columbus, in their convention, at Harrisburg, during the month of May, honored F. W. Ries, Esq., with the highest dignity in their gift—that of State Deputy Supreme Knight—as an expression of their appreciation of his untiring efforts in the interests of the Order in many capacities.

Dr. Andrew P. Dzmura is back from France. In the base hospital, at Angers, he was one of the medical staff attending to at times as many as six thousand wounded American soldiers. He has resumed his practice of internal medicine for which he qualified by three years' hospital practice in this city and in London with specialists of international reputation. He has opened his office in Suite 608, Diamond Bank Building; his home address is 1212 Macon Street, Swissvale.

Charles M. Callahan, one of the old boys boarding here in the early 90's, now an undertaker in Worcester, Mass., favored us with a visit on May 16. Every three or four years he tours the country in the quest of information and renewed vigor.

The D. U. Commercial Club held its annual banquet in the

Seventh Avenue Hotel on Thursday evening, June 12. The gathering was characterized by the usual "feast of reason and flow of soul." The following officers were elected to serve during the coming year: President, Paul Madden; Vice-President, John Kettl; Treasurer, Regis Malone; Secretary, Leo Brandl; Advisory Board: Robert Merkel, Gerald Walsh, and James Fagan; Banquet and Booster Committee: Edward Mooney, Gilbert O'Brien, Paul Madden, Regis Malone, Robert Merkel, Harry Teese, Raymond Huckestein, Edward Wachter, Francis Braun, Clement Mulvehill; Moderator, Rev. Leo J. Zindler.

Raymond M. Marlier, no longer in the aviation service, has turned his thoughts to matrimony and a home. The partner of his choice is Miss Emma Grace McClellan, of Allison Park. We wish both many years of wedded happiness.

We congratulate our former professor, H. H. Sullivan, B. S., on his graduation at Pitt as an M. D.

Martin J. E. Wajert and Stanley A. Kuzniak have received their diplomas from the College of Pharmacy.

Walter Friday, fresh from his mining experiences in the west, has become identified with the Express Service. His office is in the Curry Building.

J. H. Boeggeman is superintendent of the Pittsburgh Motor Service Corporation, Liberty Street and First Avenue.

Joe Morrow, on his return from overseas service, was signed for the infield by the Buffalo Club of the International League.

Since the S. A. T. C. was mustered out, George Wilson has proved a very successful assistant to his father, George M. Wilson, in the disposal of Men's Wear, Chamber of Commerce Building.

Richard J. Fitzgerald, the impersonator of the leading female character in *Damon and Pythias* presented in 1904 by the Red Masquers in the Duquesne Theatre, has been for some time Secretary of the Jury Commissioner, Cleveland, Ohio. He has also been attending the Cleveland Law School, and expects to qualify for practice early in the summer.

Arthur Rooney has not confined his prowess to the diamond and gridiron. When he broke into the squared circle with an avoirdupois of 130 lbs., he seemed to concentrate every ounce of his weight in the punches that won him, in an incredibly short

time, the amateur international championship. Since January 15, 1918, he has won twenty-one fights and lost three. He counts amongst his victims R. Rodgers, the amateur champion; T. Lewis, the Ohio champion; Berl, the N. Y. champion; Hughes, the Cleveland champion; Thornburg, the A. M. A. champion; Ambrose, the Philadelphia champion, and Tossel, the Canadian champion. Before he had thoroughly recuperated from the "flu", he met, according to schedule, E. Burke, Pelkington, and Cassidy, but was in too weakened a condition to win. Knowing him intimately, and admiring the charm of his genial disposition, we call to mind an apt quotation that will meet with general appreciation: "He is the mildest mannered man that ever cut a throat or scuttled a ship."

H. J.

---

## ATHLETICS

### BASEBALL.

#### THE ' VARSITY.

In the previous issue of the MONTHLY, we gave the record of the ' Varsity. We were disappointed that the team did not have more victories to its credit. As a rule, the games were close and interesting, but, at a crucial moment, the necessary hit was lacking or a fumble in the infield gave the game to opponents. The battery work and outfielding were excellent, but the hitting, as a rule, was deplorably weak. Profiting of this year's experience, the ' Varsity will, we feel confident, next season measure up to expectations.

#### UNIVERSITY HIGH.

After getting away to a fine start the University High suddenly struck a snag and ended up the season in very poor form. Most of the games were lost by a small margin, very often after our boys had been ahead for several innings. Errors at critical moments were usually responsible for the mishaps. McMahon pitched pretty consistent ball for a youngster, and Greco ably assisted him. Cherdini's and Micher's hitting was of a high order. Doyle proved much better behind the bat than in the infield. Walsh's work at first left little to be desired, while outfielders Schultz and Caye covered the ground nicely. Carl proved himself a good second-baseman, and Finn came into the limelight a few times as a utility man. The main shortcomings seem to have been a lack of timely batting, and some weakness among the infielders in gathering in grounders. The scores :—

U. H., 2; St. Mary's, 3  
 " 4; Monaca, 5  
 " 8; South, 2  
 " 7; St. Mary's, 9  
 " 5; Swissvale, 7  
 " 5; Academy, 6  
 " 5; Freedom, 7



**THE JUNIORS.**

The Duke Juniors are without a peer among the junior high schools of the city and its vicinity. Their undisputed claim to the junior high championship is based on their remarkable record. Of 16 games played, both at home and abroad, the little Dukes have registered fourteen victories. In a two-game series, they broke even with two of their opponents. These two defeats, however, according to the city papers, did not deprive them of the championship as the personnel of the little Duke team never changed despite the overwhelming strength of their opponents. In fact, they met only one opposing team of their own size; all the others were both stronger and more experienced. In two games only did the Dukelings outbat their opponents. The majority of their games were up-hill battles won usually in the seventh or eighth inning by the consistent and timely bingles of Captain Ritter, Brice Sullivan and Hoffmann; Aul, Bick and Rozenas were used on the mound, but due either to sickness or accident, they had to retire in favor of Flynn who is regarded universally as the pitching ace. He played the role of relief pitcher, and in the fourth inning of nearly every contest, Captain Ritter rushed him to the breach; almost invariably Flynn stopped the attack of his opponents, and the Juniors took on a new lease of life. No small amount of credit is due to associate Captain Walsh, who, in his capacity of backstop, studied in his usual meticulous manner, the weakness of the opposing batsmen. McQuade alternated with Walsh behind the bat, but an accident to the latter towards the end of the season put the endurance powers of the former to a severe test. McQuade "made good" with a vengeance. His reparation for "nailing" the runner is a current topic in high school circles. Sullivan, at first, was able to scoop up the pellet thrown from any angle; Egan and Nee guarded the key-stone sack in approved fashion; Titz, at short, accepted 51 out of 61 chances, while Ritter, at third, accepted 50 out of 58.

The outer garden was well taken care of by Snyder, Hoffmann, Brice and Absalom. This quartet of outfielders were reliable speed merchants. Ritter, Egan and Hoffmann led in pilfering bases.

Under the dual management of Vincent Smith, of Wilkinsburg, and John Witt, of Butler, an attractive schedule was arranged and played with unusual success. The record:—

Duke Juniors,	10;	Sacred Heart High,	7
"	"	7;	Ambridge Nationals, 4
"	"	13;	St. Rosalia's High, 6
"	"	11;	St. Peter's High, (N. S.), 9
"	"	4;	Riverside High, 3
"	"	3;	Westinghouse H. Jrs., 2
"	"	0;	Ambridge Nationals, 5
"	"	10;	Briley Club, 7
"	"	10;	Crafton High, 1
"	"	8;	St. Stephen's High, 1
"	"	5;	Fifth Avenue High Juniors, 3
"	"	8;	Sacred Heart High, 6
"	"	13;	Ben Avon High, 8
"	"	6;	Ben Avon High, 4
"	"	9;	St. Rosalia's High, 8
"	"	1;	Crafton High, 5

Totals: Duke Juniors, 118; Opponents, 72.

**THE MINIMS.**

Although continually hampered by the peevishness of the weather man and once or twice by the hardly excusable absence of some players, the Minims



showed themselves able upholders of their cherished traditions. Their six contests proved to be six victories. Captain McCaffrey's work at short was consistently good, and he deserves high praise as well for the "pep" he infused into the team, as for his quickness of mind in catching on to the fine points of the game. Bullion also deserves credit for his fielding. His throws to first were the admiration of the spectators who did not believe so much "steam" possible from such a midget. Gunde was our only reliable pitcher and proved himself worthy of our fullest confidence. One no-hit game goes to his credit. Dunn, Julius and Reagan were the heavy hitters, and were responsible for most of the runs earned. Collins and Boyle did well both at first and in the outfield. Sheran, Savage and Barry alternated with the catcher, all of them being reliable receivers. Manager Kaveny more than once stepped into the breach and never failed to distinguish himself.

M. J. BRANNIGAN, '19.

---

A REMARKABLE BOOK

## GLORIES OF THE HOLY GHOST

WITH 100 ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

REV. WILLIAM F. STADELMAN, C. S. Sp.

*Author of Eucharistic Soul Elevations,  
Sparks of Truth, Etc.*

PRICE \$3.50.

Address Mission Press, S. V. D., Techny, Ill.

---

READ

## THE PARACLETE

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Honor of the Holy Ghost

Published by the Holy Ghost Fathers

And Containing Contributions by Leading Authors  
of the Day

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50

Address—Holy Ghost Fathers,  
Cornwells Heights, Pa.

---

Prompt Attention

AUTOMOBILE SERVICE

Day and Night

## JOHN J. CARNEY FUNERAL DIRECTOR

2524—2526 CARSON STREET, PITTSBURGH

Bell Phones, 1027 R Hemlock and 176 Hemlock

Hill Top Office, 247 Orchard Place, Knoxville

Bell Phone Hill 298

Established 1875

Thomas E. Wall

DRUGGIST

643 FIFTH AVENUE  
PITTSBURGH

Let Us Do Your

**PRINTING**

and be satisfied

**FAHEY & CO.**

25 SHINGISS ST.  
PITTSBURGH

Bell Phone 540 Hemlock.

**F. W. IMMEKUS**

Window Shades

Paints

Linoleum and Wall Paper

1317-19 Carson Street, S. S.

Bell, 1856 Court

Plate Glass

Window Glass

Rough and Ribbed Skylight

Bent Glass

Ornamental Glass

**GEO. A. KIM & CO.**

318-320 FIRST AVE.

PITTSBURGH

Bet. Wood and Smithfield Streets

A famous New York hatter makes

*Oetting's Hats*

**OTTO OETTING,**

643 SMITHFIELD STREET  
PITTSBURGH



Established 1865



Wants a Plumber, Quick

**BUERKLE PLUMBING CO.**

245 THIRD AVENUE, PITTSBURGH

WHEN YOU'RE IN A HURRY



Phone  
**Hemlock 700**

THE KEYSTONE LUMBER CO., PITTSBURGH

---

Let the **7 BAKER BROS.** Do Your Baking

**AND PROMOTE PITTSBURGH**

None but the best and purest of materials  
are used exclusively in our

**"HOLSUM"** Bakery Products

Your Grocer Has Them

---

THE J. H. MACKALL CO.

Manufacturers of

**CAKES, CRACKERS, CANDY**

Successors to

E. Maginn

**OYSTER CRACKERS**

OUR SPECIALTY

---



**WM. WUERTHELE**

Manufacturer and Dealer in

New and Second Hand

**BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES**

Bowling Alley Supplies. Repairing of Tables  
our Specialty. Turning of Billiard, Pool  
and Bowling Balls and Cues to Order.

412 Diamond Street PITTSBURGH



**INKS**

Library  
Paste  
Mucilage  
and  
Glue

**J. C. SWEARINGEN INK CO**

**Pittsburgh**

*Ice Cream-Hermes-Milk*  
QUALITY

Scientifically  
pure

24 hours  
Fresher

Phones, Grant or Main 100

HERMES—O. & P. MILK CO.

---

THE BEST IN ROLLING MILL MACHINERY

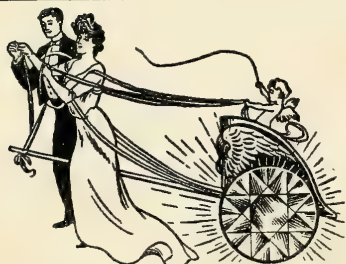
Mackintosh-Hemphill & Co.

MANGANITE

ROLLS

STEEL

---



GILLESPIE BROS.  
Diamond Importers      Jewelers  
Second Floor Jenkins Arcade

Phone Hemlock 147

**Mrs. S. Kersting**

Religious Articles,  
School Books and Candles  
Wholesale and Retail

The Right Goods at the Right Place

104 PIUS STREET  
S. S., PITTSBURGH, PA.





# GRAFNER BROS.

## Wholesale JEWELERS

IMPORTERS OF DIAMONDS

811 Liberty Avenue  
Pittsburgh

---

Bell, 9424 Grant P. & A. 5491 M Pitt

## SNIGO'S

Ice Cream and Ices

Have No Equal

Brick Cream a Specialty

Any Flavor Desired at Short Notice

Wholesale and Retail

607 FIFTH AVE., PITTSBURGH

---

## Eugene S. Reilly & Co.

REAL ESTATE

Mortgages Insurance

430-432 Fourth Avenue

PITTSBURGH

Private Exchange Court No. 1

---

## GROGAN COMPANY

Direct your attention to  
their stock of

Jewelry Silverware

Watches and Clocks

At all times complete and of the  
highest quality

Wood Street and Sixth Avenue  
PITTSBURGH

Edward S. Bily H. G. Stratman  
E. A. Williams

## CHARLES BILY CO. TAILORS

Suite 219-21-23 Union Arcade  
Pittsburgh

Bell Tel. 2568 Grant

---

## Bailey-Farrell Manufacturing Co.

Plumbing Supplies  
Heating Supplies

---

Oldest House in the line  
in Western Penn'a.

---

Office and Warehouse

Third and Ross

EXHIBIT ROOMS

UNION ARCADE

PITTSBURGH

---



"Her Favorite"

Chocolates

BELL PHONE 683 GRANT

# BURNS, FLEMING & CO.

## ENGINEERS and CONTRACTORS

Steam and Hot Water Heating and Ventilating Apparatus.

General Steam Fitting and Power Plants.

815 FORBES STREET,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

---

# PAINTS, VARNISHES AND BRUSHES

are like medicine. They are only cheap when you  
get the right kind for the right purpose

To be sure of your painting material be sure of your dealer

In business 68 years

## C. A. MICHEL & CO.

949 Liberty Avenue,

Pittsburgh

(OPPOSITE SMITHFIELD STREET)

---

JOHN DIMLING

President.

H. B. DEMMLER

V. Prest.

C. A. MUEHLBRONNER, V. Pres.

CHARLES E. SCHUETZ, Cashier

JOHN H. DEMMLER, Asst. Cashier

## Western Savings and Deposit Bank

OLIVER BUILDING, 533 Smithfield St

PITTSBURGH

Accounts of Individuals and Corpora-  
tions Solicited.

4 per cent. paid on Time Deposits.

2 per cent. paid on Checking Accounts

COMPLIMENTS

OF

# M. LETZELTER

4614-4616

LIBERTY AVENUE

---

Fisk 156

Bell, 80 L Hemlock  
A. Rausch John Rausch Jos. Rausch  
Graining and Glazing  
Orders Attended to Promptly

## AUGUST RAUSCH & BROS.

House, Sign and Fresco

### PAINTERS

Estimates furnished on Cleaning all kinds of Paints. All kinds of Paints mixed ready for use. Sole distributors of E-Z Paint and Varnish Cleaner.

94 Pius Street, S. S., Pittsburgh

## F. X. MANSMANN CO.

### MANX UNION SUITS a Specialty

Medium and Heavy Weights  
\$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50, Up

Every Garment Guaranteed

FIFTH AVENUE ARCADE  
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Established 1890

## LATSHAW-FEERST CO.

RECEIVERS AND SHIPPERS

### BUTTER and EGGS

202 FERRY STREET  
PITTSBURGH

Bell, 9040 Court P. & A. 1369 Main

## JAS. W. FISHER

Wholesale  
and Retail

## FISH AND OYSTERS

66 Diamond Market  
33 Diamond Square  
PITTSBURGH

TELEPHONE GRANT 15

### Fort Pitt

## Lithographing Co.

Engravers Printers

Lithographers Bank Stationers

701-703 Forbes Street

PITTSBURGH

## PENN SALES BOOK CO.

4070 Jenkins Arcade Bldg  
Pittsburgh.

### SALES BOOKS

All Styles  
Duplicate and Triplicate

Telephone F. T. WINTER,  
Grant 6856

# G. B. HURT

INCORPORATED

## Wholesale Grocers

HOTEL, BAKERS AND CONFECTIONERS SUPPLIES

PENN AVENUE and WATER STREET

PITTSBURGH

F. N. HOFSTOT, President  
T. W. FRIEND, Vice President

GEORGE C. SCHMIDT, Cashier  
H. J. C. BREKER, Asst Cashier

# National Bank of America

709-711 East Ohio Street, Pittsburgh

CAPITAL \$200,000.00

SURPLUS \$350,000.00

---

**A. KLEIN**  
3705 Butler St., Pittsburgh

**HOLIDAY SPECIALTIES**  
in Church Goods

Bell Phone, Fisk 1572

---



PITTSBURGH

Invites the Accounts of Individuals, Firms and Corporations  
Every courtesy extended Depositors  
without reference to size of their accounts.

Capital and Surplus, \$2,100,000.00

FIFTH AND LIBERTY AVENUES

---

## The Pittsburgh Observer

\$1.50 a Year

AMERICA'S FOREMOST WEEKLY

---



*The Bank to Bank on and Bank in*  
423 WOOD ST. COR. WOOD AND DIAMOND















